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THE PSALMS, HYMNS, AND SPIRITUAL SONGS, OF THE REV. ISAAC WATTS, D. D.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

SELECT HYMNS,

FROM OTHER AUTHORS;

AND

DIRECTIONS FOR MUSICAL EXPRESSION.

BY

SAMUEL WORCESTER, D. D.
Late Pastor of the Tabernacle Church, Salem, Mass.

New Edition.

THE SELECTION ENLARGED, AND THE INDEXES GREATLY IMPROVED.

BY

SAMUEL M. WORCESTER, A. M.
Professor of Rhetoric in Amherst College, Mass.

All things must be fulfilled which are written in the—PSALMS concerning me.....LUKE xxiv. 44.
And they sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy, &c. for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us, &c.....REV. v. 9.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY CROCKER & BREWSTER.
1847.

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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1835,

By Zervia Worcester,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts

KEY OF EXPRESSION.

a—Very slow.
e—Slow.

ȧ—Very soft.
ė—Soft.

p—Slow and soft.
g—Slow and loud.

o—Quick.
u—Very quick.

o—Loud.
u—Very loud.

b—Quick and soft.
s—Quick and loud.
d—Variously distinctive

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781
W348ps
1847a

PREFACE.

Among the eminent public services of the late Dr Worcester, his labors to improve the influence of our "psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs," were not the least in importance. His "Christian Psalmody," first published in 1815, was very favourably received; although it was obliged to contend with serious objections from those who prefer to have Watts unabridged and unaltered. The "Selection of Hymns from other Authors" was evidently made with his characteristic discrimination of judgment and refinement of taste. The "Key of Expression" gave the whole work a peculiarity and a value, which have been justly appreciated.

So strong, however, was the predilection of the community for Watts entire, that Dr. Worcester was induced to edit the work which has since been extensively known as "Watts and Select Hymns." To this work a liberal patronage has been afforded. It has been introduced into very many of our churches, and holds a high place in public estimation. Spurious editions of it having lately appeared, and the materials for an improved selection of hymns having greatly increased, a new edition has been strongly urged by many gentlemen, whose judgment is entitled to respectful consideration.

A new edition of "Watts and Select Hymns" is therefore now offered to the public. The Selection has been enlarged by the addition of 240 hymns and 30 "Occasional Pieces." The whole number of "Select Hymns" is now 474. The hymns selected by the present Editor are numbered in continuation of those in the former editions, and commence with "Hymn 237," p. 655. For the convenience of the numerous churches in which the former editions are used, it has been thought best to *add* the new hymns, rather than destroy the existing arrangement, by making a classification of the whole. If such a classification had been made, it is obvious that the new edition could not be used in connection with any of the previous editions.

The evil which arises from the heterogeneous arrangement of the Psalms and Hymns in all the common editions of Watts, has long been very seriously felt. To diminish it as much as possible, without making a new book,—*very special attention has now been given to the* "INDEX OF SUBJECTS." The Editor will be much disappointed, if it shall not appear that he has greatly improved the work in this particular. The references throughout are made to *pages*, and will bear examination in respect to general accuracy and precision. There is also but one "Table of first lines;" and each line is referred to the page upon which the corresponding psalm or hymn may be found.

In enlarging the Selection, the Editor has aimed to increase

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the variety of good hymns, which are more directly suited to the circumstances of the times, and are also likely to be of permanent value. It was, however, impossible for him to obtain hymns of high character, for all the special occasions, which the diversified movements of the age have called into existence. He has endeavoured to pass by productions which are merely ephemeral; so that the new Select Hymns may more nearly correspond with those, which have received the seal of public approbation. High authority could be given to confirm his decision, in regard to almost every hymn, which has been added. Want of room compelled him to omit many hymns, which otherwise would have had a place in the Selection.—*This edition will be found to be specially enriched with hymns, which relate to the life and glory of Christ,—the alarming condition of the unconverted,—the feelings of the convicted and the penitent,—the diversities of Christian experience,—the benevolent operations of the church,—the institutions and ordinances of the gospel,—the times and seasons,—more particularly, the solemn periods of sickness and death, eternity and judgment.*

Very seldom has the Editor allowed himself to make any alteration in the phraseology of the hymns. In almost every instance of material change, an intimation is given of the fact—as on p. 676.

The designation of tunes, and the application of the "Key of Expression" to the new Select Hymns, have, with a few exceptions, been made by an experienced teacher of sacred music.

For the information of those who are not acquainted with "Christian Psalmody," it may not be irrelevant to state that the psalms and hymns of Watts, which are enclosed in *brackets*, are so marked, to indicate that they were, for some reason, omitted in that work.

In regard to other points worthy of consideration, the Editor avails himself of the Preface to the former editions.

"The effect of public psalmody is often exceedingly marred by a psalm or hymn being sung to an ill-adapted tune. The leaders of singing choirs are not always persons of good taste and judgment; and the best qualified leader cannot always, at the moment, so fully possess himself of the sentiments of the portion given out, as immediately to recur to a tune well suited to express them. It might, therefore, it was thought, be highly useful to sit down at leisure, and refer each psalm and hymn, not merely to a proper key, but to a suitable tune.

"The grand defect of our public psalmody, in general, is the want of proper *expression*. Should a preacher deliver a sermon in an unanimated, monotonous manner, not varying the movement, or quantity, or tone of voice, nor even observing the pauses—be his sermon ever so good, or his pronunciation ever so exact—his hearers might sleep, and his labor be lost. So the best psalm may be sung to the best tune, and every note, in the

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several parts, be sounded with the utmost exactness, and yet the performance have little interest or effect. That performance of psalmody, and that only, is entitled to be called good, in which the movement, quantity, and tone of voice, are well adapted to the general subject, and so varied as justly to express the different thoughts, sentiments, and passions. This, it is confessed, is an attainment of no small difficulty; and requires no ordinary degree of judgment and taste, attention and practice. Its importance, however, demands that every thing which can be done in aid of it, should be done. To assist singers extensively, in this essential, but neglected part of good psalmody, no method appeared more eligible, than that of so marking the psalms and hymns by means of certain symbols, as to indicate, as correctly as possible, the requisite variations of movement, quantity, and tone of voice."

"*In assigning particular tunes for the several psalms and hymns*, regard has been had, not merely to the different key, but also to the peculiar air and character of each tune, and its appropriate adaptation to the psalm or hymn for which it is assigned. If, therefore, in any instance, the leader of the choir, for some particular reason, think it not best to sing the tune, or either of the tunes referred to; still the reference may be of use, as a direction to the *sort* of tune suitable to be chosen.

"Of the several parts of this undertaking, *that of marking the psalms and hymns with reference to expression*, was not the least difficult. To indicate, indeed, all the variations, which a skilful and well-practised performer would observe, were impracticable; to designate some of the principal of them only, is what has been attempted. The method adopted for this purpose is simple, and easy to be understood.

"The *movement* is divided into five degrees, which are supposed to be indicated by five vowels, in Roman letter: viz. a—very slow; e—slow; i—common; o—quick; u—very quick: but in the actual marking, the i is omitted; as it was deemed unnecessary for passages requiring only the common movement to be marked.—The *quantity of voice* is also divided into five degrees, which, in like manner, are indicated by the same vowels in Italic letter: viz. *a*—very soft; *e*—soft; *i*—common, but omitted in the marking; *o*—loud; *u*—very loud.

"In some passages a variation is required both of movement and quantity. The *Pathetic* in general, and some other kinds of sentiment, require the slow and soft; this expression is denoted by the letter p. The *Grand* requires the slow and loud; this expression is denoted by the letter g. The *Beautiful* requires the quick and soft; this expression is denoted by the letter b. The *Spirited* requires the quick and loud; this expression is denoted by the letter s.

"Some passages require not any considerable change from the common, either in movement or quantity; but either a peculiar

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distinctness of utterance, or some peculiar *distinction* in the tone or modulation of voice. This expression, or rather these varieties of expression, are denoted by the letter d. This symbol is, indeed, not so much to indicate the particular manner of performance, as to arrest attention, and notify that some peculiar manner is required. Where it is applied, however, whether to passages marked as quotations, or to such as express abhorrence, scorn, indignation, or any other passion or feeling, the judicious performer will, in general, readily perceive the requisite expression.

"If a psalm or hymn begins without any symbol of expression, it is to be considered as common, until some symbol is applied. When any symbol is applied, that is to be considered as being continued, until some other occurs. The short dash (—) after any other symbol, denotes the passage to be in all respects common.

"The general character of each psalm or hymn, as before intimated, is intended to be designated by the tune, or tunes, to which it is referred; and in applying the symbols of expression, each passage of the psalm or hymn has been considered relatively to the prevailing character of the whole, and to the bearings of the several passages. Hence, some passages are marked differently from what they would have been, had the psalm or hymn to which they belong, been of a different prevailing character, or the passages with which they stand connected, required different kinds of expression.

"In the *Punctuation*, regard has been had to musical expression. In some instances, therefore, different points or pauses are inserted, from what would have been used, had the grammatical construction, only, been regarded. The *dash* is intended to denote an expressive suspension. In order to good expression, a distinct and judicious observance of the pauses, is absolutely necessary.

"In reference to persons, the relative *who* is preferred to *that*, because it is better for musical sound. For the same reason, in reference to things, *that* is preferred to *which*."

"It only remains for the Compiler and Editor humbly to commend the work, in its several parts and forms, to the candour of the religious public—with the devout hope, that it will promote their improvement and delight in the high praises of GOD; and above all, to the favour of HIM, who is "fearful in praises," and whose approbation is the highest meed—with the fervent prayer, that, under his gracious blessing, it may contribute to the advancement of his great salvation, and to the glory of his adorable NAME."

To these sentiments of a revered and beloved parent, I would humbly and cordially subscribe.

SAMUEL M WORCESTER.

Amherst College, Jan. 20, 1834.

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THE

PSALMS OF DAVID,

IMITATED IN THE LANGUAGE OF THE

NEW TESTAMENT.

PSALM 1. C. M. *York. Canterbury.* [*]

The Way and End of the Righteous and of the Wicked.

1 BLEST is the man who shuns the place,
Where sinners love to meet;
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
And hates the scoffer's seat: —

2 But in the statutes of the Lord,
Has placed his chief delight;
By day he reads or hears the word,
And meditates by night.

ɒ 3 [He, like a plant of generous kind,
By living waters set,
Safe from the storms and blasting wind
Enjoys a peaceful state.]

o 4 Green as the leaf, and ever fair,
Shall his profession shine;
While fruits of holiness appear,
Like clusters on the vine.

p 5 Not so the impious and unjust;
What vain designs they form!
d Their hopes are blown away like dust,
Or chaff, before the storm.

g 6 Sinners in judgment shall not stand
Amongst the sons of grace,
When Christ the Judge, at his right hand,
Appoints his saints a place.

7 [His eye beholds the path they tread,
His heart approves it well;
But crooked ways of sinners lead
Down to the gates of hell.]

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S. M. *Watchman.* [*]

The Saint happy, the Sinner miserable.

1 [THE man is ever blest,
Who shuns the sinner's ways;
Among their councils never stands,
Nor takes the scorner's place:—

2 But makes the law of God,
His study and delight,
Amidst the labours of the day,
And watches of the night.

3 He like a tree shall thrive,
With waters near the root:
Fresh as the leaf his name shall live,
His works are heavenly fruit.

4 Not so th' ungodly race;
They no such blessings find:
Their hopes shall flee like empty chaff
Before the driving wind.

5 How will they bear to stand
Before that judgment seat,
Where all the saints, at Christ's right hand,
In full assembly meet.

6 He knows, and he approves,
The way the righteous go:
But sinners and their works shall meet
A dreadful overthrow.]

L. M. *Quercy. Bath.* [*]

The Difference between the Righteous and the Wick

1 HAPPY the man whose cautious feet,
Shun the broad way that sinners go;
Who hates the place where atheists meet,
And fears to talk as scoffers do.

2 He loves t' employ his morning light
Amongst the statutes of the Lord;
And spends the wakeful hours of night,
With pleasure pondering o'er the word.

e 3 He, like a plant by gentle streams,
Shall flourish in immortal green;
D And heaven will shine with kindest beams,
On every work his hands begin.

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e 4 But sinners find their counsels crossed:
As chaff before the tempest flies,
So shall their hopes be blown and lost—
g When the last trumpet shakes the skies.

—5 [In vain the rebel seeks to stand,
In judgment with the pious race;
e The dreadful Judge, with stern command,
Divides him to a different place.

d 6 "Straight is the way my saints have trod,
I blessed the path and drew it plain;
But you would choose the crooked road;
And down it leads to endless pain."]

PSALM 2. S. M. *Dover. Sutton.* [*]

Christ dying, rising, interceding, and reigning.

1 MAKER, and Sovereign Lord,
Of heaven and earth and seas,
Thy providence confirms thy word,
And answers thy decrees.

2 The things, so long foretold
By David, are fulfilled;
p When Jews and Gentiles rose to slay
Jesus, thy holy child.

— 3 [Why did the Gentiles rage,
And Jews, with one accord,
Bend all their counsels, to destroy
Th' anointed of the Lord?

4 Rulers and kings agree,
To form a vain design;
Against the Lord their powers unite,
Against his Christ they join.

d 5 The Lord derides their rage,
And will support his throne:
He who hath raised him from the dead
Hath owned him for his Son.]

PAUSE.

o 6 Now he's ascended high,
And asks to rule the earth;
The merit of his blood he pleads,
And pleads his heavenly birth.

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— 7 He asks, and God bestows
A large inheritance;—
g Far as the world's remotest ends,
His kingdom shall advance.

e 8 The nations that rebel
Must feel his iron rod;
o He'll vindicate those honours well,
Which he received from God.

e 9 [Be wise, ye rulers, now,
And worship at his throne;
With trembling joy, ye people, bow
To God's exalted Son.

d 10 If once his wrath arise,
Ye perish on the place;
o Then blessed is the soul that flies
For refuge to his grace.]

C. M. *Bedford. St. Ann's.* [*]

Christ exalted and his Enemies warned.

p 1 WHY did the nations join to slay
The Lord's anointed Son?
Why did they cast his laws away,
And tread his gospel down?

—2 The Lord, who sits above the skies,
Derides their rage below;
He speaks with vengeance in his eyes,
And strikes their spirits through.

d 3 "I call him my eternal Son,
And raise him from the dead;
I make my holy hill his throne,
And wide his kingdom spread."

4 ["Ask me, my Son, and then enjoy
The utmost heathen lands:
Thy rod of iron shall destroy
The rebel who withstands."]

e 5 Be wise, ye rulers of the earth,
Obey the anointed Lord;
Adore the King of heavenly birth,
And tremble at his word.

o 6 With humble love address his throne;
For if he frown, ye die;
—Those are secure, and those alone,
Who on his grace rely.

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L. M. *Bath.* [*]

Christ's Death, Resurrection, and Ascension.

1 [WHY did the Jews proclaim their rage?
The Romans, why their swords employ,
Against the Lord their powers engage,
His dear Anointed to destroy?

d 2 "Come, let us break his bands," say they,
"This man shall never give us laws:"
—And thus they cast his yoke away,
And nailed the Monarch to the cross.

g 3 But God, who high in glory reigns,
Laughs at their pride, their rage controls;
He'll vex their hearts with inward pains,
And speak in thunder to their souls.

d 4 "I will maintain the king I made,
On *Zion's* everlasting hill;
My hand shall bring him from the dead,
And he shall stand your Sovereign still."

o 5 (His wondrous rising from the earth,
Makes his eternal Godhead known,
o The Lord declares his heavenly birth;
d "This day have I begot my Son.

6 "Ascend, my Son, to my right hand,
There thou shalt ask, and I bestow,
The utmost bounds of heathen lands;
To thee the northern isles shall bow.")

e 7 But nations that resist his grace,
Shall fall beneath his iron stroke;
His rod shall crush his foes with ease,
As potters' earthen ware is broke.

PAUSE.

8 Now, ye that sit on earthly thrones,
Be wise, and serve the Lord, the Lamb;
Now to his feet submit your crowns,
Rejoice and tremble at his name.

e 9 With humble love address the Son,
Lest he grow angry, and ye die;
e His wrath will burn to worlds unknown,
If ye provoke his jealousy.

g 10 His storms shall drive you quick to hell;
He is a God, and ye but dust:
o Happy the souls who know him well,
And make his grace their only trust.]

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PSALM 3. C. M. *Canterbury. Barby.* [*]

Doubts and Fears suppressed; or, God our Defence from Sin and Satan.

p 1 MY God, how many are my fears!
How fast my foes increase!
—Conspiring my eternal death,
They break my present peace.

e 2 The lying tempter would persuade,
There's no relief in heaven;
And all my swelling sins appear
Too big to be forgiven.

—3 But thou, my glory and my strength,
Shalt on the tempter tread;
Shalt silence all my threatening guilt,
And raise my drooping head.

e 4 [I cried, and from his holy hill
He bowed a listening ear;
I called my Father and my God;
And he subdued my fear.

5 He shed soft slumbers on mine eyes,
In spite of all my foes;
I 'woke and wondered at the grace,
That guarded my repose.]

g 6 What though the host of death and hell,
All armed, against me stood;
Terrors no more shall shake my soul;
My refuge is my God.

o 7 Arise, O Lord, fulfill thy grace,
While I thy glory sing:
My God has broke the serpent's teeth,
And Death has lost his sting.

o 8 Salvation to the Lord belongs;
His arm alone can save:
Blessings attend thy people here,
And reach beyond the grave.

L. M. *Worship. Armley.* [b]

Ver. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 8.—*A Morning Psalm.*

1 O LORD, how many are my foes,
In this weak state of flesh and blood!
My peace they daily discompose,
But my defence and hope is God.

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s 2 Tired with the burdens of the day,
To thee I raised an evening cry:
Thou heard'st when I began to pray,
And thine almighty help was nigh.

—3 Supported by thy heavenly aid,
I laid me down, and slept secure;
Not death should make my heart afraid,
Though I should wake and rise no more.

o 4 But God sustained me all the night:
Salvation doth to God belong:
He raised my head to see the light,
And make his praise my morning song.

PSALM 4. L. M. *Green's. Islington.* [b]

Ver. 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7.—*God our Portion, and Christ our Hope.*

1 O GOD of grace and righteousness,
Hear and attend, when I complain;
Thou hast enlarged me in distress,
Bow down a gracious ear again.

2 Ye sons of men, in vain ye try,
To turn my glory into shame;
e How long will scoffers love to lie,
And dare reproach my Saviour's name?

d 3 Know that the Lord divides his saints
From all the tribes of men beside:
e He hears the cry of penitents,
For the dear sake of Christ who died.

—4 When our obedient hands have done
A thousand works of righteousness,
o We put our trust in God alone,
And glory in his pardoning grace.

—5 Let the unthinking many say,
e "Who will bestow some earthly good?"
—But, Lord, thy light and love we pray;
Our souls desire this heavenly food.

s 6 Then shall my cheerful powers rejoice,
At grace and favours so divine;
Nor will I change my happy choice,
For all their corn, and all their wine.

C. M. *Barby. York.* [*]

Ver. 3, 4, 5, 8.—*An Evening Psalm.*

1 LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray;
I am forever thine;

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I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

e 2 And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and business free,
Tis sweet conversing on my bed,
With my own heart and thee.

—3 I pay this evening sacrifice:
And when my work is done,
Great God, my faith, my hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.

4 Thus with my thoughts composed to peace,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

PSALM 5. C. M. *Reading. Sunday.* [b]

For the Lord's Day Morning.

1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye.

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

e 3 Thou art a God, before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

o 4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

—5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet,
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

PAUSE.

6 [My watchful enemies combine,
To tempt my feet astray;
They flatter with a base design,
To make my soul their prey.

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7 Lord, crush the serpent in the dust,
And all his plots destroy;
While those that in thy mercy trust,
Forever shout for joy.

8 The men who love and fear thy name,
Shall see their hopes fulfilled;
The mighty God will compass them,
With favour as a shield.]

PSALM 6. C. M. *Wantage.* [b]

Complaint in Sickness; or, Diseases healed.

e 1 IN anger, Lord, rebuke me not;
Withdraw the dreadful storm:
Nor let thy fury burn so hot,
Against a feeble worm.

p 2 My soul's bowed down with heavy cares,
My flesh with pain oppressed:
My couch is witness to my tears,
My tears forbid my rest.

3 Sorrow and pain wear out my days;
I waste the night with cries,
Counting the minutes as they pass,
Till the slow morning rise.

4 Shall I be still tormented more?
Mine eyes consumed with grief;
How long, my God, how long, before
Thine hand afford relief?

—5 He hears when dust and ashes speak,
He pities all our groans;
He saves us for his mercy's sake,
And heals our broken bones.

o 6 The virtue of his sovereign word
Restores our fainting breath:
e For silent graves praise not the Lord,
Nor is he known in death.

L. M. *Dresden. Pleyel.* [b]

Temptations in Sickness overcome.

1 LORD, I can suffer thy rebukes,
When thou with kindness dost chastise
But thy fierce wrath I cannot bear,
O let it not against me rise.

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2 Pity my languishing estate,
And ease the sorrows that I feel;
The wounds thine heavy hand hath made;
O let thy gentler touches heal.

3 See how I pass my weary days,
In sighs and groans; and when 'tis night,
My bed is watered with my tears;
My grief consumes and dims my sight.

4 Look, how the powers of nature mourn!
How long, Almighty God, how long?
When shall thine hour of grace return?
When shall I make thy grace my song?

5 I feel my flesh so near the grave,
My thoughts are tempted to despair;
But graves can never praise the Lord,
For all is dust and silence there.

6 Depart, ye tempters, from my soul,
And all despairing thoughts depart;
My God, who hears my humble moan,
Will ease my flesh, and cheer my heart.]

PSALM 7. C. M. *Bedford.* [b]

God's Care of his People against Persecutors.

1 MY trust is in my Heavenly Friend,
My hope in thee, my God:
o Rise, and my helpless life defend,
From those who seek my blood.

d 2 With insolence and fury they
My soul in pieces tear:
As hungry lions rend the prey,
When no deliverer's near.

—3 If I have e'er provoked them first,
Or once abused my foe;
Then let him tread my life to dust,
And lay mine honour low.

e 4 If there were malice found in me,
(I know thy piercing eyes,)
I should not dare appeal to thee,
Nor ask my God to rise.

o 5 Arise, my God, lift up thy hand,
Their pride and power control;
Awake to judgment, and command
Deliverance for my soul.

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PAUSE.

d 6 [Let sinners, and their wicked rage,
Be humbled to the dust;
Shall not the God of truth engage
To vindicate the just?

—7 He knows the heart, he tries the reins,
He will defend th' upright;
His sharpest arrows he ordains,
Against the sons of spite.

—8 For me their malice digged a pit,
But there themselves are cast;
My God makes all their mischief light
On their own heads at last.

e 9 That cruel persecuting race
Must feel his dreadful sword:
o Awake, my soul, and praise the grace,
And justice of the Lord.]

PSALM 8. S. M. *St. Thomas.* [*]

God's Condescension in conferring Honour upon Man.

1 O LORD, our Heavenly King,
Thy name is all divine;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.

2 When to thy works on high,
I raise my wondering eyes,
And see the moon complete in light,
Adorn the darksome skies;—

3 When I survey the stars,
And all their shining forms,
Lord, what is man, that worthless thing,
Akin to dust and worms?

4 Lord, what is worthless man;
That thou should'st love him so?
g Next to thine angels is he placed,
And lord of all below.

— 5 Thine honours crown his head,
While beasts like slaves obey,
And birds that cut the air with wings,
And fish that cleave the sea.

o 6 How rich thy bounties are!
And wondrous are thy ways·

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o Of dust and worms thy power can frame
A monument of praise.

— 7 [Out of the mouths of babes
And sucklings, thou canst draw
Surprising honours to thy name;
And strike the world with awe.

o 8 O Lord, our heavenly King,
Thy name is all divine:
g Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.]

C. M. *Mear.* [*]

Christ's Condescension and Glorification.

1 [O LORD, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted name!
o The glories of thy heavenly state
Let men and babes proclaim.

—2 When I behold thy works on high,
The moon that rules the night,
And stars that well adorn the sky,
Those moving worlds of light;—

e 3 Lord, what is man, or all his race,
Who dwells so far below,
That thou should'st visit him with grace,
And love his nature so!

4 That thine eternal Son should bear,
To take a mortal form;
p Made lower than his angels are,
To save a dying worm.

—5 Yet, while he lived on earth unknown,
And men would not adore;
Th' obedient seas and fishes own
o His Godhead and his power.

g 6 The waves lay spread beneath his feet
And fish at his command,
Bring their large shoals to Peter's net;
Bring tribute to his hand.

7 These lesser glories of the Son,
Shone through the fleshy cloud;
e Now we behold him on his throne,
And men confess him God.

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o 8 Let Him be crowned with majesty,
Who bowed his head to death;
o And be his honours sounded high,
By all things that have breath.

e 9 *Jesus*, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted name!
g The glories of thy heavenly state,
Let the whole earth proclaim.]

L. M. First Part. *Blendon. Bath.* [*]

Ver. 1, 2, paraphrased.—*Children praising God.*

1 ALMIGHTY Ruler of the skies,
Through the wide earth thy name is spread;
g And thine eternal glories rise,
O'er all the heavens thy hands have made.

—2 To thee the voices of the young
A monument of honour raise;
e And babes, with uninstructed tongue,
o Declare the wonders of thy praise.

—3 Thy power assists their tender age,
To bring proud rebels to the ground;
To still the bold blasphemer's rage,
And all their policies confound.

o 4 Children amidst thy temple throng,
To see their great Redeemer's face;
The Son of David is their song,
And young hosannas fill the place.

e 5 The frowning scribes and angry priests
In vain their impious cavils bring:
Revenge sits silent in their breasts,
o While Jewish babes proclaim their King.

L. M. Second Part. *Quercy. Moreton.* [*]

Ver. 3, &c. paraphrased.

Adam and Christ, Lords of the old and new Creation.

e 1 LORD, what was man, when made at first,
Adam, the offspring of the dust,
That thou should'st set him and his race
But just below an angel's place?

2 That thou should'st raise his nature so,
And make him lord of all below;
Make every beast and bird submit,
And lay the fishes at his feet?

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o 3 But O what brighter glories wait,
To crown the second Adam's state!
o What honours shall thy Son adorn,
Who condescended to be born!

e 4 See him below his angels made!
p See him in dust among the dead,—
—To save a ruined world from sin!
o But he shall reign with power divine.

g 5 The world to come, redeemed from all
The miseries that attend the fall,
New made, and glorious, shall submit
At our exalted Saviour's feet.

PSALM 9. C. M. First Part. *Mear.* [*]

Wrath and Mercy from the Judgment Seat.

1 WITH my whole heart, I'll raise my song,
Thy wonders I'll proclaim;
Thou, sovereign Judge of right and wrong,
Wilt put my foes to shame.

2 I'll sing thy majesty and grace;
My God prepares his throne,
To judge the world in righteousness,
And make his vengeance known.

3 Then shall the Lord a refuge prove
For all who are oppressed;
To save the people of his love,
And give the weary rest.

e 4 The men who know thy name, will trust
In thy abundant grace;
For thou hast ne'er forsook the just,
Who humbly seek thy face.

o 5 Sing praises to the righteous Lord,
Who dwells on Zion's hill;
Who executes his threatening word,
And doth his grace fulfill.

C. M. Second Part. *Colchester.* [*]

Verse 12.—*The Wisdom and Equity of Providence.*

1 WHEN the great Judge supreme and just,
Shall once inquire for blood,
The humble souls who mourn in dust,
Shall find a faithful God.

o 2 He from the dreadful gates of death
Does his own children raise·

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In Zion's gates with cheerful breath,
They sing their Father's praise.

3 His foes shall fall, with heedless feet,
Into the pit they made;
And sinners perish in the net,
That their own hands have spread.

4 [Thus, by thy judgments, mighty God,
Are thy deep counsels known;
When men of mischief are destroyed,
The snare must be their own.

PAUSE.

d 5 The wicked shall sink down to hell;
Thy wrath devour the lands
That dare forget thee, or rebel
Against thy known commands.]

—6 Though saints to sore distress are brought,
And wait and long complain;
Their cries shall never be forgot,
Nor shall their hopes be vain.

o 7 Rise, great Redeemer, from thy seat,
To judge and save the poor;
g Let nations tremble at thy feet,
And man prevail no more.

8 [Thy thunder shall affright the proud,
And put their hearts to pain;
Make them confess that thou art God,
p And they but feeble men.]

PSALM 10. C. M. *Reading.* [b]

Prayer heard, and Saints saved from the Wicked.

p 1 WHY does the Lord stand off so far!
And why conceal his face,
When great calamities appear,
And times of deep distress?

e 2 Lord, shall the wicked still deride
Thy justice and thy power?
Shall they advance their heads in pride,
And still thy saints devour?

3 [They put thy judgments from their sight,
And then insult the poor;
They boast in their exalted height,
That they shall fall no more.]

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o 4 Arise, O Lord, lift up thy hand,
Attend our humble cry;
No enemy shall dare to stand,
When God ascends on high.

PAUSE.

5 [Why do the men of malice rage,
And say, with foolish pride,
d "The God of heaven will ne'er engage,
"To fight on *Zion's* side."

—6 But thou forever art our Lord;
And powerful is thine hand,
As when the heathen felt thy sword,
And perished from thy land.]

o 7 Thou wilt prepare our hearts to pray,
And cause thine ear to hear;
Hearken to what thy children say,
And put the world in fear.

—8 Proud tyrants shall no more oppress,
No more despise the just;
And mighty sinners shall confess
They are but earth and dust.

PSALM 11. L. M. *Psalm* 97. *Geneva.* [b]

God loves the Righteous, and abhors the Wicked.

1 MY refuge is the God of love;
Why do my foes insult and cry,—
d "Fly, like a timorous trembling dove,
"To distant woods or mountains fly?"

e 2 If government be once destroyed,
(That firm foundation of our peace,)
And violence make justice void,
Where shall the righteous seek redress?

g 3 The Lord in heaven has fixed his throne,
His eye surveys the world below:
To him all mortal things are known,
His eyelids search our spirits through.

—4 If he afflicts his saints so far,
To prove their love, and try their grace;
What may the bold transgressors fear?
His very soul abhors their ways.

g 5 On impious wretches he will rain
Tempests of brimstone, fire, and death!

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Such as he kindled on the plain
Of Sodom, with his angry breath.

—6 The righteous Lord loves righteous souls,
Whose thoughts and actions are sincere;
And with a gracious eye beholds
The men who his own image bear.

PSALM 12. L. M. *Bath.* [*]

Saint's Safety and Hope in Evil Times.

1 [LORD, if thou dost not soon appear,
Virtue and truth will fly away;
A faithful man amongst us here,
Will scarce be found, if thou delay.

2 The whole discourse, when neighbours meet,
Is filled with trifles, loose and vain;
Their lips are flattery and deceit,
And their proud language is profane.

3 But lips that with deceit abound,
Shall not maintain their triumph long;
The God of vengeance will confound
Their flattering and blaspheming tongue.

d 4 "Yet shall our words be free," they cry;
"Our tongues shall be controlled by none;
"Where is the Lord will ask us why?
"Or say our lips are not our own?"

—5 The Lord, who sees the poor oppressed,
And hears th' oppressor's haughty strain,
o Will rise to give his children rest,
—Nor shall they trust his word in vain.

—6 Thy word, O Lord, though often tried.
Void of deceit shall still appear;
Not silver, seven times purified,
From dross and mixture shines so clear.

• 7 Thy grace shall in the darkest hour
Defend the holy soul from harm;
• Though when the vilest men have power,
On every side will sinners swarm.]

C. M. *Plymouth.* [b]

General Corruption of Manners.

1 HELP, Lord! for men of virtue fail,
Religion loses ground;

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The sons of violence prevail,
And treacheries abound.

e 2 Their oaths and promises they break,
Yet act the flatterer's part;
With fair deceitful lips they speak,
And with a double heart.

3 [If we reprove some hateful lie,
How is their fury stirred!
d "Are not our lips our own," they cry;
"And who shall be our Lord?"]

4 Scoffers appear on every side,
Where a vile race of men
Is raised to seats of power and pride,
And bears the sword in vain.

PAUSE.

5 Lord, when iniquities abound,
And blasphemy grows bold,
When faith is hardly to be found,
And love is waxing cold;—

o 6 Is not thy chariot hastening on?
Hast thou not given the sign?
May we not trust and live upon
A promise so divine?

d 7 ["Yes," saith the Lord, "now will I rise,
"And make oppressors flee;
"I shall appear to their surprise,
"And set my servants free."]

g 8 Thy word like silver seven times tried,
Through ages shall endure;
The men who in thy truth confide,
Shall find thy promise sure.

PSALM 13. L. M. *Pleyel's. Armley.* | o |

Pleading under Desertion; or, Hope in Darkness.

p 1 HOW long, O Lord, shall I complain,
Like one who seeks his God in vain?
Canst thou thy face forever hide,
And I still pray and be denied?

2 Shall I forever be forgot,
As one whom thou regardest not?
Still shall my soul thine absence mourn,
And still despair of thy return?

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3 How long shall my poor troubled breast
Be with these anxious thoughts oppressed?
And Satan, my malicious foe,
Rejoice to see me sunk so low.

4 Hear, Lord, and grant me quick relief,
Before my death conclude my grief;
e If thou withhold thy heavenly light,
I sleep in everlasting night.

5 How will the powers of darkness boast,
If but one praying soul be lost?
o But I have trusted in thy grace,
And shall again behold thy face.

6 Whate'er my fears or foes suggest,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest:
o My heart shall feel thy love, and raise
My cheerful voice to songs of praise.

C. M. *Plymouth.* [b]

Complaint under Temptations.

1 [HOW long wilt thou conceal thy face?
My God, how long delay?
When shall I feel those heavenly rays,
That chase my fears away?

2 How long shall my poor labouring soul
Wrestle and toil in vain?
Thy word can all my foes control,
And ease my raging pain.

3 See how the prince of darkness tries
All his malicious arts!
He spreads a mist around my eyes,
And throws his fiery darts.

o 4 Be thou my sun, and thou my shield;
My soul in safety keep;
Make haste, before mine eyes are sealed
In death's eternal sleep.

5 How would the tempter boast aloud,
If I become his prey!
Behold the sons of hell grow proud
At thy so long delay.

o 6 But they shall fly at thy rebuke,
And Satan hide his head;
He knows the terrors of thy look,
And hears thy voice with dread.

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o 7 Thou wilt display that sovereign grace,
Where all my hopes have hung;
I shall employ my lips in praise,
And victory shall be sung.]

PSALM 14. C. M. First Part. *Reading.* [b]

By Nature all Men are Sinners.

1 FOOLS, in their hearts, believe and say,
"That all religion's vain;
"There is no God who reigns on high,
"Or minds th' affairs of men."

2 From thoughts so dreadful and profane,
Corrupt discourse proceeds;
And in their impious hands are found
Abominable deeds.

3 The Lord, from his celestial throne,
Looked down on things below,
To find the man who sought his grace,
Or did his justice know.

4 By nature all are gone astray,
Their practice all the same:
There's none who fears his Maker's hand;
There's none who loves his name.

5 Their tongues are used to speak deceit,
Their slanders never cease;
How swift to mischief are their feet,
Nor know the paths of peace.

6 Such seeds of sin, that bitter root,
In every heart are found;
Nor can they bear diviner fruit,
Till grace refine the ground. *Plymouth.*

C. M. Second Part. *Reading.* [b]

The Folly of Persecutors.

1 [ARE sinners now so senseless grown,
That they the saints devour?
And never worship at thy throne,
Nor fear thine awful power?

2 Great God, appear, to their surprise,
Reveal thy dreadful name;
Let them no more thy wrath despise,
Nor turn our hopes to shame.

e 3 Dost thou not dwell among the just?
— And yet our foes deride,

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That we should make thy name our trust;
d Great God, confound their pride.
o 4 O that the joyful day were come,
To finish our distress!
o When God shall bring his children home,
Our song shall never cease.]

PSALM 15. C. M. *St. Martin's.* [*]

Character of a Citizen of Zion.

1 [WHO shall inhabit in thy hill,
O God of holiness?
Whom will the Lord admit to dwell
So near his throne of grace?

2 The man who walks in pious ways,
And works with pious hands?
Who trusts his Maker's promises,
And follows his commands.

3 He speaks the meaning of his heart,
Nor slanders with his tongue;
Will scarce believe an ill report,
Nor do his neighbour wrong.

4 The wealthy sinner he contemns,
Loves all who fear the Lord!
And though to his own hurt he swears,
Still he performs his word.

5 His hands disdain a golden bribe,
And never gripe the poor:
This man shall dwell with God on earth,
And find his heaven secure.]

L. M. *Leeds. Oporto.* [*]

Duties to God and Man; or, the Christian.

s 1 WHO shall ascend thy heavenly place,
Great God, and dwell before thy face?
—The man who minds religion now,
And humbly walks with God below:

2 Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean;
Whose lips still speak the thing they mean;
No slanders dwell upon his tongue:
He hates to do his neighbour wrong.

3 [Scarce will he trust an ill report,
Nor vent it to his neighbour's hurt:
Sinners of state he can despise,
But saints are honoured in his eyes.]

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4 [Firm to his word he ever stood,
And always makes his promise good:
Nor dares to change the thing he swears,
Whatever pain or loss he bears.]

5 [He never deals in bribing gold,
And mourns that justice should be sold;
While others gripe and grind the poor,
Sweet charity attends his door.]

e 6 He loves his enemies, and prays
For those who curse him to his face;
—And does to all men still the same
That he would hope or wish from them.

7 Yet when his holiest works are done,
His soul depends on grace alone:—
o This is the man thy face shall see,
And dwell forever, Lord, with thee.

PSALM 16. L. M. First Part. *Shoel.* [b]

Good Works profit Men, not God.

e 1 PRESERVE me, Lord, in time of need;
For succour to thy throne I flee,
But have no merits there to plead;
My goodness cannot reach to thee.

e 2 Oft have my heart and tongue confessed,
How empty and how poor I am;
My praise can never make thee blessed,
Nor add new glories to thy name:

—3 Yet, Lord, thy saints on earth may reap
Some profit by the good we do;
These are the company I keep,
These are the choicest friends I know.

4 Let others choose the sons of mirth,
To give a relish to their wine;
I love the men of heavenly birth,
Whose thoughts and language are divine

L. M. Second Part. *Green's.* [*]

Christ's All-sufficiency.

1 HOW fast their guilt and sorrows rise,
Who haste to seek some idol god;
I will not taste their sacrifice,
Their offerings of forbidden blood.

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2 My God provides a richer cup,
And nobler food to live upon;
He for my life has offered up
Jesus, his best beloved Son.

3 His love is my perpetual feast;
By day his counsels guide me right:
And be his name forever blessed,
Who gives me sweet advice by night.

4 I set him still before mine eyes,
At my right hand he stands prepared,
To keep my soul from all surprise,
And be my everlasting guard.]

L. M. Third Part. *Moreton. Quercy.* [*]

Courage in Death, and Hope of the Resurrection.

1 WHEN God is nigh, my faith is strong,
His arm is my almighty prop;
o Be glad, my heart, rejoice, my tongue,
e My dying flesh shall rest in hope.

2 Though in the dust I lay my head;
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My soul forever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

—3 My flesh shall thy first call obey,
Shake off the dust, and rise on high;
Then shalt thou lead the wondrous way,
Up to thy throne above the sky.

o 4 There streams of endless pleasure flow;
And full discoveries of thy grace
(Which we but tasted here below)
Spread heavenly joys through all the place.

C. M. First Part. *Abridge. Barby.* [*]

Ver. 1—3.—*Support and Counsel from God.*

1 [SAVE me, O Lord, from every foe;
In thee my trust I place;
Though all the good which I can do,
Can ne'er deserve thy grace.

2 Yet, if my God prolong my breath,
The saints may profit by't;
The saints, the glory of the earth,
The men of my delight.]

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3 Let heathens to their idols haste,
And worship wood or stone;
But my delightful lot is cast,
Where the true God is known.

4 His hand provides my constant food,
He fills my daily cup;
Much am I pleased with present good,
But more rejoice in hope.

5 God is my portion and my joy;
His counsels are my light;
He gives me sweet advice by day,
And gentle hints by night.

6 My soul would all her thoughts approve
To his all-seeing eye;
Not death, nor hell, my hopes shall move,
While such a friend is nigh.

C. M. SECOND PART. *Sunday. Doxology.* [*]

The Death and Resurrection of CHRIST.

d 1 [I SET the Lord before my face,
"He bears my courage up;
"My heart and tongue their joys express,
"My flesh shall rest in hope.

2 "My spirit, Lord, thou wilt not leave,
"Where souls departed are;
"Nor quit my body to the grave,
"To see corruption there.

3 "Thou wilt reveal the path of life,
"And raise me to thy throne;
"Thy courts immortal pleasure give,
"Thy presence joys unknown."

4 Thus in the name of *Christ* the Lord,
The holy *David* sung,
And Providence fulfills the word
Of his prophetic tongue.]

p 5 Jesus, whom every saint adores,
Was crucified and slain:
o Behold, the tomb its prey restores!
Behold, he lives again!

—6 When shall my feet arise and stand
On heaven's eternal hills?
e There sits the Son at God's right hand,
And there the Father smiles

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PSALM 17. S. M. *Peckham.* [*]

V. 13, &c.—*Portion of Saints and of Sinners.*

1 ARISE, my gracious God,
And make the wicked flee;
They are but thy chastising rod,
To drive thy saints to thee.

p 2 Behold, the sinner dies,
His haughty words are vain;
Here—in this life his pleasure lies,
And all beyond is pain.

e 3 Then let his pride advance,
And boast of all his store;
—The Lord is my inheritance,
My soul can wish no more.

o 4 I shall behold the face
Of my forgiving God;
And stand complete in righteousness,
Washed in my Saviour's blood.

s 5 There's a new heaven begun,
When I awake from death—
Dressed in the likeness of thy Son,
And draw immortal breath.

L. M. *Islington.* [*]

The Saint's Hope; or, the Resurrection.

1 [LORD, I am thine: but thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love
When men of spite against me join,
They are the sword, the hand is thine.

2 Their hope and portion lie below;
'Tis all the happiness they know;
'Tis all they seek; they take their shares,
And leave the rest among their heirs.]

3 What sinners value, I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine:
o I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

p 4 This life's a dream, an empty show;
—But the bright world to which I go—
o Hath joys substantial and sincere;
e When shall I wake and find me there?

—5 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near, and like my God!

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And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

a 6 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
— Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

PSALM 18. L. M. First Part. *Green's.* [*]

Ver. 1—6, 15—18.

Deliverance from Despair; or, Temptations overcome.

1 THEE will I love, O Lord, my strength,
My rock, my tower, my high defence;
Thy mighty arm shall be my trust,
For I have found salvation thence.

c 2 Death, and the terrors of the grave,
Stood round me with their dismal shade;
While floods of high temptation rose,
And made my sinking soul afraid.

e 3 I saw the opening gates of hell,
With endless pains and sorrows there;
Which none, but they that feel, can tell,
While I was hurried to despair.

4 In my distress I called my God,
When I could scarce believe him mine;
— He bowed his ear to my complaint;
o Then did his grace appear divine.

5 [With speed he flew to my relief;
As on a cherub's wing he rode;
Awful and bright, as lightning, shone
The face of my deliverer God.]

o 6 Temptations fled at his rebuke,
The blast of his almighty breath;
He sent salvation from on high,
And drew me from the depths of death.

7 [Great were my fears, my foes were great;
Much was their strength, and more their rage:
But Christ, my Lord, is conqueror still,
In all the wars that devils wage.]

s 8 My song forever shall record
That terrible, that joyful hour;
And give the glory to the Lord,
Due to his mercy and his power.

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L. M. SECOND PART. *Armley.* [b]

V. 20—26.—*Sincerity proved and rewarded.*

1 LORD, thou hast seen my soul sincere,
Hast made thy truth and love appear;
Before mine eyes I set thy laws,
And thou hast owned my righteous cause.

2 [Since I have learned thy holy ways,
I've walked upright before thy face:
Or if my feet did e'er depart,
'Twas never with a wicked heart.]

p 3 What sore temptations broke my rest!
e What wars and strugglings in my breast!
—But, through thy grace that reigns within,
I guard against my darling sin.

4 The sin that close besets me still,
That works and strives against my will;
e When shall thy Spirit's sovereign power
Destroy it, that it rise no more?

—5 With an impartial hand, the Lord
Deals out to mortals their reward:
The kind and faithful soul shall find
A God as faithful and as kind.

6 The just and pure shall ever say,
Thou art more pure, more just than they;
o And men who love revenge shall know,
u God hath an arm of vengeance too.

L. M. THIRD PART. *Quercy. Nantwich.* [*]

Ver. 30, 31, 34, 35, 36, &c.

Rejoicing in GOD; *or, Salvation and Triumph.*

1 JUST are thy ways, and true thy word,
e Great Rock of my secure abode;
g Who is a God beside the Lord?
—Or where's a refuge like our God?

—2 'Tis he who girds me with his might,
Gives me his holy sword to wield;
And, while with sin and hell I fight,
Spreads his salvation for my shield.

o 3 He lives, (and blessed be my Rock,)
The God of my salvation lives;
The dark designs of hell are broke;
e Sweet is the peace my Father gives.

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—4 Before the scoffers of the age,
I will exalt my Father's name;
Nor tremble at their mighty rage,
But meet reproach and bear the shame.

5 To David and his royal seed,
Thy grace forever shall extend;
Thy love to saints, in Christ their head,
Knows not a limit, nor an end.

C. M. First Part. *Mear.* [*]

Victory and Triumph over Temporal Enemies.

1 WE love thee, Lord, and we adore;
Now is thine arm revealed;
Thou art our strength, our heavenly tower,
Our bulwark and our shield.

o 2 We fly to our eternal Rock,
And find a sure defence;
—His holy name our lips invoke,
And draw salvation thence.

o 3 When God our leader shines in arms,
What mortal heart can bear
g The thunder of his loud alarms?
The lightning of his spear?

—4 He rides upon the winged wind,
And angels in array,
In millions wait to know his mind,
o And swift as flames obey.

—5 He speaks—and at his fierce rebuke,
Whole armies are dismayed;
His voice, his frown, his angry look,
o Strikes all their courage dead.

—6 He forms our generals for the field,
With all their dreadful skill;
Gives them his awful sword to wield,
And makes them hearts of steel.

7 [He arms our captains to the fight,
Though there his name's forgot;
He girded *Cyrus* with his might,
But *Cyrus* knew him not.]

8 Oft has the Lord whole nations blest,
For his own churches' sake;
The powers that give his people rest
Shall of his care partake.

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C. M. SECOND PART. *Arundel.* [*]

The Conqueror's Song.

1 [TO thine almighty arm we owe
The triumphs of the day;
Thy terrors, Lord, confound the foe,
And melt their strength away.

2 'Tis by thy aid our troops prevail,
And break united powers;
Or burn their boasted fleets, or scale
The proudest of their towers.

3 How have we chased them through the field,
And trod them to the ground;
While thy salvation was our shield,
But they no shelter found!

e 4 In vain to idol saints they cry,
And perish in their blood:
—Where is a rock so great, so high,
So powerful, as our God?

o 5 The Rock of Israel ever lives,
His name be ever blest;
o 'Tis his own arm the victory gives,
And gives his people rest.

6 On kings that reign as *David* did,
He pours his blessings down;
Secures their honours to their seed,
And well supports their crown.]

PSALM 19. S.M. 1st PT. *Watchman. Sutton.* [*]

The Book of Nature and the Scriptures.

1 BEHOLD, the lofty sky
Declares its maker God;
And all his starry works on high
Proclaim his power abroad.

2 The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same;
While night to day, and day to night,
Divinely teach his name.

3 In every different land,
Their general voice is known;
They show the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.

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o 4 Ye Christian lands, rejoice,
Here he reveals his word;
We are not left to nature's voice,
To bid us know the Lord.

5 His statutes and commands
Are set before our eyes;
He puts his gospel in our hands,
Where our salvation lies.

6 His laws are just and pure,
His truth without deceit,
His promises forever sure,
And his rewards are great.

— 7 [Not honey to the taste
Affords so much delight;
Nor gold that has the furnace passed,
So much allures the sight.

o 8 While of thy works I sing,
Thy glory to proclaim;
Accept the praise, my God, my King,
In my Redeemer's name.]

S. M. Second Part. *Dover. Pelham.* [*]

God's *Word most excellent; or, Holy Fear*

1 [BEHOLD the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.]

3 How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments just;
Forever sure thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given!
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven

PAUSE.

e 5 I hear thy word with love,
And I would fain obey;

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Send thy good Spirit from above
To guide me, lest I stray.

6 O who can ever find
The errors of his ways?
e Yet with a bold presumptuous mind,
I would not dare transgress.

7 Warn me of every sin,
Forgive my secret faults,
And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,
Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.

— 8 While, with my heart and tongue,
I spread thy praise abroad;
Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour and my God.

L. M. *Green's. Leeds.* [*]

Nature and Scripture compared.

1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
In every star thy wisdom shines;
o But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

—2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess;
o But the blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

—3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise,
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
o So when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

o 4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light, or feel the sun.

e 5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise;
—Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

g 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed, and sins forgiven:
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

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P. M. *Cumberland.* [*]

The Book of Nature and Scripture.

1 [GREAT God, the heaven's well ordered frame
Declares the glories of thy name;
There thy rich works of wonder shine:
A thousand starry beauties there,
A thousand radiant marks appear
Of boundless power and skill divine.

2 From night to day, from day to night,
The dawning and the dying light,
Lectures of heavenly wisdom read;
With silent eloquence they raise
Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,
And neither sound nor language need.

o 3 Yet their divine instructions run,
Far as the journeys of the sun;
And every nation knows their voice:
The sun, like some young bridegroom dressed,
Breaks from the chambers of the east;
Rolls round and makes the earth rejoice

g 4 Where'er he spreads his beams abroad,
He smiles and speaks his Maker God;
All nature joins to show thy praise:
Thus God in every creature shines:
—Fair is the book of nature's lines;
But fairer is the book of grace.]

PAUSE.

b 5 I love the volumes of thy word;—
What light and joy these leaves afford
e To souls benighted and distressed!
—Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

6 From the discoveries of thy law,
The perfect rules of life I draw;
These are my study and delight:
b Not honey so invites the taste,
Nor gold that has the furnace passed,
Appears so pleasing to the sight.

e 7 Thy threatenings wake my slumbering eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies;
• But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord.

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That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free, but large reward.

e 8 Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
My God, forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sins restrain:
—Accept my poor attempts of praise,
That I have read thy book of grace,
And book of nature not in vain.

PSALM 20. L. M. *Blendon.* [*]

Prayer and Hope of Victory.

1 NOW may the God of power and grace
Attend his people's humble cry!
Jehovah hears when Israel prays,
And brings deliverance from on high.

2 The name of Jacob's God defends,
Better than shields or brazen walls;
He from his sanctuary sends
Succour and strength when Zion calls.

e 3 Well he remembers all our sighs,
His love exceeds our best deserts;
His love accepts the sacrifice—
Of humble groans and broken hearts.

o 4 In his salvation is our hope;
And in the name of Israel's God,
Our troops shall lift their banners up,
Our navies spread their flags abroad.

—5 Some trust in horses trained for war,
And some of chariots make their boasts,
o Our surest expectations are
From thee, the Lord of heavenly hosts.

6 [O may the memory of thy name
Inspire our armies for the fight!
d Our foes shall fall and die with shame,
Or quit the field with shameful flight.]

—7 Now save us, Lord, from slavish fear,
Now let our hope be firm and strong;
o Till thy salvation shall appear,
s And joy and triumph raise the song.

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PSALM 21. C. M. *Sunday.* [*]

Our Country the Care of Heaven.

1 [OUR land, O Lord, with songs of praise
Shall in thy strength rejoice;
And, blest with thy salvation, raise
To heaven their cheerful voice.

2 Thy sure defence, through nations round,
Has spread our wondrous name;
And our successful actions crowned
With dignity and fame.

3 Then let our land on God alone
For timely aid rely;
His mercy, which adorns his throne,
Shall all our wants supply.

4 But, righteous Lord, thy stubborn foes
Shall feel thy dreadful hand;
Thy vengeful arm shall find out those
Who hate all just command.

5 When thou against them dost engage,
Thy just but dreadful doom
Shall, like a fiery oven's rage,
Their hopes and them consume.

6 Thus, Lord, thy wondrous power declare,
And thus exalt thy fame;
Whilst we glad songs of praise prepare
For thine almighty name.]

L. M. *Castlestreet.* [*]

V. 1—9. CHRIST *exalted to the Kingdom.*

1 DAVID rejoiced in God his strength,
Raised to the throne by special grace;
o But Christ the Son appears at length,
Fulfills the triumphs and the praise.

—2 How great is the Messiah's joy,
In the salvation of thy hand!
g Lord, thou hast raised his kingdom high,
And given the world to his command.

—3 Thy goodness grants whate'er he will,
Nor does the least request withhold;
Blessings of love prevent him still,
And crowns of glory, not of gold.

g 4 Honour and majesty divine
Around his sacred temples shine,

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Blest with the favour of thy face,
And length of everlasting days.

e 5 [Thine hand shall find out all his foes,
And as the fiery oven glows,
With raging heat and living coals,
So shall thy wrath devour their souls.]

PSALM 22. C. M. First Part. *Canterbury.*

V. 1—16. *The Sufferings and Death of Christ.*

1 [WHY has my God my soul forsook,
Nor will a smile afford?
(Thus David once in anguish spoke,
And thus our dying Lord.)

2 Though 'tis my chief delight to dwell
Among thy praising saints;
Yet thou canst hear a groan as well,
And pity our complaints.

3 Our fathers trusted in thy name,
And great deliverance found:
But I'm a worm despised of men,
And trodden to the ground.

4 Shaking the head, they pass me by,
And laugh my soul to scorn;
"In vain he trusts in God," they cry,
"Neglected and forlorn."

5 But thou art he who formed my flesh,
By thine almighty word;
And since I hung upon the breast,
My hope is in the Lord.

6 Why will my Father hide his face,
When foes stand threatening round,
In the dark hour of deep distress,
And not a helper found?

PAUSE.

7 Behold thy darling left among
The cruel and the proud;
As bulls of *Bashan* fierce and strong,
As lions roaring loud.

8 From earth and hell my sorrows meet,
To multiply the smart;
They nail my hands, they pierce my feet,
And try to vex my heart.

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9 Yet if thy sovereign hand let loose
The rage of earth and hell;
Why will my heavenly Father bruise
The Son he loves so well?

10 My God, if possible it be,
Withhold this bitter cup:
But I resign my will to thee,
And drink the sorrows up.

11 My heart dissolves in pangs unknown;
In groans I waste my breath:
Thy heavy hand hath brought me down,
Low as the dust of death.

12 Father, I give my spirit up,
And trust it in thy hand;
My dying flesh shall rest in hope,
And rise at thy command.]

C. M. SECOND PART. *Bedford. St. Ann's.* [*]

V. 20, 21, 27—31. CHRIST'S *Sufferings and Kingdom.*

p 1 "NOW from the roaring lion's rage,
"O Lord, protect thy Son;
"Nor leave thy darling to engage
"The powers of hell alone."

—2 Thus did our suffering Saviour pray,
With mighty cries and tears:
o God heard him in that dreadful day,
And chased away his fears.

—3 Great was the victory of his death,
His throne's exalted high;
And all the kindreds of the earth,
Shall worship—or shall die.

4 A numerous offspring must arise,
From his expiring groans;
They shall be reckoned in his eyes
For daughters and for sons.

e 5 The meek and humble souls shall see
His table richly spread;
—And all that seek the Lord shall be
With joys immortal fed.

o 6 The isles shall know the righteousness,
Of our incarnate God;
And nations yet unborn, profess
Salvation in his blood.

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L. M. *Carthage.* [b]

CHRIST'S *Sufferings and Exaltation.*

p 1 NOW let our mournful songs record
The dying sorrows of our Lord;
When he complained in tears and blood,
As one forsaken of his God.

e 2 The Jews beheld him thus forlorn,
And shook their heads, and laughed in scorn;
d "He rescued others from the grave;
"Now let him try himself to save.

3 "This is the man did once pretend
"God was his Father and his Friend;
"If God the blessed loved him so,
"Why doth he fail to help him now?"

o 4 Barbarous people! cruel priests!
How they stood round like savage beasts!
Like lions gaping to devour,
When God had left him in their power.

p 5 They wound his head, his hands, his feet,
Till streams of blood each other meet;
By lot his garments they divide,
And mock the pangs in which he died.

—6 But God his Father heard his cry;
o Raised from the dead, he reigns on high;
—The nations learn his righteousness,
And humble sinners taste his grace.

PSALM 23. L. M. *Green's. Islington.* [*]

God our Shepherd.

1 MY shepherd is the living Lord;
Now shall my wants be well supplied;
His providence and holy word
Become my safety and my guide.

2 In pastures where salvation grows,
He makes me feed, he makes me rest;
There living water gently flows,
And all the food's divinely blest.

p 3 My wandering feet his ways mistake;
—But he restores my soul to peace,
o And leads me for his mercy's sake,
In the fair paths of righteousness.

p 4 Though I walk through the gloomy vale,
Where death and all its terrors are;

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—My heart and hope shall never fail,
o For God my shepherd's with me there.

e 5 Amidst the darkness and the deeps,
—Thou art my comfort, thou my stay:
o Thy staff supports my feeble steps,
Thy rod directs my doubtful way.

e 6 [The sons of earth, and sons of hell,
Gaze at thy goodness, and repine,
To see my table spread so well,
With living bread and cheerful wine.]

7 [How I rejoice, when on my head
Thy Spirit condescends to rest!
o 'Tis a divine anointing shed,
Like oil of gladness at a feast.

s 8 Surely the mercies of the Lord
Attend his household all their days;
There will I dwell to hear his word,
To seek his face, and sing his praise.]

C. M. *Barby.* [*]

1 [MY Shepherd will supply my need;
Jehovah is his name:
In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.

o 2 He brings my wandering spirit back,
When I forsake his ways;
And leads me for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

e 3 When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay;
A word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.

—4 Thy hand, in spite of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread;
o My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.

—5 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days;
e O may thy house be my abode,
And all my work be praise!

—6 There would I find a settled rest,
While others go and come;
No more a stranger or a guest,
But like a child at home.

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S. M. *Aylesbury. Dover.* [*]

God's tender Care of his People.

1 THE Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied:
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place,
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim;
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear!
Though I should walk through death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

5 In spite of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

PSALM 24. C. M. *Abridge. Bedford.* [*]

Dwelling with God.

1 THE earth forever is the Lord's,
With Adam's numerous race;
He raised its arches o'er the floods,
And built it on the seas.

2 But who among the sons of men
May visit thine abode?
He who has hands from mischief clean,
Whose heart is right with God.

3 This is the man may rise, and take
The blessings of his grace;
This is the lot of those who seek
The God of Jacob's face.

4 Now let our soul's immortal powers
To meet the Lord prepare;

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o Lift up their everlasting doors;
The King of glory's near.

e 5. The King of glory—who can tell
The wonders of his might?
—He rules the nations; but to dwell
With saints, is his delight.

L. M. *Islington.* [*]

Saints dwell in Heaven; or, Christ's Ascension.

d 1 THIS spacious earth is all the Lord's,
And men and worms and beasts and birds,
—He raised the building on the seas,
And gave it for their dwelling-place.

o 2 But there's a brighter world on high,
Thy palace, Lord, above the sky:
e Who shall ascend that blest abode,
And dwell so near his Maker God?

d 3 He who abhors and fears to sin,
Whose heart is pure, whose hands are clean;
Him shall the Lord the Saviour bless,
And clothe his soul with righteousness.

—4 These are the men, the pious race,
Who seek the God of Jacob's face;
o These shall enjoy the blissful sight,
And dwell in everlasting light.

PAUSE. *Oporto*

o 5 Rejoice, ye shining worlds on high,
—Behold the King of glory nigh!
e Who can this King of glory be?
o The mighty Lord, the Saviour's he.

—6 Ye heavenly gates, your leaves display,
To make the Lord, the Saviour, way;
o Laden with spoils from earth and hell,
The Conqueror comes with God to dwell.

g 7 Raised from the dead, he goes before,
He opens heaven's eternal door,
To give his saints a blest abode,
Near their Redeemer and their God.

PSALM 25. S.M. 1st PART. *Little Marlboro.* [b]

Ver. 1—11.—*Waiting for Pardon and Direction.*

1 I LIFT my soul to God,
My trust is in his name;

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e Let not my foes that seek my blood
Still triumph in my shame.

p 2 Sin, and the powers of hell,
Persuade me to despair:
—Lord, make me know thy covenant well,
That I may 'scape the snare.

e 3 From the first dawning light
'Till the dark evening rise,
For thy salvation, Lord, I wait,
With ever-longing eyes.

e 4 Remember all thy grace,
And lead me in thy truth;
Forgive the sins of riper days,
And follies of my youth.

— 5 The Lord is just and kind,
The meek shall learn his ways;
And every humble sinner find
The methods of his grace.

o 6 For his own goodness' sake,
He saves my soul from shame;
He pardons (though my guilt be great,)
Through my Redeemer's name.

S. M. Second Part. *Dover.* [*]

Ver. 12, 14, 10, 13.—*Divine Instruction.*

e 1 WHERE shall the man be found,
Who fears t' offend his God—
Who loves the gospel's joyful sound,
And trembles at the rod?

— 2 The Lord shall make him know
o The secrets of his heart;
o The wonders of his covenant show,
And all his love impart.

— 3 The dealings of his hand
Are truth and mercy still,
With such as to his covenant stand,
And love to do his will.

4 Their souls shall dwell at ease,
o Before their Maker's face;
Their seed shall taste the promises,
In their extensive grace.

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S. M. THIRD PART. *St. Bridge's.* [b]

Ver. 15—22.—*Backsliding and Desertion.*

1 MINE eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord;
I love to plead his promises,
And rest upon his word.

o 2 Turn, turn thee to my soul,
Bring thy salvation near;
e When will thy hand release my feet
Out of the deadly snare!

p 3 When shall the sovereign grace
Of my forgiving God,
Restore me from those dangerous ways,
My wandering feet have trod.

e 4 The tumult of my thoughts
Does but enlarge my woe;
p My spirit languishes, my heart
Is desolate and low.

5 [With every morning light,
My sorrow new begins;
Look on my anguish and my pain,
And pardon all my sins.

PAUSE.

6 Behold the hosts of hell,
How cruel is their hate?
Against my life they rise and join
Their fury with deceit.]

7 O keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame;
For I have placed my only trust
In my Redeemer's name.

e 8 With humble faith I wait,
To see thy face again;
o Of Israel it shall ne'er be said,
d He sought the Lord in vain.

PSALM 26. L. M. *Quercy. Bath.* [*]

Self-Examination; or, Evidences of Grace.

1 JUDGE me, O Lord, and prove my ways,
And try my reins, and try my heart,
My faith upon thy promise stays,
Nor from thy law my feet depart.

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e 2 I hate to walk, I hate to sit,
With men of vanity and lies;
The scoffer and the hypocrite
Are the abhorrence of my eyes.

o 3 Amongst thy saints will I appear,
With hands well washed in innocence;
e But when I stand before thy bar,
The blood of Christ is my defence.

—4 I love thy habitation, Lord,
The temple where thine honours dwell;
e There shall I hear thy holy word,
And there thy works of wonder tell.

—5 Let not my soul be joined at last
With men of treachery and blood;
Since I my days on earth have passed
Among the saints, and near my God.

PSALM 27. C. M. First Part. *Bedford.* [*]

Ver. 1—6.—*The Church our Delight and Safety.*

1 THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too;
o God is my strength; nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

—2 One privilege my heart desires—
e O grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God.

—3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still;
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there inquire thy will.

e 4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
— There may his children hide;
o God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

s 5 Now shall my head be lifted high,
Above my foes around;
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound. *St. Martin s.*

C. M. Second Part. *Barby. St. Ann's.* [*]

Ver. 8, 9, 13, 14.—*Prayer and Hope.*

1 SOON as I heard my Father say,
d "Ye children, seek my grace,"

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—My heart replied without delay,
o "I'll seek my Father's face."

e 2 Let not thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away;
e God of my life, I fly to thee,
In a distressing day.

e 3 Should friends and kindred, near and dear,
Leave me to want, or die;
o My God would make my life his care,
And all my need supply.

—4 My fainting flesh had died with grief,
Had not my soul believed,
To see thy grace provide relief—
Nor was my hope deceived.

5 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
And keep your courage up;
o He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
And far exceed your hope.

PSALM 29. L. M. *Psalm* 97. [*]

Storm and Thunder.

1 GIVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,
Give to the Lord renown and power;
Ascribe due honours to his name,
And his eternal might adore.

e 2 The Lord proclaims his power aloud,
Over the ocean and the land;
His voice divides the watery cloud,
And lightnings blaze at his command.

g 3 He speaks, and tempest, hail, and wind,
Lay the wide forest bare around;
e The fearful hart, and frighted hind,
Leap at the terror of the sound.

g 4 To Lebanon he turns his voice,
And lo, the stately cedars break;
The mountains tremble at the noise,
The valleys roar, the deserts quake.

5 The Lord sits sovereign on the flood;
The Thunderer reigns forever king;
—But makes his church his blest abode,
Where we his awful glories sing.

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e 6 In gentler language there the Lord
The counsels of his grace imparts;
o Amidst the raging storm, his word
Speaks peace and courage to our hearts.

PSALM 30. L. M. First Part. *Quercy.* [*]

Sickness healed and Sorrow removed.

1 [I WILL extol thee, Lord, on high;
At thy command diseases fly:
Who but a God can speak and save,
From the dark borders of the grave?

o 2 Sing to the Lord, ye saints of his,
And tell how large his goodness is;
Let all your powers rejoice and bless
While you record his holiness.

—3 His anger but a moment stays;
His love is life and length of days:
e Though grief and tears the night employ,
o The morning star restores the joy.]

L. M. Second Part. *Armley.* [b]

Ver. 6.—*Health, Sickness, and Recovery.*

1 FIRM was my health, my day was bright,
And I presumed 'twould ne'er be night;
Fondly I said within my heart,
d "Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart."

—2 But I forgot thine arm was strong,
Which made my mountain stand so long;
e Soon as thy face began to hide,
My health was gone, my comforts died.

—3 I cried aloud to thee, my God,
e "What canst thou profit by my blood?
"Deep in the dust, can I declare
"Thy truth, or sing thy goodness there?

—4 "Hear me, O God of grace!" I said,
"And bring me from among the dead:"
o Thy word rebuked the pains I felt,
Thy pardoning love removed my guilt.

—5 My groans, and tears, and forms of woe,
Are turned to joy and praises now;
I throw my sackcloth on the ground,
And ease and gladness gird me round.

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o 6 My tongue, the glory of my frame,
Shall ne'er be silent of thy name;
o Thy praise shall sound through earth and heaven,
—For sickness healed, and sins forgiven.

PSALM 31. C.M. First Part. *Canterbury.* [b]

Ver. 5, 13—19, 22, 23.—*Deliverance from Death.*

1 INTO thy hand, O God of truth,
My spirit I commit;
Thou hast redeemed my soul from death,
And saved me from the pit.

2 The passions of my hope and fear
Maintained a double strife;
o While sorrow, pain, and sin conspired,
To take away my life.

d 3 "My times are in thy hand," I cried,
"Though I draw near the dust;"
—Thou art the refuge where I hide,
The God in whom I trust.

e 4 O make thy reconciled face
Upon thy servant shine;
And save me for thy mercy's sake,
For I'm entirely thine.

PAUSE.

5 ['Twas in my haste my spirit said,
"I must despair and die,
"I am cut off before thine eyes;"
o But thou hast heard my cry.]

—6 Thy goodness, how divinely free!
How wondrous is thy grace,
To those who fear thy majesty,
And trust thy promises!

o 7 O love the Lord, all ye his saints,
And sing his praises loud;
—He'll bend his ear to your complaints,
And recompense the proud.

C. M. Second Part. *York.* [*]

V. 7—13, 18—21.—*Deliverance from Slander and Reproach.*

1 MY heart rejoices in thy name,
My God, my help, my trust;
Thou hast preserved my face from shame,
Mine honour from the dust.

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p 2 "My life is spent with grief," I cried,
"My years consumed in groans;
"My strength decays, mine eyes are dried,
"And sorrow wastes my bones."

e 3 Among mine enemies, my name
Was a mere proverb grown;
While to my neighbours, I became
Forgotten and unknown.

4 Slander and fear on every side
Seized and beset me round;
I to the throne of grace applied,
And speedy rescue found.

PAUSE.

5 [How great deliverance thou hast wrought,
Before the sons of men!
The lying lips to silence brought,
And made their boasting vain!

6 Thy children, from the strife of tongues,
Shall thy pavilion hide:
Guard them from infamy and wrongs,
And crush the sons of pride.]

7 Within thy secret presence, Lord,
Let me forever dwell;
o No fenced city, walled and barred,
Secures a saint so well.

PSALM 32. S. M. *Dover.* [*]

Forgiveness of Sins upon Confession.

b 1 O BLESSED souls are they,
Whose sins are covered o'er;
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.

— 2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives, without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.

e 3 While I concealed my guilt,
I felt the festering wound;
—Till I confessed my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.

● 4 Let sinners learn to pray,
Let saints keep near the throne;

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Our help in times of deep distress,
Is found in God alone.

C. M. *Colchester.* [*]

Free Pardon and sincere Obedience.

o 1 [HAPPY the man to whom his God
No more imputes his sin;
But washed in his Redeemer's blood,
Hath made his garments clean!

2 Happy, beyond expression, he
Whose debts are thus discharged;
And from the guilty bondage free,
He feels his soul enlarged.

—3 His spirit hates deceit and lies,
His words are all sincere;
He guards his heart, he guards his eyes,
To keep his conscience clear.

e 4 While I my inward guilt suppressed
No quiet could I find;
Thy wrath lay burning in my breast,
And racked my tortured mind.

—5 Then I confessed my troubled thoughts,
My secret sins revealed;
o Thy pardoning grace forgave my faults,
Thy grace my pardon sealed.

—6 This shall invite thy saints to pray;
d When, like a raging flood,
Temptations rise, our strength and stay
Is a forgiving God.]

L. M. First Part. *Green's. Quercy.* [*]

Repentance, Justification, and Sanctification.

1 BLEST is the man, forever blest,
Whose guilt is pardoned by his God;
Whose sins, with sorrow, are confessed,
And covered with his Saviour's blood.

2 Blest is the man to whom the Lord
Imputes not his iniquities;
He pleads no merit of reward,
And not on works, but grace relies.

3 From guile his heart and lips are free;
His humble joy, his holy fear,
With deep repentance well agree,
And join to prove his faith sincere.

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o 4 How glorious is that righteousness,
That hides and cancels all his sins!
While a bright evidence of grace,
Through his whole life appears and shines.

L. M. Second Part. *Quercy. Bath.* [*]

Conscience relieved by Confession and Pardon.

e 1 WHILE I keep silence and conceal
My heavy guilt within my heart,
What torments does my conscience feel,
What agonies of inward smart!

2 I spread my sins before the Lord,
And all my secret faults confess;
—Thy gospel speaks a pardoning word,
o Thy holy Spirit seals the grace.

3 For this shall every humble soul
Make swift addresses to thy seat;
e When floods of huge temptations roll,
—There shall they find a blest retreat.

4 How safe beneath thy wings I lie,
e When days grow dark and storms appear;
—And when I walk, thy watchful eye
Shall guide me safe from every snare.

PSALM 33. C. M. 1st Part. *St. Martin's.* [*]

Works of Creation and Providence.

o 1 REJOICE, ye righteous, in the Lord,
This work belongs to you;
Sing of his name, his ways, his word,
How holy, just and true!

o 2 His mercy and his righteousness
Let heaven and earth proclaim;
—His works of nature and of grace
Reveal his wondrous name.

3 His wisdom and almighty word
The heavenly arches spread;
And by the Spirit of the Lord,
Their shining hosts were made.

4 He bade the liquid waters flow
To their appointed deep;
The flowing seas their limits know,
And their own stations keep.

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e 5 Ye tenants of the spacious earth,
With fear before him stand:
g He spake, and nature took its birth,
And rests on his command.

6 He scorns the angry nations' rage,
And breaks their vain designs;
His counsel stands through every age,
And in full glory shines. *Arundel.*

C. M. Second Part. *Colchester. Mear.* [*]

Creatures vain; and God *all-sufficient.*

1 BLEST is the nation, where the Lord
Has fixed his gracious throne;
Where he reveals his heavenly word,
And calls their tribes his own.

2 His eye, with infinite survey,
Does the whole world behold:
He formed us all of equal clay,
And knows our feeble mould.

d 3 Kings are not rescued by the force
Of armies from the grave;
Nor speed, nor courage of a horse,
Can the bold rider save.

e 4 Vain is the strength of beasts, or men,
To hope for safety thence;
o But holy souls from God obtain
A strong and sure defence.

e 5 God is their fear, and God their trust,
When plagues or famine spread;
His watchful eye secures the just,
Among ten thousand dead.

o 6 Lord, let our hearts in thee rejoice,
And bless us from thy throne;
For we have made thy word our choice,
And trust thy grace alone.

P. M. First Part. *St. Helen's.* [*]

Works of Creation and Providence.

o 1 YE holy souls, in God rejoice,
Your Maker's praise becomes your voice,
Great is your theme, your songs be new;
Sing of his name, his word, his ways,
His works of nature and of grace,
How wise and holy, just and true!

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—2 Justice and truth he ever loves,
And the whole earth his goodness proves;
His word the heavenly arches spread:
e How wide they shine from north to south!
—And by the spirit of his mouth
Were all the starry armies made.

3 He gathers the wide-flowing seas,
Those watery treasures know their place,
In the vast store-house of the deep:
g He spake—and gave all nature birth!
And fires, and seas, and heaven and earth,
His everlasting orders keep.

a 4 Let mortals tremble, and adore
A God of such resistless power,
Nor dare indulge their feeble rage:
—Vain are their thoughts, and weak their hands;
g But his eternal counsel stands,
And rules the world from age to age.

P. M. Second Part. *Cumberland.* [*]

Creatures vain; and God all-sufficient.

o 1 O HAPPY nation, where the Lord
Reveals the treasures of his word,
And builds his church, his earthly throne:
—His eye the heathen world surveys,
He formed their hearts, he knows their ways;
But God, their Maker, is unknown.

d 2 Let kings rely upon their host,
And of his strength the champion boast;
In vain they boast, in vain rely:
—In vain we trust the brutal force,
Or speed or courage of a horse,
To guard his rider, or to fly.

e 3 The eye of thy compassion, Lord,
Does more secure defence afford,
When death, or dangers threatening stand
o Thy watchful eye preserves the just,
Who make thy name their fear and trust,
When wars or famine waste the land.

—4 In sickness, or the bloody field,
Thou our Physician, thou our shield,
Send us salvation from thy throne:
e We wait to see thy goodness shine;
o Let us rejoice in help divine,
For all our hope is God alone.

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PSALM 34. L. M. First Part. *Portugal.* [*]

God's *Care of Saints; or, Deliverance by Prayer.*

o 1 LORD, I will bless thee all my days,
Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue;
My soul shall glory in thy grace,
While saints rejoice to hear the song.

—2 Come magnify the Lord with me,
Come, let us all exalt his name
I sought the eternal God, and he
Has not exposed my hope to shame.

e 3 I told him all my secret grief,
My secret groaning reached his ears;
—He gave my inward pains relief,
And calmed the tumult of my fears.

4 To him the poor lift up their eyes,
Their faces feel the heavenly shine
A beam of mercy from the skies
Fills them with light and joy divine.

o 5 His holy angels pitch their tents,
Around the men who serve the Lord:
—O, fear and love him, all ye saints,
Taste of his grace, and trust his word.

6 The wild young lions, pinched with pain
And hunger, roar through all the wood;
o But none shall seek the Lord in vain,
Nor want supplies of real good. *Islington.*

L. M. Second Part. *Bath.* [*]

Ver. 11—22.—*Religious Education.*

1 [CHILDREN, in years and knowledge young,
Your parents' hope, your parents' joy,
Attend the counsels of my tongue,
Let pious thoughts your minds employ.

e 2 If you desire a length of days,
And peace to crown your mortal state;
—Restrain your feet from sinful ways,
Your lips from slander and deceit.

3 The eyes of God regard his saints,
His ears are open to their cries;
d He sets his frowning face against
The sons of violence and lies.

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e 4 To humble souls and broken hearts,
God with his grace is ever nigh;
Pardon and hope his love imparts,
When men in deep contrition lie.

—5 He tells their tears, he counts their groans,
His Son redeems their souls from death;
o His Spirit heals their broken bones,
o They in his praise employ their breath.]

C. M. First Part. *St. Ann's.* [*]

V 1—10.—*Prayer and Praise for eminent Deliverance.*

1 [I'LL bless the Lord from day to day;
How good are all his ways!
Ye humble souls that use to pray,
Come, help my lips to praise.

2 Sing to the honour of his name,
How a poor sinner cried;
Nor was his hope exposed to shame,
Nor was his suit denied.

e 3 When threatening sorrows round me stood.
And endless fears arose,
Like the loud billows of a flood,
Redoubling all my woes;—

e 4 I told the Lord my sore distress,
With heavy groans and tears;
—He gave my sharpest torments ease,
And silenced all my fears.

PAUSE.

o 5 O sinners, come and taste his love,
Come learn his pleasant ways,
And let your own experience prove
The sweetness of his grace.

—6 He bids his angels pitch their tents,
Round where his children dwell;
What ill their heavenly care prevents,
No earthly tongue can tell.

o 7 O love the Lord, ye saints of his;
His eye regards the just;
How richly blest their portion is
Who make the Lord their trust!

—8 Young lions pinched with hunger roar
And famish in the wood;

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o But God supplies his holy poor,
With every needful good.]

C. M. SECOND PART. *York. St. Martin's.* [*]

Ver. 11—22.—*Exhortations to Faith and Holiness.*

1 COME, children, learn to fear the Lord;
And that your days be long,
Let not a false, or spiteful word
Be found upon your tongue.

2 Depart from mischief, practise love,
Pursue the work of peace;
So shall the Lord your ways approve,
And set your souls at ease.

3 His eyes awake to guard the just,
His ears attend their cry:
When broken spirits dwell in dust,
The God of grace is nigh.

e 4 What though the sorrows, here they taste,
Are sharp and tedious too;
o The Lord, who saves them all at last,
Is their supporter now.

e 5 Evil shall smite the wicked dead;
— But God secures his own;
Prevents the mischief when they slide,
Or heals the broken bone.

e 6 When desolation, like a flood,
O'er the proud sinner rolls,
o Saints find a refuge in their God,
For he redeemed their souls.

PSALM 35. C.M. 1st PT. *Bangor. Durham.* [b]

Prayer and Faith of persecuted Saints.

1 [NOW plead my cause, Almighty God,
With all the sons of strife;
And fight against the men of blood,
Who fight against my life.

2 Draw out thy spear, and stop their way,
Lift thine avenging rod;
But to my soul in mercy say,
"I am thy Saviour God."

3 They plant their snares to catch my feet
And nets of mischief soread:

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Plunge the destroyers in the pit,
That their own hands have made.

4 Let fogs and darkness hide their way,
And slippery be their ground;
Thy wrath shall make their lives a prey,
And all their rage confound.

5 They fly like chaff before the wind,
Before thine angry breath;
The angel of the Lord behind,
Pursues them down to death.

6 They love the road that leads to hell;
Then let the rebels die,
Whose malice is implacable
Against the Lord on high.

7 But if thou hast a chosen few,
Amongst that impious race;
Divide them from the bloody crew,
By thy surprising grace.

8 Then will I raise my tuneful voice,
To make thy wonders known;
In their salvation I'll rejoice,
And bless thee for my own.]

C. M. Second Part. *Hymn 2d. Barby.* [*]

Verse 12, 13, 14. *Love to Enemies: David and Christ.*

e 1 BEHOLD the love, the generous love,
That holy David shows;
See how his kind affections move
To his afflicted foes!

—2 When they are sick, his soul complains,
And seems to feel the smart;
The spirit of the gospel reigns,
And melts his pious heart.

e 3 How did his flowing tears condole,
As for a brother dead!
And fasting mortify his soul,
While for their life he prayed.

d 4 They groan, and curse him on their bed,
e Yet still he pleads and mourns:
—And double blessings on his head
The righteous God returns.

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o 5 O glorious type of heavenly grace!
Thus Christ the Lord appears;
—While sinners curse, the Saviour prays,
e And pities them with tears.

—6 He, the true David, Israel's King,
Blest and beloved of God,
o To save us rebels, dead in sin,
Paid his own dearest blood.

PSALM 36. L. M. *Old Hundred. Sheffield.* [*]

Ver. 5—9 *Perfections, Providence, and Grace of God.*

1 HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud,
That veils and darkens thy designs.

2 Forever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thine hands,
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 Thy Providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast thy bounty share;
The whole creation is thy charge,
o But saints are thy peculiar care.

e 4 My God, how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs!
—The sons of Adam, in distress,
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

5 From the provisions of thy house,
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
o There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

o 6 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And in thy light, our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.

C. M. *Mear.* [*]

Ver. 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 9. *Practical Atheism exposed.*

1 [WHILE men grow bold in wicked ways,
And yet a God they own;
My heart within me often says,
"Their thoughts believe there's none."

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2 Their thoughts and ways at once declare,
Whate'er their lips profess;
God hath no wrath for them to fear,
Nor will they seek his grace.

e 3 What strange self-flattery blinds their eyes!
d But there's a hastening hour,
When they shall see with sore surprise,
The terrors of thy power.

4 Thy justice shall maintain its throne,
Though mountains melt away;
Thy judgments are a world unknown,
A deep unfathomed sea.

—5 Above these heavens' created rounds,
Thy mercies, Lord, extend;
o Thy truth outlives the narrow bounds,
Where time and nature end.

—6 Safety to man thy goodness brings,
Nor overlooks the beast;
Beneath the shadow of thy wings
Thy children choose to rest.

e 7 From thee, when creature-streams run low,
And mortal comforts die,
o Perpetual springs of life shall flow,
And raise our pleasures high.

e 8 Though all created light decay,
And death close up our eyes;
o Thy presence makes eternal day,
Where clouds can never rise.]

S. M. *Watchman.* [*]

Ver. 1—7. *Wickedness of man, and Majesty of God*

1 [WHEN man grows bold in sin,
My heart within me cries,
d "He hath no faith of God within,
"Nor fear before his eyes."

— 2 He walks a while concealed,
In a self-flattering dream;
Till his dark crimes, at once revealed,
Expose his hateful name.

— 3 His heart is false and foul,
His words are smooth and fair;
Wisdom is banished from his soul,
And leaves no goodness there.

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4 He plots upon his bed,
New mischiefs to fulfill:
He sets his heart, and hands, and head,
To practise all that's ill.

o 5 But there's a dreadful God,
Though men renounce his fear;
His justice, hid behind a cloud,
Shall one great day appear.

o 6 His truth transcends the sky,
In heaven his mercies dwell;
e Deep as the sea his judgments lie,
a His anger burns to hell.

o 7 How excellent his love,
Whence all our safety springs;
s O never let my soul remove
From underneath his wings!]

PSALM 37. C. M. First Part. *Walsal.* [b]

Ver. 1—15. *Cure of Envy, Fretfulness, and Unbelief.*

s 1 WHY should I vex my soul, and fret,
To see the wicked rise?
Or envy sinners, waxing great
By violence and lies?

2 As flowery grass, cut down at noon,
Before the evening fades;
So shall their glories vanish soon,
In everlasting shades.

—3 Then let me make the Lord my trust,
And practise all that's good;
o So shall I dwell among the just,
And he'll provide me food.

—4 I to my God my ways commit,
And cheerful wait his will;
Thy hand, which guides my doubtful feet,
Shall my desires fulfill.

5 Mine innocence shalt thou display,
And make thy judgments known,
Fair as the light of dawning day,
e And glorious as the noon.

6 The meek at last the earth possess,
And are the heirs of heaven;

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True riches, with abundant peace,
To humble souls are given.—

PAUSE.

7 [Rest in the Lord, and keep his way,
Nor let your anger rise,
Though Providence should long delay
To punish haughty vice.

8 Let sinners join to break your peace,
And plot, and rage, and foam;
The Lord derides them, for he sees
Their day of vengeance come.

9 They have drawn out the threatening sword,
Have bent the murderous bow,
To slay the men who fear the Lord,
And bring the righteous low.

10 My God shall break their bows, and burn
Their persecuting darts;
Shall their own swords against them turn,
And pain surprise their hearts.] *Canterbury.*

C. M. SECOND PART. *Abridge. York.* [*]

Ver. 16, 21—31. *Religion in Words and Deeds.*

1 WHY do the wealthy wicked boast,
And grow profanely bold?
The meanest portion of the just,
Excels the sinner's gold.

2 The wicked borrows of his friends,
But ne'er designs to pay;
The saint is merciful, and lends,
Nor turns the poor away.

3 His alms with liberal heart he gives,
Among the sons of need;
His memory to long ages lives,
And blessed is his seed.

4 His lips abhor to talk profane,
To slander, or defraud;
His ready tongue declares to men
What he has learned of God.

5 The law and gospel of the Lord,
Deep in his heart abide;
Led by the Spirit and the word,
His feet shall never slide.

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6 When sinners fall, the righteous stand,
Preserved from every snare;
They shall possess the promised land,
And dwell forever there.

C. M. THIRD PART. *Colchester. Arundel.*

Ver. 23—37. *The Righteous and the Wicked.*

1 MY God, the steps of pious men
Are ordered by thy will;
Though they should fall, they rise again,
Thy hand supports them still.

2 The Lord delights to see their ways,
Their virtue he approves;
He'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,
Nor leave the men he loves.

3 The heavenly heritage is theirs,
Their portion and their home;
He feeds them now, and makes them heirs
Of blessings long to come.

4 [Wait on the Lord, ye sons of men,
Nor fear when tyrants frown;
Ye shall confess their pride was vain,
When justice casts them down.]

PAUSE.

5 The haughty sinner I have seen,
Not fearing man, nor God;
Like a tall bay-tree, fair and green,
Spreading his arms abroad.

—6 And, lo, he vanished from the ground,
Destroyed by hands unseen;
e Nor root, nor branch, nor leaf, was found,
Where all that pride had been.

d 7 But mark the man of righteousness,
His several steps attend;
o True pleasure runs through all his ways,
And peaceful is his end.

PSALM 38. C. M. *Plymouth.* [b

Guilt of Conscience and Relief.

1 AMIDST thy wrath remember love;
Restore thy servant, Lord;
Nor let a father's chastening prove
Like an avenger's sword.

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2 Thine arrows stick within my heart,
My flesh is sorely pressed;
Between the sorrow and the smart,
My spirit finds no rest.

c 3 My sins a heavy load appear,
And o'er my head are gone;
p The burden, Lord, I cannot bear,
Nor e'er the guilt atone.

4 My thoughts are like a troubled sea,
My head still bending down;
And I go mourning all the day,
Beneath my Father's frown.

5 [Lord, I am weak and broken sore,
None of my powers are whole;
The inward anguish makes me roar,
The anguish of my soul.]

—6 All my desire to thee is known,
Thine eye counts every tear;
And every sigh, and every groan,
Is noticed by thine ear.

o 7 Thou art my God, my only hope,
My God will hear my cry;
My God will bear my spirit up,
When Satan bids me die.

8 [My foot is ever apt to slide,
My foes rejoice to see't;
They raise their pleasure and their pride,
When they supplant my feet.

e 9 But I'll confess my guilt to thee,
And grieve for all my sin;
p I'll mourn how weak my graces be,
And beg support divine.

e 10 My God, forgive my follies past,
And be forever nigh;
O Lord of my salvation haste
Before thy servant die.]

PSALM 39. C. M. First Part. *Barby.* [*]

Verse 1, 2, 3. *Prudence and Zeal.*

1 d THUS I resolved before the Lord,
"Now will I watch my tongue;
"Lest I let slip one sinful word,
"Or do my neighbour wrong."

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—2 If I am e'er constrained to stay
With men of lives profane,
I'll set a double guard that day,
Nor let my talk be vain.

3 I'll scarce allow my lips to speak
The pious thoughts I feel;
Lest scoffers should th' occasion take
To mock my holy zeal.

o 4 Yet if some proper hour appear,
I'll not be overawed;
o But let the scoffing sinners hear,
That I can speak for God.

C. M. Second Part. *Bangor. Canterbury.* [b

Ver. 4, 5, 6, 7. *The Vanity of Man as mortal.*

1 TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame;
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

e 2 A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time;
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flower and prime.

e 3 See the vain race of mortals move,
Like shadows o'er the plain;
o They rage and strive, desire and love,
— But all their noise is vain.

4 Some walk in honour's gaudy show;
Some dig for golden ore;
They toil for heirs they know not who,
And straight are seen no more.

e 5 What should I wish, or wait for then,
From creatures, earth, and dust?
e They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

—6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall;
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

C. M. Third Part. *Dorset. Bishopsgate.* [b]

Ver. 9—13. *Sick-bed Devotion.*

p 1 GOD of my life, look gently down,
Behold the pains I feel;

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e But I am dumb before thy throne,
Nor dare dispute thy will.

—2 Diseases are thy servants, Lord,
They come at thy command;
I'll not attempt a murmuring word,
Against thy chastening hand.

e 3 Yet may I plead with humble cries,
Remove thy sharp rebukes;
My strength consumes, my spirit dies,
Through thy repeated strokes.

p 4 Crushed as a moth beneath thy hand,
We moulder to the dust;
Our feeble powers can ne'er withstand,
And all our beauty's lost.

5 [This mortal life decays apace,
How soon the bubble's broke;
Adam and all his numerous race
Are vanity and smoke.]

—6 I'm but a sojourner below,
As all my fathers were;
May I be well prepared to go,
When I the summons hear.

7 But if my life be spared a while,
Before my last remove,
o Thy praise shall be my business still,
And I'll declare thy love.

PSALM 40. C. M. 1ST PT. *Abridge. York.* [*]

V. 1, 2, 3, 5, 17. *A Song of Deliverance from Distress.*

e 1 I WAITED patient for the Lord;
He bowed to hear my cry;
He saw me resting on his word,
And brought salvation nigh.

—2 He raised me from a horrid pit,
Where mourning long I lay;
And from my bonds released my feet.
Deep bonds of miry clay.

o 3 Firm on a rock he made me stand,
And taught my cheerful tongue
To praise the wonders of his hand,
In a new thankful song.

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o 4 I'll spread his works of grace abroad;
The saints with joy shall hear;
And sinners learn to make my God
Their only hope and fear.

e 5 How many are thy thoughts of love
Thy mercies, Lord, how great!
—We have not words, nor hours enough,
Their numbers to repeat.

6 When I'm afflicted, poor and low,
And light and peace depart;
o My God beholds my heavy woe,
And bears me on his heart.

C. M. Second Part. *Sunday. Bethlehem.* [*]
Ver. 6—9. *The Incarnation and Sacrifice of Christ.*

d 1 THUS saith the Lord, "Your work is vain,
"Give your burnt offerings o'er;
"In dying goats, and bullocks slain,
"My soul delights no more."

2 Then spake the Saviour, "Lo, I'm here,
"My God, to do thy will;
"Whate'er thy sacred books declare,
"Thy servant shall fulfill."

3 ["Thy law is ever in my sight,
"I keep it near my heart;
"Mine ears are opened with delight
"To what thy lips impart."]

o 4 And see—the blest Redeemer comes—
Th' eternal Son appears;
And at th' appointed time assumes
The body God prepares.

—5 Much he revealed his Father's grace,
And much his truth he showed;
And preached the way of righteousness,
Where great assemblies stood.

e 6 His Father's honour touched his heart,
He pitied sinners' cries;
And, to fulfill a Saviour's part,
Was made a sacrifice.

p 7 No blood of beasts, on altars shed,
Could wash the conscience clean;
o But the rich sacrifice he paid
Atones for all our sin.

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e 8 Then was the great salvation spread,
And Satan's kingdom shook;
Thus by the woman's Promised Seed,
The serpent's head was broke.

L. M. *Islington.* [*]

Ver. 5—10. *Christ our Sacrifice.*

1 [THE wonders, Lord, thy love has wrought,
Exceed our praise, surmount our thought;
Should I attempt the long detail,
My speech would faint, my numbers fail.

e 2 No blood of beasts on altars spilt,
Can cleanse the souls of men from guilt;
—But thou hast set before our eyes
An all-sufficient sacrifice.

o 3 Lo! thine eternal Son appears,
To thy designs he bows his ears;
Assumes a body well prepared,
And well performs a work so hard.

d 4 "Behold I come," the Saviour cries,
With love and duty in his eyes;
"I come to bear the heavy load
"Of sins, and do thy will, my God.

5 "'Tis written in thy great decree,
"'Tis in the book foretold of me,
"I must fulfill the Saviour's part;
"And lo! thy law is in my heart.

6 "I'll magnify thy holy law,
"And rebels to obedience draw,
"When on my cross I'm lifted high,
"Or to my crown above the sky.

7 "The Spirit shall descend and show
"What thou hast done, and what I do;
"The wondering world shall learn thy grace,
"Thy wisdom and thy righteousness."]

PSALM 41. L. M. *Armley. Shoel.* [*]

Ver. 1, 2, 3. *The merciful Man.*

1 BLEST is the man, whose bowels move,
And melt with pity to the poor;
p Whose soul, by sympathizing love,
Feels what his fellow saints endure.

—2 His heart contrives for their relief
More good than his own hands can do:

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e He, in a time of general grief,
—Shall find the Lord has mercy too.

3 His soul shall live secure on earth,
With secret blessings on his head;
o When drought, and pestilence, and death,
Around him multiply their dead.

e 4 Or, if he languish on his couch,
—God will pronounce his sins forgiven;
o Will save him with a healing touch,
Or take his willing soul to heaven.

PSALM 42. C. M. First Part. *Plymouth.* [b]

Ver. 1—5. *Desertion and Hope.*

1 WITH earnest longings of the mind,
e My God, to thee I look;
—So pants the hunted hart to find,
And taste the cooling brook.

e 2 When shall I see thy courts of grace,
And meet my God again?
e So long an absence from thy face
My heart endures with pain.

3 Temptations vex my weary soul,
And tears are my repast;
—The foe insults without control,
d "And where's your God at last?"

p 4 'Tis with a mournful pleasure now
I think on ancient days;
Then to thy house did numbers go,
And all our work was praise.

e 5 But why, my soul, sunk down so far,
Beneath this heavy load?
Why do my thoughts indulge despair,
And sin against my God?

—6 Hope in the Lord, whose mighty hand
Can all thy woes remove,
o For I shall yet before him stand,
And sing restoring love.

L. M. *Babylon.* [*]

Ver. 6—11. *Hope in Affliction.*

p 1 MY spirit sinks within me, Lord—
— But I will call thy name to mind;

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And times of past distress record,
When I have found my God was kind.

e 2 Huge troubles, with tumultuous noise,
Swell like a sea, and round me spread;
Thy water-spouts drown all my joys,
And rising waves roll o'er my head.

—3 Yet will the Lord command his love,
When I address his throne by day;
Nor in the night his grace remove,
The night shall hear me sing and pray.

e 4 I'll cast myself before his feet,
d And say, "My God, my heavenly Rock,
p "Why doth thy love so long forget
"The soul that groans beneath thy stroke?'

—5 I'll chide my heart that sinks so low;
e Why should my soul indulge in grief?
o Hope in the Lord, and praise him too;
He is my rest, my sure relief.

o 6 Thy light and truth shall guide me still;
Thy word shall my best thoughts employ,
And lead me to thy holy hill,
My God, my most exceeding joy.

PSALM 44. C. M. *China. Bedford.* [b]

V. 1, 2, 3, 8, 15—26. *The Church's Complaint in Persecution.*

1 LORD, we have heard thy works of old,
Thy works of power and grace,
When to our ears our fathers told
The wonders of their days:—

2 How thou didst build thy churches here
And make thy gospel known;
o Amongst them did thine arm appear,
Thy light and glory shone.

o 3 In God they boasted all the day,
And in a cheerful throng,
Did thousands meet to praise and pray,
And grace was all their song.

e 4 But now our souls are seized with shame,
Confusion fills our face,
To hear the enemy blaspheme,
And fools reproach thy grace.

—5 [Yet have we not forgot our God,
Nor falsely dealt with heaven;

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Nor have our steps declined the road
Of duty thou hast given:—

e 6 Though dragons all around us roar,
With their destructive breath,
And thine own hand has bruised us sore,
Hard by the gates of death.

PAUSE.

7 We are exposed all day to die,
As martyrs for the cause;
As sheep for slaughter bound we lie
By sharp and bloody laws.]

—8 Awake, arise, Almighty Lord,
Why sleeps thy wonted grace!
e Why should we look like men abhorred,
Or banished from thy face?

9 [Wilt thou forever cast us off,
And still neglect our cries?
Forever hide thine heavenly love,
From our afflicted eyes?

p 10 Down to the dust our soul is bowed,
And dies upon the ground;
d Rise for our help, rebuke the proud,
And all their powers confound.]

—11 Redeem us from perpetual shame,
Our Saviour, and our God;
We plead the honours of thy name,
The merits of thy blood.

PSALM 45. S. M. *Dover* [*]

The Glory of Christ.

1 [MY Saviour and my King,
Thy beauties are divine;
Thy lips with blessings overflow,
And every grace is thine.

e 2 Now make thy glories known,
— Gird on thy dreadful sword,
And ride in majesty, to spread
The conquests of thy word.

3 Strike through thy stubborn foes,
e Or melt their hearts t' obey;
—While justice, meekness, grace, and truth,
Attend thy glorious way.

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o 4 Thy laws, O God, are right,
Thy throne shall ever stand;
And thy victorious gospel proves
A sceptre in thy hand.

o 5 Thy Father and thy God,
— Hath, without measure, shed
His Spirit like a joyful oil
T' anoint thy sacred head.

e 6 Behold, at thy right hand
The Gentile church is seen
Like a fair bride in rich attire,
— And princes guard the queen.

7 Fair bride, receive his love,
Forget thy Father's house,
Forsake thy gods, thy idol gods,
And pay thy Lord thy vows.

o 8 O let thy God and King
Thy sweetest thoughts employ;
o Thy children shall his honours sing
In palaces of joy.]

C. M. *Arundel. Mear.* [*]

Glories and Government of Christ.

1 I'LL speak the honours of my King,
His form divinely fair;
None of the sons of mortal race
May with the Lord compare.

b 2 Sweet is thy speech, and heavenly grace
Upon thy lips is shed;
—Thy God with blessings infinite
Hath crowned thy sacred head.

g 3 Gird on thy sword, victorious Prince,
Ride with majestic sway;
Thy terror shall strike through thy foes,
And make the world obey.

4 Thy throne, O God, forever stands,
Thy word of grace shall prove
A peaceful sceptre in thy hands,
To rule thy saints by love.

—5 Justice and truth attend thee still;
s But mercy is thy choice;
u And God, thy God, thy soul shall fill,
With most peculiar joys

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L. M. First Part. *Blendon* [*]

The Glory of Christ and Power of his Gospel.

1 NOW be my heart inspired to sing
The glories of my Saviour King;
e Jesus the Lord, how heavenly fair
His form! how bright his beauties are!
—2 O'er all the sons of human race
He shines with a superior grace;
o Love from his lips divinely flows,
And blessings all his state compose.
g 3 Dress thee in arms, most mighty Lord,
Gird on the terror of thy sword;
In majesty and glory ride,
With truth and meekness at thy side.
e 4 Thine anger, like a pointed dart,
Shall pierce the foes of stubborn heart;
e Or words of mercy, kind and sweet,
Shall melt the rebels at thy feet.
g 5 Thy throne, O God, forever stands,
Grace is the sceptre in thy hands;
Thy laws and works are just and right,
Justice and grace are thy delight.
—6 God, thine own God, has richly shed
His oil of gladness on thy head;
o And with his sacred Spirit blest
His first-born Son above the rest.

L. M. Second Part. *Oporto. Green's.*

Christ and his Church.

e 1 THE King of saints, how fair his face!
Adorned with majesty and grace!
o He comes with blessings from above,
And wins the nations to his love.
b 2 At his right hand, our eyes behold
The queen, arrayed in purest gold;
—The world admires her heavenly dress,
Her robe of joy and righteousness.
3 He forms her beauties like his own,
He calls and seats her near his throne:
b Fair stranger, let thy heart forget
The idols of thy native state.
—4 So shall the King the more rejoice
In thee, the favorite of his choice;

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Let him be loved, and yet adored,
For he's thy Maker, and thy Lord.

s 5 O happy hour, when thou shalt rise
To his fair palace in the skies!
And all thy sons, a numerous train,
Each like a prince in glory reign.

g 6 Let endless honours crown his head;
Let every age his praises spread;
—While we with cheerful songs approve
The condescensions of his love.

PSALM 46. L.M. 1st Pt. *Leeds. Blendon.*[*]

Church's Safety amidst Desolations.

1 GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

e 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled,
Down to the deep and buried there;
Convulsions shake the solid world;
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

u 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar—
e In sacred peace our souls abide;
—While every nation, every shore,
e Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.

s 4 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
b Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

—5 That sacred stream, thy holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls:
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

g 6 Zion enjoys her monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth, and armed with power.

L. M. Second Part. *Blendon.* [*]

God fights for his Church.

o 1 LET Zion in her King rejoice,
Though tyrants rage, and kingdoms rise

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g He utters his almighty voice,
e The nations melt—the tumult dies.

o 2 The Lord, of old, for Jacob fought;
And Jacob's God is still our aid:
e Behold the works his hand hath wrought;
a What desolations he has made!

o 3 From sea to sea, through all the shores,
He makes the noise of battle cease;
g When from on high his thunder roars,
He awes the trembling world to peace.

s 4 He breaks the bow, he cuts the spear;
Chariots he burns with heavenly flame:
p Keep silence, all the earth,—and hear
The sound and glory of his name.

d 5 "Be still—and learn that I am God!
"I'll be exalted o'er the lands;
"I will be known and feared abroad,
"But still my throne in Zion stands."

e 6 O Lord of hosts, almighty King,
e While we so near thy presence dwell
—Our faith shall sit secure, and sing
o Defiance to the gates of hell.

PSALM 47. C. M. *Christmas. Arundel*

Christ ascending and reigning.

o 1 O FOR a shout of sacred joy,
To God the sovereign King!
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

—2 Jesus our God ascends on high,
His heavenly guards around,
Attend him rising through the sky,
With trumpets' joyful sound.

o 3 While angels shout and praise their King
Let mortals learn their strains:
Let all the earth his honours sing;
O'er all the earth he reigns.

e 4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound,
Let knowledge lead the song;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound,
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

—5 In Israel stood his ancient throne,
He loved that chosen race;

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o But now he calls the world his own,
And heathens taste his grace.

6 The Gentile nations are the Lord's,
There Abraham's God is known;
g While powers and princes, shields and swords,
Submit before his throne.

PSALM 48. S.M. 1st Pt. *Dover. Peckham.* [*]

V. 1—8. *The Church the Honour and Safety of a Nation.*

1 GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

b 2 These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand!
—The honours of our native place,
o The bulwarks of our land.

— 3 In Zion God is known,
A refuge in distress;
e How bright has his salvation shone,
Through all her palaces!

— 4 When kings against her joined,
And saw the Lord was there;
d In wild confusion of the mind,
o They fled with hasty fear.

e 5 [When navies, tall and proud,
Attempt to spoil our peace,
o He sends his tempest, roaring loud,
And sinks them in the seas.]

— 6 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold,
Where his own sheep have been.

7 In every new distress
We'll to his house repair;
We'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

S. M. Second Part. *Kibworth. St. Thomas.* [*]

Ver. 10—14. *Gospel Worship and Order.*

1 FAR as thy name is known,
The world declares thy praise;

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Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne,
Their songs of honour raise.

2 With joy let Judah stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.

3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell;
Compass and view the holy ground,
And mark the building well—

4 The order of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,—
And make a fair report.

5 How decent and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
—Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes;
And rites adorned with gold.

6 The God we worship now,
Will guide us till we die;
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

PSALM 49. C. M. First Part. *Walsal.*

Ver. 6—14. *The Vanity of Life and Riches.*

1 WHY does the man of riches grow
To insolence and pride,
To see his wealth and honours flow,
With every rising tide?

2 [Why doth he treat the poor with scorn,
Made of the self-same clay,
And boast as though his flesh was born
Of better dust than they?]

3 Not all his treasure can procure
His soul a short reprieve;
Redeem from death one guilty hour,
Or make his brother live.

4 [Life is a blessing can't be sold;
The ransom is too high;
Justice will ne'er be bribed with gold,
That man may never die.

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5 He sees the brutish and the wise,
The timorous and the brave,
Quit their possessions, close their eyes,
And hasten to the grave.]

6 Yet 'tis his inward thought and pride,
d "My house shall ever stand;
"And that my name may long abide,
"I'll give it to my land."

e 7 [Vain are his thoughts, his hopes are lost;
How soon his memory dies!
—His name is written in the dust,
Where his own carcass lies.]

—8 This is the folly of their way:
And yet their sons, as vain,
Approve the words their fathers say,
And act their works again.

9 Men, void of wisdom and of grace,
I If honour raise them high,
e Live like the beast, a thoughtless race,
a And like the beast they die.

10 [Laid in the grave, like silly sheep,
Death feeds upon them there;
Till the last trumpet breaks their sleep,
In terror and despair.]

C. M. Second Part. *York.* [*]

Ver. 14, 15. *Death and the Resurrection.*

1 YE sons of pride, who hate the just,
And trample on the poor,
When death has brought you down to dust,
g Your pomp shall rise no more.

o 2 The last great day shall change the scene;
e When will that hour appear?
When shall the just revive and reign
O'er all that scorned them here?

—3 God will my naked soul receive,
When separate from the flesh;
o And break the prison of the grave,
To raise my bones afresh.

s 4 Heaven is my everlasting home,
Th' inheritance is sure;
—Let men of pride their rage resume,
e But I'll repine no more.

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L. M. *Bath.* [*]

The Rich Sinner's Death.

1 [WHY do the proud insult the poor,
And boast the large estates they have?
How vain are riches to secure
Their haughty owners from the grave!

2 They can't redeem one hour from death,
With all the wealth in which they trust;
Nor give a dying brother breath,
When God commands him down to dust.

3 There the dark earth and dismal shade
Shall clasp their naked bodies round:
That flesh, so delicately fed,
Lies cold, and moulders in the ground.

4 Like thoughtless sheep the sinner dies,
Laid in the grave for worms to eat!
o The saints shall in the morning rise,
And find the oppressor at their feet.

e 5 His honours perish in the dust,
And pomp and beauty, birth and blood;
o That glorious day exalts the just,
To full dominion o'er the proud.

o 6 My Saviour shall my life restore,
And raise me from my dark abode;
My flesh and soul shall part no more,
But dwell forever near my God.]

PSALM 50. C. M. 1ST PT. *Mear. Windsor.* [b]

Ver. 1—6. *The last Judgment.*

1 THE Lord, the Judge, before his throne
d Bids the whole earth draw nigh;
—The nations near the rising sun,
And near the western sky.

2 No more shall bold blasphemers say,
d "Judgment will ne'er begin;"
—No more abuse his long delay,
To impudence and sin.

g 3 Throned on a cloud, our God shall come;
Bright flames prepare his way;
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,
Lead on the dreadful day!

—4 Heaven from above his call shall hear
Attending angels come;

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g And earth and hell shall know, and fear,
His justice and their doom.

d 5 "But gather all my saints," he cries,
"Who made their peace with God,
"By the Redeemer's sacrifice,
"And sealed it with his blood.

6 "Their faith and works, brought forth to light,
"Shall make the world confess,
"My sentence of reward is right;—
"And heaven adore my grace."

C. M. Second Part. *York.* [*]

Ver. 10, 11, 14, 15, 23. *Obedience is better than Sacrifice.*

1 [THUS saith the Lord, "The spacious fields,
"And flocks and herds are mine;
"O'er all the cattle of the hills,
"I claim a right divine.

2 "I ask no sheep for sacrifice,
"Nor bullocks burnt with fire;
"To hope and love, to pray and praise,
"Is all that I require.

3 "Call upon me when trouble's near,
"My hand shall set thee free;
"Then shall thy thankful lips declare
"The honours due to me.

4 'The man who offers humble praise,
"He glorifies me best:
"And those who tread my holy ways,
"Shall my salvation taste."]

C. M. Third Part. *Reading.* [b]

Ver. 1, 5, 8, 16, 21, 22. *The Judgment of Hypocrites.*

1 [WHEN Christ to judgment shall descend
And saints surround their Lord;
He calls the nations to attend,
And hear his awful word.

d 2 "Not for the want of bullocks slain,
"Will I the world reprove:
"Altars and rites, and forms are vain,
"Without the fire of love.

3 "And what have hypocrites to do,
"To bring their sacrifice?

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"They call my statutes just and true,
"But deal in theft and lies.

4 "Could you expect to 'scape my sight,
"And sin without control?
"But I shall bring your crimes to light,
"With anguish in your soul."

e 5 Consider, ye that slight the Lord,
Before his wrath appear;
a If once you fall beneath his sword,
There's no deliverer there.]

L. M. *Geneva. Babylon.* [b]

Hypocrisy exposed.

1 THE Lord, the Judge, his churches warns;
Let hypocrites attend and fear,
Who place their hope in rites and forms,
But make not faith nor love their care.

d 2 Wretches! they dare rehearse his name,
With lips of falsehood and deceit;
A friend or brother they defame,
And soothe and flatter those they hate.

—3 They watch to do their neighbours wrong,
Yet dare to seek their Maker's face;
They take his covenant on their tongue,
But break his laws, abuse his grace.

4 To heaven they lift their hands unclean,
Defiled with lust, defiled with blood;
By night they practise every sin,
By day their mouths draw near to God.

5 And while his judgments long delay,
They grow secure, and sin the more;
They think he sleeps as well as they,
And put far off the dreadful hour.

e 6 O dreadful hour, when God draws near,
And sets their crimes before their eyes!
a His wrath their guilty souls shall tear,
And no deliverer dare to rise.

P. M. First Part. *Reading.* [*]

The last Judgment.

1 [THE Lord, the Sovereign, sends his summons forth,
Calls the south nations, and awakes the north
From east to west the sounding orders spread,
Through distant worlds, and regions of the dead·

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No more shall atheists mock his long delay;
His vengeance sleeps no more: Behold the day!

2 Behold the Judge descends; his guards are nigh;
Tempests and fire attend him down the sky:
Heaven, earth, and hell draw near; let all things come,
To hear his justice, and the sinner's doom:
But gather first my saints, (the Judge commands,)
Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands.

3 Behold my covenant stands forever good,
Sealed by the eternal sacrifice in blood;
And signed with all their names, the Greek, the Jew,
That paid the ancient worship or the new:
There's no distinction here; come, spread their thrones,
And near me seat my favorites, and my sons.

4 I their almighty Saviour, and their God,
I am their Judge: Ye heavens, proclaim abroad
My just eternal sentence, and declare
Those awful truths that sinners dread to hear:
Sinners in Zion, tremble and retire;
I doom the painted hypocrite to fire.

5 Not for the want of goats or bullocks slain
Do I condemn thee; bulls and goats are vain,
Without the flames of love: in vain the store
Of brutal offerings, that were mine before:
Mine are the tamer beasts, and savage breed,
Flocks, herds, and fields, and forests where they feed.

6 If I were hungry, would I ask thee food?
When did I thirst, or drink thy bullock's blood?
Can I be flattered with thy cringing bows,
Thy solemn chatterings, and fantastic vows?
Are my eyes charmed thy vestments to behold,
Glaring in gems, and gay in woven gold?

7 Unthinking wretch! how couldst thou hope to please
A God, a Spirit, with such toys as these?
While, with my grace and statutes on thy tongue,
Thou lov'st deceit, and dost thy brother wrong:
In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends,
Thieves and adulterers are thy chosen friends.

8 Silent I waited, with long-suffering love;
But didst thou hope that I should ne'er reprove?
And cherish such an impious thought within,
That God, the righteous, would indulge thy sin?

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Behold my terrors now, my thunders roll,
And thy own crimes affright thy guilty soul.

9 Sinners, awake betimes; ye fools, be wise;
Awake before this dreadful morning rise:
Change your vain thoughts, your crooked works amend;
Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your friend·
Lest like a lion his last vengeance tear
Your trembling souls, and no deliverer near.]

P. M. Second Part. *Walworth.* [*]

The last Judgment.

1 THE God of glory sends his summons forth,
Calls the south nations, and awakes the north;
From east to west the sovereign orders spread,
Through distant worlds, and regions of the dead.
The trumpet sounds; hell trembles; heaven rejoices;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

2 No more shall atheists mock his long delay;
His vengeance sleeps no more: behold the day:
Behold the Judge descend; his guards are nigh;
Tempests and fire attend him down the sky.
When God appears, all nature shall adore him;
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.

3 "Heaven, earth, and hell draw near;—Let all things come,
"To hear my justice, and the sinner's doom!
"But gather first my saints," the Judge commands;
"Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands."
When Christ returns, wake every cheerful passion;
And shout, ye saints; he comes for your salvation.

4 "Behold, my covenant stands forever good,
"Sealed by the eternal sacrifice in blood,
"And signed with all their names;—the Greek, the Jew,
"Who paid the ancient worship, or the new."
There's no distinction here; join all your voices,
And raise your heads, ye saints; for heaven rejoices.

5 "Here," saith the Lord, "ye angels, spread their thrones,
"And near me seat my favorites and my sons:
"Come, my redeemed, possess the joys prepared
"Ere time began; 'tis your divine reward."
When Christ returns, wake every cheerful passion;
And shout, ye saints; he comes for your salvation.

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PAUSE THE FIRST. *Landaff.*

6 ["I am the Saviour, I th' almighty God;
"I an the Judge: Ye heavens, proclaim abroad
"My just eternal sentence, and declare
"Those awful truths, that sinners dread to hear."
When God appears, all nature shall adore him,
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.]

7 "Stand forth, thou bold blasphemer, and profane,
"Now feel my wrath, nor call my threatenings vain
"Thou hypocrite, once dressed in saint's attire—
"I doom the painted hypocrite to fire."
Judgment proceeds; hell trembles; heaven rejoices:
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

8 ["Not for the want of goats or bullocks slain,
"Do I condemn thee; bulls and goats are vain,
"Without the flames of love: in vain the store
"Of brutal offerings, that were mine before."
Earth is the Lord's; all nature shall adore him:
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.

9 "If I were hungry, would I ask thee food?
"When did I thirst, or drink thy bullock's blood?
"Mine are the tamer beasts, and savage breed,
"Flocks, herds, and fields, and forests where they feed."
All is the Lord's; he rules the wide creation:
Gives sinners vengeance, and the saints salvation.]

10 "Can I be flattered with thy cringing bows,
"Thy solemn chatterings and fantastic vows?
"Are my eyes charmed thy vestments to behold,
"Glaring in gems, and gay in woven gold?"
God is the Judge of hearts; no fair disguises
Can screen the guilty, when his vengeance rises.

PAUSE THE SECOND.

11 "Unthinking wretch! how couldst thou hope to please
"A God, a Spirit, with such toys as these?
"While with my grace and statutes on thy tongue
"Thou lov'st deceit, and dost thy brother wrong.
Judgment proceeds; hell trembles; heaven rejoices;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

12 ["In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends,
"Thieves and adulterers are thy chosen friends·
"While the false flatterer at my altar waits,
"His hardened soul divine instruction hates."
God is the Judge of hearts: no fair disguises
Can screen the guilty, when his vengeance rises.]

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13 "Silent I waited, with long-suffering love:
"But didst thou hope that I should ne'er reprove?
"And cherish such an impious thought within,
"That the All-Holy would indulge thy sin?"
See, God appears! all nature joins t' adore him:
Judgment proceeds, and sinners fall before him.

14 ["Behold my terrors now: my thunders roll,
"And thy own crimes affright thy guilty soul:
"Now like a lion shall my vengeance tear
"Thy bleeding heart, and no deliverer near."
Judgment concludes; hell trembles! heaven rejoices:
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.]

EPIPHONEMA.

15 Sinners, awake betimes; ye fools, be wise!
Awake, before this dreadful morning rise.
Change your vain thoughts, your crooked works amend;
Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your friend.
Then join, ye saints; wake every cheerful passion:
When Christ returns, he comes for your salvation.

PSALM 51. L.M. 1st Pt. *Carthage. Geneva.* [b]

A Penitent pleading for Pardon.

p 1 SHOW pity, Lord, O Lord forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live:
e Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

—2 My crimes are great, but can't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
g Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
—So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
p Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

e 4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace:
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear,

o 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
e I must pronounce thee just in death;
e And if my soul were sent to hell,
—Thy righteous law approves it well.

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e 6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
—Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
o Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

L. M. Second Part. *Armley. Geneva.* [b]

Original and actual Sin confessed.

e 1 LORD, I am vile, conceived in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man, whose guilty fall
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death:
Thy law demands a perfect heart;
But we're defiled in every part.

3 [Great God, create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true;
O make me wise betimes to spy
My danger and my remedy.]

d 4 Behold, I fall before thy face;
My only refuge is thy grace:
No outward forms can make me clean;
The leprosy lies deep within.

5 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.

—6 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone:
● Thy blood can make me white as snow;
No Jewish types can cleanse me so.

● 7 [While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease,
—Lord, let me hear thy pardoning voice,
And make my broken bones rejoice.]

L. M. Third Part. *Gloucester. Bath.* [*]

The Penitent restored.

e 1 O THOU, who hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.

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—2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

e 3 [I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banished from thy sight!
—Thine holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

e 4 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,
—Thy help and comfort still afford:
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

—5 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
o The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.]

p 6 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just,
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.

—7 Then will I teach the world thy ways,
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;
o I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

8 O may thy love inspire my tongue!
o Salvation shall be all my song;
s And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

C. M. First Part. *Bangor.* [b]

Sin confessed and pardoned.

1 [LORD, I would spread my sore distress,
And guilt, before thine eyes;
e Against thy laws, against thy grace,
How high my crimes arise!

2 Shouldst thou condemn my soul to hell,
And crush my flesh to dust,
Heaven would approve thy vengeance well,
And earth must own it just.

—3 I from the stock of Adam came,
Unholy and unclean;
All my original is shame,
And all my nature sin.

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4 Born in a world of guilt, I drew
Contagion with my breath;
And as my days advanced, I grew
A juster prey for death.

s 5 Cleanse me, O Lord, and cheer my soul
With thy forgiving love;
O make my broken spirit whole,
And bid my pains remove.

6 Let not thy Spirit quite depart,
Nor drive me from thy face;
Create anew my vicious heart,
And fill it with thy grace.

o 7 Then will I make thy mercy known,
Before the sons of men;
o Backsliders shall address thy throne,
And turn to God again.]

C. M. 2D PART. *Bishopsgate. Canterbury.*[b]

Repentance, and Faith in the Blood of Christ.

1 O GOD of mercy, hear my call,
My load of guilt remove;
Break down this separating wall,
That bars me from thy love.

—2 Give me the presence of thy grace;
o Then my rejoicing tongue
o Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,
And make thy praise my song.

s 3 No blood of goats, nor heifer slain,
For sin could e'er atone:
o The death of Christ shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.

—4 A soul oppressed with sin's desert,
My God will ne'er despise;
A humble groan, a broken heart,
Is our best sacrifice.

PSALM 53. C. M. *Mear.* [*]

Ver. 4—6. *Victory and Deliverance from Persecution.*

1 ARE all the foes of Zion fools,
Who thus devour her saints?
Do they not know her Saviour rules,
And pities her complaints?

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2 They shall be seized with sad surprise;
For God's revenging arm
Scatters the bones of them who rise
To do his children harm.

3 In vain the sons of Satan boast
Of armies in array;
When God has first despised their host,
They fall an easy prey.

4 O for a word from Zion's King,
Her captives to restore!
Jacob with all the tribes shall sing,
And Judah weep no more.

PSALM 55. C. M. *Canterbury.* [b]

V. 1—8, 16, 17, 18, 22. *Support for the afflicted and tempted Soul.*

1 [O GOD, my refuge, hear my cries,
Behold my flowing tears;
For earth and hell my hurt devise,
And triumph in my fears.

2 Their rage is levelled at my life,
My soul with guilt they load;
And fill my thoughts with inward strife,
To shake my hope in God.

3 With inward pain my heart-strings sound;
I groan with every breath:
Horror and fear beset me round,
Amongst the shades of death.]

c 4 O were I like a feathered dove,
And innocence had wings;
—I'd fly, and make a long remove
From all these restless things.

e 5 Let me to some wild desert go,
And find a peaceful home;
Where storms of malice never blow,
Temptations never come.

—6 Vain hopes—and vain inventions all,
e To 'scape the rage of hell!
—The mighty God, on whom I call,
Can save me here as well.

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PAUSE.

o 7 By morning light I'll seek his face,
At noon repeat my cry;
The night shall hear me ask his grace,
Nor will he long deny.

e 8 God shall preserve my soul from fear,
Or shield me when afraid:
Ten thousand angels must appear,
If he command their aid.

—9 I cast my burdens on the Lord,
The Lord sustains them all:
My courage rests upon his word,
That saints shall never fall.

o 10 [My highest hopes shall not be vain,
My lips shall spread his praise,
e While cruel and deceitful men,
Scarce live out half their days.]

S. M. *Aylesbury.* [*]

V. 15, 16, 17, 19, 22. *Dangerous Prosperity; or, Daily Devotion.*

e 1 LET sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death;
—But in the worship of my God,
I'll spend my daily breath.

2 My thoughts address his throne,
When morning brings the light;
I seek his blessing every noon,
And pay my vows at night.

o 3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God:
e While sinners perish in surprise,
Beneath thine angry rod.

p 4 Because they dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel,
They neither fear, nor trust thy name,
Nor learn to do thy will.

— 5 But I, with all my cares,
Will lean upon the Lord;
I'll cast my burdens on his arm,
And rest upon his word.

o 6 His arm shall well sustain
The children of his love:
g The ground on which their safety stands
No earthly power can move.

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PSALM 56. C. M. *Wantage.* [b]

God's Care of his People, in answer to Prayer.

e 1 O THOU, whose justice reigns on high,
And makes the oppressor cease,
Behold how envious sinners try
To vex and break my peace.

2 [The sons of violence and lies
Join to devour me, Lord;
But as my hourly dangers rise,
My refuge is thy word.]

3 In God most holy, just, and true,
I have reposed my trust;
Nor will I fear what flesh can do,
The offspring of the dust.

4 [They wrest my words to mischief still,
Charge me with unknown faults;
Mischief doth all their counsels fill,
And malice all their thoughts.

5 Shall they escape without thy frown?
Must their devices stand?
O cast the haughty sinner down,
And let him know thy hand.]

PAUSE.

—6 God counts the sorrows of his saints,
Their groans affect his ears;
Thou hast a book for my complaints,
A bottle for my tears.

7 When to thy throne I raise my cry,
The wicked fear and flee;
o So swift is prayer to reach the sky,
So near is God to me.

8 [In thee, most holy, just and true,
I have reposed my trust;
Nor will I fear what man can do,
The offspring of the dust.]

—9 Thy solemn vows are on me, Lord,
Thou shalt receive my praise:
o I'll sing, "How faithful is thy word;
"How righteous all thy ways!"

—10 Thou hast secured my soul from death;
e O set a prisoner free!

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That heart and hand, and life and breath,
May be employed for thee.

PSALM 57. L. M. *Old Hundred. Blendon.*[*]

Praise for Protection, Grace, and Truth.

1 MY God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love, and grace unknown,
s Hide me beneath thy spreading wings,
Till the dark cloud be overblown.

—2 Up to the heavens I send my cry;
The Lord will my desires perform:
o He sends his angels from the sky,
And saves me from the threatening storm.

o 3 [Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.]

—4 My heart is fixed; my song shall raise
Immortal honours to his name:
o Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise;
My tongue, the glory of my frame.

g 5 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

s 6 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

PSALM 58. P. M. *St. Helen's.* [*]

Warning to Magistrates.

1 JUDGES, who rule the world by laws,
Will ye despise the righteous cause,
When one oppressed before you stands?
Dare ye condemn the righteous poor,
And let rich sinners 'scape secure,
While gold and greatness bribe your hands?

2 Have ye forgot, or never knew,
That God will judge the judges too?
g High in the heavens his justice reigns:
Yet you invade the rights of God,
And send your bold decrees abroad,
To bind the conscience in your chains.

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e 3 [A poisoned arrow is your tongue,
The arrow sharp, the poison strong;
And death attends where'er it wounds:
You hear no counsels, cries nor tears;
So the deaf adder stops her ears
Against the power of charming sounds.

d 4 Break out their teeth, eternal God,
Those teeth of lions dyed in blood;
And crush the serpents in the dust;
As empty chaff, when whirlwinds rise,
Before the sweeping tempest flies,
So let their hopes and names be lost.]

o 5 Th' Almighty thunders from the sky;
—Their grandeur melts, their titles die,
As hills of snow dissolve and run;
e Or snails that perish in their slime,
Or births that come before their time;
Vain births that never see the sun.

o 6 Thus shall the vengeance of the Lord
Safety and joy to saints afford;
— And all who hear shall join and say,
d "Sure there's a God who rules on high;
"A God who hears his children cry,
"And will their sufferings well repay."

PSALM 60. C. M. *Plymouth.* [b]

V. 1—5, 10—12. *Humiliation for Disappointments in War.*

1 LORD, hast thou cast the nation off?
Must we forever mourn?
Wilt thou indulge immortal wrath?
Shall mercy ne'er return?

2 The terror of one frown of thine
Melts all our strength away;
Like men that totter, drunk with wine,
We tremble in dismay.

p 3 Our nation trembles at thy stroke,
And dreads thy lifted hand!
O, heal the people thou hast broke,
And save the sinking land.

o 4 Lift up thy banner in the field,
For those who fear thy name,
e Defend thy people with thy shield,
And put our foes to shame.

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—5 Go with our armies to the fight,
Their guardian and their God;
In vain confederate powers unite
Against thy lifted rod.

o 6 Our troops shall gain a wide renown,
By thine assisting hand:
g 'Tis God who treads the mighty down,
And makes the feeble stand.

PSALM 61. S. M. *Aylesbury.* [b *]

Ver. 1—6. *Safety in God.*

p 1 WHEN overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies;
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

e 2 O lead me to the Rock,
That's high above my head;
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

— 3 Within thy presence, Lord,
Forever I'll abide;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

e 4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

PSALM 62. L. M. *Bath.* [*]

Ver. 5—12. *No Trust in the Creatures, but in God.*

1 MY spirit looks to God alone;
My rock and refuge is his throne;
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul on his salvation waits.

2 Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways;
Pour out your hearts before his face:
e When helpers fail, and foes invade,
o God is our all-sufficient aid.

e 3 False are the men of high degree;
The baser sort are vanity:
Laid in the balance, both appear
Light as a puff of empty air

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—4 Make not increasing gold your trust,
Nor set your hearts on glittering dust;
Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke,
And not believe what God has spoke?

e 5 Once has his awful voice declared,
Once and again my ears have heard:
o "All power is his eternal due;
"He must be feared and trusted too."

—6 For sovereign power reigns not alone;
Grace is a partner of the throne:
Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord,
Shall well divide our last reward.

PSALM 63. C. M. 1st Pt. *Sunday. Barby.* [*]

Ver. 1, 2, 5, 3, 4. *The Morning of the Lord's Day.*

o 1 EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.

e 2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

g 3 I've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple shine;
o My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

—4 Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.

o 5 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move;
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

s 6 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
—Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
o And tune my lips to sing.

C. M. Second Part. *Colchester.* [*]

Ver. 1—10. *Midnight Thoughts recollected.*

e 1 ['TWAS in the watches of the night,
I thought upon thy power;

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I kept thy lovely face in sight,
Amidst the darkest hour.

2 My flesh lay resting on my bed,
My soul arose on high;
d "My God, my life, my hope," I said,
"Bring thy salvation nigh."

—3 My spirit labours up thine hill,
And climbs the heavenly road;
o But thy right hand upholds me still,
While I pursue my God.

4 Thy mercy stretches o'er my head
The shadow of thy wings;
o My heart rejoices in thine aid,
My tongue awakes and sings.

5 But the destroyers of my peace
Shall fret and rage in vain;
The tempter shall forever cease,
And all my sins be slain.

e 6 Thy sword shall give my foes to death,
And send them down to dwell
In the dark caverns of the earth,
Or to the depths of hell.]

L. M. *Moreton. Shoel.* [*]

Delight in God and his Worship.

e 1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim,
— Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories that compose thy name,
Stand all engaged to make me blest.

2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God;
And I am thine, by sacred ties—
Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.

e 3 With heart and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look;
As travellers, in thirsty lands,
Pant for the cooling water brook.

o 4 With early feet I love t' appear
Among thy saints, and seek thy face:
—Oft have I seen thy glory there,
And felt the power of sovereign grace.

o 5 Not fruits, nor wines, that tempt our taste,
Nor all the joys our senses know,

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Could make me so divinely blest,
Or raise my cheerful passions so.

e 6 [My life itself, without thy love,
No taste of pleasure could afford;
'Twould but a tiresome burden prove,
If I were banished from the Lord.

—7 Amidst the wakeful hours of night,
When busy cares afflict my head,
e One thought of thee gives new delight,
And adds refreshment to my bed.]

s 8 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray, or praise,
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And spend the remnant of my days.

S. M. *Newton.* [*]

Seeking God.

1 MY God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail,
To taste thy love divine.

e 2 [My thirsty, fainting soul
Thy mercy does implore:
Not travellers, in desert lands,
Can pant for water more.

3 Within thy churches, Lord,
I long to find my place;
Thy power and glory to behold,
And feel thy quickening grace.]

e 4 For life, without thy love,
No relish can afford;
—No joy can be compared with this,
To serve and please the Lord.

e 5 To thee I'll lift my hands,
And praise thee while I live;
Not the rich dainties of a feast
Such food or pleasure give.

s 6 In wakeful hours of night,
I call my God to mind;
I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind.

7 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies;

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And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

o 8 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps;
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

PSALM 65. L. M. 1ST PT. *Weldon. Quercy.* [*]

Ver. 1—5. *Public Prayer and Praise.*

1 THE praise of Zion waits for thee,
My God; and praise becomes thy house:
There shall thy saints thy glory see,
And there perform their public vows.

p 2 O thou whose mercy bends the skies,
To save when humble sinners pray,
o All lands to thee shall lift their eyes,
And grateful isles of every sea.

e 3 [Against my will my sins prevail,
—But grace shall purge away their stain;
The blood of Christ will never fail
To wash my garments white again.

o 4 Blest is the man whom thou shalt choose,
And give him kind access to thee;
Give him a place within thy house,
To taste thy love divinely free.]

PAUSE.

o 5 Let Babel fear when Zion prays:
Babel, prepare for long distress;
When Zion's God himself arrays,
In terror, and in righteousness.

g 6 With dreadful glory God fulfills
What his afflicted saints request;
And with almighty wrath reveals
His love to give his churches rest.

s 7 Then shall the flocking nations run
To Zion's hill, and own their Lord;
The rising and the setting sun
Shall see the Saviour's name adored.

L. M. SECOND PART. *Nantwich. Truro.* [*]

Ver. 5—13. *Divine Providence and Grace.*

1 [THE God of our salvation hears
The groans of Zion mixed with tears:

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Yet when he comes with kind designs,
Through all the way his terror shines.]

2 On God the race of man depends,
Far as the earth's remotest ends;
Where the Creator's name is known
By nature's feeble light alone.

3 Sailors, who travel o'er the flood,
Address their frighted souls to God;
When tempests rage and billows roar,
At dreadful distance from the shore.

4 He bids the noisy tempest cease,
He calms the raging crowd to peace;
When a tumultuous nation raves,
Wild as the winds and loud as waves.

5 [Whole kingdoms, shaken by the storm,
He settles in a peaceful form;
Mountains, established by his hand,
Firm on their old foundations stand.

d 6 Behold his ensign sweep the sky;
New comets blaze, and lightnings fly:
The heathen lands, with swift surprise,
From the bright horrors turn their eyes.

7 At his command the morning ray
Smiles in the east, and leads the day;
He guides the sun's declining wheels
Over the tops of western hills.]

8 Seasons and times obey his voice;
The evening and the morn rejoice,
To see the earth made soft with showers,
Laden with fruit, and dressed in flowers.

9 ['Tis from his watery stores on high,
He gives the thirsty ground supply:
He walks upon the clouds, and thence
Doth his enriching drops dispense.]

10 The desert grows a fruitful field,
Abundant food the valleys yield;
The valleys shout with cheerful voice,
And neighbouring hills repeat their joys.

11 [The pastures smile in green array,
There lambs and larger cattle play;
The larger cattle and the lamb,
Each in his language, speaks thy name]

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12 Thy works pronounce thy power divine;
O'er every field thy glories shine;
Through every month thy gifts appear;
Great God, thy goodness crowns the year!

C. M. First Part. *Colchester. Mear.* [*]

Prayer heard and the Gentiles called.

1 PRAISE waits in Zion, Lord, for thee;
There shall our vows be paid:
Thou hast an ear when sinners pray;
All flesh shall seek thine aid.

e 2 Lord, our iniquities prevail,
— But pardoning grace is thine;
o And thou wilt grant us power and skill
To conquer every sin.

—3 Blest are the men whom thou wilt choose,
To bring them near thy face;
Give them a dwelling in thine house,
To feast upon thy grace.

e 4 In answering what thy church requests
Thy truth and terror shine;
And works of dreadful righteousness
— Fulfill thy kind design.

5 Thus shall the wondering nations see
The Lord is good and just;
o And distant islands fly to thee,
And make thy name their trust.

g 6 They dread thy glittering tokens, Lord,
When signs in heaven appear;
o But they shall learn thy holy word,
And love as well as fear.

C. M. Second Part. *Bedford. Arundel.* [*]

Providence in Air, Earth, and Sea.

1 'TIS by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal power;
The sea grows calm at thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.

o 2 Thy morning light and evening shade
Successive comforts bring;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flowers adorn the spring.

—3 Seasons and times, and moons and hours,
Heaven, earth, and air are thine;

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When clouds distil in fruitful showers,
The Author is Divine.

4 Those wandering cisterns in the sky,
Borne by the winds around,
With watery treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.

o 5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear;
Thy ways abound with blessings still,
Thy goodness crowns the year.

C. M. THIRD PART. *York.* [*]

A Psalm for the Husbandman.

1 [GOOD is the Lord, the heavenly King,
Who makes the earth his care;
Visits the pastures every spring,
And bids the grass appear.

2 The clouds, like rivers raised on high,
Pour out, at his command,
Their watery blessings from the sky,
To cheer the thirsty land.

3 The softened ridges of the field
Permit the corn to spring;
The valleys rich provision yield,
And the poor laborers sing.

4 The little hills on every side,
Rejoice at falling showers;
The meadows, dressed in all their pride,
Perfume the air with flowers.

5 The barren clods, refreshed with rain,
Promise a joyful crop;
The parched grounds look green again,
And raise the reaper's hope.

6 The various months thy goodness crowns;
How bounteous are thy ways!
The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,
And shepherds shout thy praise.]

PSALM 66. C. M. FIRST PART. *Devizes.* [*]

Governing God; or, our Grace tried.

s 1 SING, all ye nations, to the Lord,
Sing with a joyful noise;
With melody of sounds record
His honours and your joys.

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—2 Say to the Power that shakes the sky,
e "How terrible art thou!
"Sinners before thy presence fly,
"Or at thy feet they bow."

3 [Come, see the wonders of our God;
How glorious are his ways!
In Moses' hand he puts his rod,
And cleaves the frighted seas.

—4 He made the ebbing channel dry,
While Israel passed the flood;
o There did the church begin their joy,
And triumph in their God.]

g 5 He rules by his resistless might:
a Will rebel mortals dare,
Provoke th' Eternal to the fight,
And tempt that dreadful war!

o 6 O bless our God, and never cease;
Ye saints, fulfill his praise:
He keeps our life, maintains our peace,
And guides our doubtful ways.

—7 Lord, thou hast proved our suffering souls,
To make our graces shine;
So silver bears the burning coals,
The metal to refine.

g 8 Through watery deeps and fiery ways,
We march at thy command,
Led to possess the promised place,
By thine unerring hand.

C. M. Second Part. *Barby.* [*]

Ver. 13—20. *Praise to God for hearing Prayer.*

1 NOW shall my solemn vows be paid
To that almighty Power,
Who heard the long requests I made,
In my distressful hour.

2 My lips and cheerful heart prepare
To make his mercies known;
Come ye, who fear my God, and hear
The wonders he has done.

p 3 When on my head huge sorrows fell,
I sought his heavenly aid;
o He saved my sinking soul from hell,
And death's eternal shade.

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e 4 If sin lay covered in my heart,
While prayer employed my tongue,
The Lord had shown me no regard,
Nor I his praises sung.

o 5 But God, his name be ever blest,
Has set my spirit free;
—Nor turned from him my poor request,
Nor turned his heart from me.

PSALM 67. C. M. *Bedford.* [*]

Prosperity, Temporal and Spiritual.

1 SHINE on our land, Jehovah, shine,
With beams of heavenly grace;
o Reveal thy power through all our coasts,
And show thy smiling face.

—2 [Amidst our States exalted high,
Do thou our glory stand;
And like a wall of guardian fire,
Surround the favorite land.]

e 3 When shall thy name, from shore to shore,
Sound all the earth abroad?
And distant nations know, and love,
Their Saviour and their God?

o 4 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
o Sing loud with solemn voice;
s Let every tongue exalt his praise,
And every heart rejoice.

g 5 He the great Lord, the sovereign Judge,
Who sits enthroned above,
Wisely commands the worlds he made,
In justice and in love.

—6 Earth shall obey her Maker's will,
And yield a full increase;
Our God will crown his chosen land,
With fruitfulness and peace.

o 7 God the Redeemer scatters round
His choicest favours here!
g While the Creation's utmost bound
Shall see, adore, and fear.

PSALM 68. L.M. 1ST PT. *Blendon. Truro.* [*]

V. 1—6; 32—35. *The Vengeance and Compassion of God.*

1 LET God arise in all his might,
And put the troops of hell to flight;

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As smoke that sought to cloud the skies,
Before the rising tempest flies.

e 2 [He comes arrayed in burning flames,
Justice and vengeance are his names:
e Behold his fainting foes expire,
Like melting wax before the fire.]

g 3 He rides and thunders through the sky;
His name, JEHOVAH, sounds on high:
e Sing to his name, ye sons of grace;
Ye saints, rejoice before his face.

e 4 The widow and the fatherless
Fly to his aid in sharp distress;
In him the poor and helpless find
A Judge most just, a Father kind.

—5 He breaks the captive's heavy chain,
And prisoners see the light again;
e But rebels, who dispute his will,
Shall dwell in chains and darkness still.

PAUSE.

—6 [Kingdoms and thrones to God belong;
o Crown him, ye nations, in your song;
His wondrous names and powers rehearse;
His honours shall enrich your verse.

g 7 He shakes the heavens with loud alarms;
How terrible is God in arms!
—In Israel are his mercies known;
Israel is his peculiar throne.

o 8 Proclaim him King, pronounce him blest;
He's your defence, your joy, your rest:
g When terrors rise, and nations faint,
God is the strength of every saint.]

L. M. SECOND PART. *Brentford. Green's.* [*]

Ver. 17, 18. *Christ's Ascension, and Gift of the Spirit*

1 LORD, when thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels filled the sky;
Those heavenly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots that attend thy state.

g 2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious, when the Lord was there;
While he pronounced his dreadful law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

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o 3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious powers of hell,
That thousand souls had captives made,
Were all in chains—like captives—led.

4 Raised by his Father to the throne,
He sent the promised Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
g That God might dwell on earth again.

L. M. Third Part. *Weldon. Leeds.* [*]

V. 19, 9, 20, 21, 22. *Common and Spiritual Mercies.*

1 WE bless the Lord, the just and good,
Who fills our hearts with joy and food;
Who pours his blessings from the skies,
And loads our days with rich supplies.

2 He sends the sun his circuit round,
To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground;
He bids the clouds, with plenteous rain,
Refresh the thirsty earth again

3 'Tis to his care we owe our breath,
And all our near escapes from death:
Safety and health to God belong;
He helps the weak and guards the strong.

4 He makes the saint and sinner prove
The common blessings of his love:
e But the wide difference that remains,
a Is endless joys and endless pains.

5 [The Lord, that bruised the serpent's head,
On all the serpent's seed shall tread;
The stubborn sinner's hope confound,
And smite him with a lasting wound.]

o 6 His own right hand his saints shall raise,
From the deep earth, or deeper seas;
And bring them to his courts above,
There to enjoy his perfect love.

PSALM 69. First Part. C. M. [b]

V. 1—14. *The Sufferings of Christ for our Salvation.*

1 ["SAVE me, O God; the swelling floods
"Break in upon my soul:
"I sink, and sorrows o'er my head,
"Like mighty waters roll.

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2 "I cry till all my voice be gone;
"In tears I waste the day:
"My God, behold my longing eyes,
"And shorten thy delay.

3 "They hate my soul without a cause,
"And still their number grows,
"More than the hairs around my head,
"And mighty are my foes.

4 "'Twas then I paid that dreadful debt,
"That men could never pay;
"And gave those honours to thy law,
"Which sinners took away."

5 Thus, in the great Messiah's name,
The royal prophet mourns;
Thus he awakes our hearts to grief,
And gives us joy by turns.

6 "Now shall the saints rejoice, and find
"Salvation in my name;
"For I have borne their heavy load
"Of sorrow, pain, and shame.

7 "Grief, like a garment, clothed me round,
"And sackcloth was my dress,
"While I procured for naked souls
"A robe of righteousness.

8 "Amongst my brethren and the Jews,
"I like a stranger stood,
"And bore their vile reproach, to bring
"The Gentiles near to God.

9 "I came, in sinful mortals' stead,
"To do my Father's will;
"Yet when I cleansed my Father's house,
"They scandalized my zeal.

10 "My fastings and my holy groans
"Were made the drunkard's song;
"But God, from his celestial throne,
"Heard my complaining tongue.

11 "He saved me from the dreadful deep,
"Nor let my soul be drowned;
"He raised and fixed my sinking feet
"On well-established ground.

12 "'Twas in a most accepted hour
"My prayer arose on high;

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"And, for my sake, my God shall hear
"The dying sinner's cry."

C. M. Second Part. *Plymouth.* [b]

V 14—21, 26, 29, 32. *The Passion and Exaltation of Christ.*

1 [NOW let our lips, with holy fear
And mournful pleasure, sing
The sufferings of our great High Priest,
The sorrows of our King.

2 He sinks in floods of deep distress;
How high the waters rise!
While to his heavenly Father's ear
He sends perpetual cries.

3 "Hear me, O Lord, and save thy Son,
"Nor hide thy shining face;
"Why should thy favorite look like one,
"Forsaken of thy grace?

4 "With rage they persecute the man,
"Who groans beneath thy wound;
"While for a sacrifice I pour
"My life upon the ground.

5 "They tread my honour to the dust,
"And laugh when I complain;
"Their sharp, insulting slanders add
"Fresh anguish to my pain.

6 "All my reproach is known to thee,
"The scandal and the shame;
"Reproach has broke my bleeding heart,
"And lies defiled my name.

7 "I looked for pity, but in vain:
"My kindred are my grief:
"I ask my friends for comfort round,
"But meet with no relief.

8 "With vinegar they mock my thirst;
"They give me gall for food:
"And, sporting with my dying groans,
"They triumph in my blood.

9 "Shine into my distressed soul,
"Let thy compassion save;
"And though my flesh sink down to death
"Redeem it from the grave.

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10 "I shall arise to praise thy name,
"Shall reign in worlds unknown;
"And thy salvation, O my God,
"Shall seat me on thy throne."]

C.M. Third Part. *Bethlehem. St. Asaph's.* [*]

Christ's Obedience and Death.

1 FATHER, I sing thy wondrous grace
I bless my Saviour's name;
He bought salvation for the poor,
And bore the sinner's shame.

• 2 His deep distress has raised us high:
His duty and his zeal
Fulfilled the law, which mortals broke,
And finished all thy will.

—3 His dying groans, his living songs,
Shall better please my God,
Than harp's or trumpet's solemn sound,
Than goat's or bullock's blood.

• 4 This shall his humble followers see,
And set their hearts at rest;
—They, by his death, draw near to thee,
And live forever blest.

s 5 Let heaven, and all that dwell on high,
To God their voices raise;
While lands and seas assist the sky,
And join t' advance his praise.

g 6 Zion is thine, most holy God;
Thy Son shall bless her gates:
And glory, purchased by his blood,
For thine own Israel waits.

L. M. First Part. *Dresden. Armley.* [b]

Christ's Passion, and Sinners' Salvation.

e 1 DEEP in our hearts, let us record
The deeper sorrows of our Lord;
a Behold the rising billows roll,
To overwhelm his holy soul.

e 2 In long complaints he spends his breath,
—While hosts of hell, and powers of death,
And all the sons of malice, join,
To execute their cursed design.

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o 3 Yet, gracious God, thy power and love
Have made the curse a blessing prove;
—Those dreadful sufferings of thy Son
Atoned for sins that we had done.

4 The pangs of our expiring Lord
The honours of thy law restored;
His sorrows made thy justice known,
And paid for follies not his own.

p 5 O, for his sake, our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live!
o The Lord will hear us in his name,
Nor shall our hope be turned to shame.

L. M. Second Part. *Geneva. Carthage.* [b]

Ver. 7, &c. *Christ's Sufferings and Zeal.*

1 'TWAS for our sake, eternal God,
Thy Son sustained that heavy load
Of base reproach and sore disgrace,
And shame defiled his sacred face.

2 [The Jews, his brethren and his kin,
Abused the man that checked their sin:
While he fulfilled thy holy laws,
They hated him, but without cause.

3 "My Father's house," said he, "was made
"A place for worship, not for trade;"
Then scattering all their gold and brass,
He scourged the merchants from the place.]

4 Zeal for the temple of his God
Consumed his life, exposed his blood;
Reproaches at thy glory thrown
He felt, and mourned them as his own.

e 5 His friends forsook, his followers fled,
While foes and arms surround his head;
They curse him with a slanderous tongue,
And the false judge maintains the wrong.

6 His life they load with hateful lies,
And charge his lips with blasphemies:
a They nail him to the shameful tree;—
p There hung the Man who died for me!

e 7 [Wretches, with hearts as hard as stones,
Insult his piety and groans;
Gall was the food they gave him there,
And mocked his thirst with vinegar.]

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—8 But God beheld; and from his throne,
Marks out the men who hate his Son:
o The hand that raised him from the dead,
Shall pour forth vengeance on their head.

PSALM 71. C. M. First Part. *York.* [*]

Ver. 5—9. *The aged Saint's Reflections and Hope.*

1 MY God, my everlasting hope,
I live upon thy truth;
Thine hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthened all my youth.

2 My flesh was fashioned by thy power,
With all these limbs of mine;
And from my mother's painful hour,
I've been entirely thine.

3 Still has my life new wonders seen
Repeated every year;
Behold my days that yet remain,
I trust them to thy care.

4 Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise;
—And round me let thy glories shine,
Whene'er thy servant dies.

o 5 Then in the history of my age,
When men review my days,
They'll read thy love in every page,
In every line—thy praise.

C. M. Second Part. *Barby. Sunday.* [*]

V. 15, 14, 16, 23, 22, 24. *Christ our Strength and Righteousness.*

1 MY Saviour, my Almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
e Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?

—2 Thou art my everlasting trust;
Thy goodness I adore;
And since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.

o 3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road;
And march with courage in thy strength,
To see my Father God.

p 4 When I am filled with sore distress
For some surprising sin,

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—I'll plead thy perfect righteousness;
And mention none but thine.

o 5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King!
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.

6 [My tongue shall all the day proclaim
My Saviour and my God;
His death has brought my foes to shame,
And drowned them in his blood.

7 Awake, awake, my tuneful powers;
With this delightful song
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.]

C. M. Third Part. *Hymn 2d. Canterbury.*[b]

Ver. 17—21. *The aged Christian's Prayer and Song.*

1 GOD of my childhood, and my youth,
The guide of all my days,
I have declared thy heavenly truth,
And told thy wondrous ways.

p 2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart?
Who shall sustain my sinking years?
If God, my strength, depart?

3 Let me thy power and truth proclaim
To the surviving age,
And leave the savour of thy name
When I shall quit the stage.

4 The land of silence and of death
Attends my next remove;
—O may these poor remains of breath
Teach the wide world thy love!

PAUSE.

5 [Thy righteousness is deep and nigh,
Unsearchable thy deeds;
Thy glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all my praise exceeds.

6 Oft have I heard thy threatenings roar,
And oft endured the grief;
But when thy hand has pressed me sore,
Thy grace was my relief.]

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7 By long experience have I known
Thy sovereign power to save;
At thy command I venture down,
Securely, to the grave.

e 8 When I lie buried deep in dust,
— My flesh shall be thy care;
e These withering limbs with thee I trust,
o To raise them strong and fair.

PSALM 72. L.M. 1st Pt. *Oporto. Nantwich.* [*]

The Kingdom of Christ.

1 GREAT God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to thy Son;
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

2 Thy sceptre well becomes his hands;
All heaven submits to his commands;
His justice shall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.

o 3 With power he vindicates the just,
And treads th' oppressor in the dust;
e His worship and his fear shall last,
Till hours, and years, and time be past.

b 4 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his influence down;
His grace, on fainting souls, distils,
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

—5 The heathen lands, that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
o Revive at his first dawning light;
And deserts blossom at the sight.

o 6 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Dressed in the robes of joy and praise;
g Peace, like a river, from his throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

L. M. Second Part. *Sheffield. Leeds.* [*]

Christ's Kingdom among the Gentiles.

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

o 2 (Behold the islands, with their kings,
And Europe her best tribute brings;

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From north to south the princes meet
To pay their homage at his feet.

g 3 There Persia, glorious to behold;
There India shines in Eastern gold;
And barbarous nations, at his word,
Submit, and bow, and own their Lord.)

—4 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

b 5 People and realms, of every tongue,
Dwell on his love, with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

o 6 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

—7 (Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

g 8 Let every creature rise—and bring
Peculiar honours to their King:
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long AMEN.)

PSALM 73. C. M. FIRST PART. [*]

Afflicted Saints, and prosperous Sinners.

1 [NOW I'm convinced the Lord is kind
To men of hearts sincere;
Yet once my foolish thoughts repined,
And bordered on despair.

2 I grieved to see the wicked thrive,
And spoke with angry breath:
"How pleasant and profane they live!
"How peaceful is their death!

3 "With well-fed flesh and haughty eyes,
"They lay their fears to sleep:
"Against the heavens their slanders rise,
"While saints in silence weep.

4 "In vain I lift my hands to pray,
"And cleanse my heart in vain,

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"For I am chastened all the day;
"The night renews my pain."

5 Yet while my tongue indulged complaints,
I felt my heart reprove;
"Sure I shall thus offend thy saints,
"And grieve the men I love."

6 But still I found my doubts too hard,
The conflict too severe;
Till I retired to search thy word,
And learn thy secrets there.

7 There, as in some prophetic glass,
I saw the sinner's feet,
High mounted on a slippery place,
Beside a fiery pit.

8 I heard the wretch profanely boast,
Till at thy frown he fell;
His honours in a dream are lost,
And he awakes in hell.

9 Lord, what an envious fool I was!
How like a thoughtless beast!
Thus to suspect thy promised grace,
And think the wicked blest.

10 Yet I was kept from full despair,
Upheld by power unknown:
That blessed hand that broke the snare,
Shall guide me to thy throne.]

C. M. Second Part. *St. Ann's. Reading.* [*]

Ver. 23—28. *God our Portion, here and hereafter.*

1 GOD, my Supporter, and my Hope,
My Help forever near;
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When sinking in despair.

2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet,
Through this dark wilderness;
Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.

e 3 Were I in heaven without my God,
Twould be no joy to me;
And whilst this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.

e 4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint?

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o God is my soul's eternal Rock,
The strength of every saint.
p 5 Behold, the sinners who remove
Far from thy presence—die;
Not all the idol gods they love,
Can save them when they cry.
—6 But to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ;
o My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
u And tell the world my joy.

L. M. *Geneva. Babylon.* [b]

Ver. 22, 3, 6, 17—20. *The Prosperity of Sinners cursed.*

e 1 LORD, what a thoughtless wretch was I,
To mourn, and murmur, and repine,
To see the wicked, placed on high,
In pride, and robes of honour, shine!
p 2 But, oh, their end—their dreadful end!
Thy sanctuary taught me so:
On slippery rocks I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below.
d 3 Now let them boast how tall they rise,
—I'll never envy them again;
d There they may stand with haughty eyes,
a Till they plunge deep in endless pain.
e 4 Their fancied joys, how fast they flee!
Just like a dream, when man awakes:
Their songs of softest harmony
Are but a preface to their plagues.
—5 Now I esteem their mirth and wine
Too dear to purchase with my blood;
o Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine,
My life, my portion, and my God.

S. M. *Aylesbury.* [b]

The Mystery of Providence unfolded.

1 SURE there's a righteous God,
Nor is religion vain;
Though men of vice may boast aloud,
And men of grace complain.
2 I saw the wicked rise,
And felt my heart repine;
While haughty fools, with scornful eyes
In robes of honour shine

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3 [Pampered with wanton ease,
Their flesh looks full and fair;
Their wealth rolls in, like flowing seas,
And grows without their care.

4 Free from the plagues and pains
That pious souls endure,
Through all their life oppression reigns,
And racks the humble poor.

5 Their impious tongues blaspheme
The everlasting God;
Their malice blasts the good man's name,
And spreads their lies abroad.

6 But I, with flowing tears,
Indulged my doubts to rise;
"Is there a God that sees, or hears,
"The things below the skies?"]

7 The tumults of my thought
Held me in hard suspense;
Till to thy house my feet were brought,
To learn thy justice thence.

8 Thy word, with light and power,
Did my mistakes amend;
I viewed the sinners' lives before,
But here I learned their end.

p 9 On what a slippery steep,
The thoughtless wretches go!
a And, oh, that dreadful, fiery deep,
That waits their fall below!

e 10 Lord, at thy feet I bow,
My thoughts no more repine;
—I call my God my portion now;
And all my powers are thine.

PSALM 74. C. M. *Wantage.* [*]

The Church, in Affliction, pleading with God.

1 WILL God forever cast us off?
His wrath forever smoke—
Against the people of his love,
His little chosen flock?

e 2 Think of the tribes, so dearly bought
With their Redeemer's blood;
Nor let thy Zion be forgot,
Where once thy glory stood.

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o 3 Lift up thy feet, and march in haste;
Aloud our ruin calls;
e See what a wide, and fearful waste
Is made within thy walls.

4 [Where once thy churches prayed and sang
Thy foes profanely roar:
Over thy gates their ensigns hang,
Sad tokens of their power.

5 How are the seats of worship broke!
They tear thy buildings down;
And he who deals the heaviest stroke,
Procures the chief renown.

6 With flames, they threaten to destroy
Thy children in their nest;
"Come, let us burn at once," they cry,
"The temple and the priest."

7 And still, to heighten our distress,
Thy presence is withdrawn;
Thy wonted signs of power and grace,
Thy power and grace are gone.

8 No prophet speaks to calm our woes,
But all the seers mourn;
There's not a soul amongst us knows
The time of thy return.]

PAUSE.

p 9 How long, eternal God, how long
Shall men of pride blaspheme?
Shall saints be made their endless song,
And bear immortal shame?

10 [Canst thou forever sit and hear
Thy holy name profaned?
And still thy jealousy forbear,
And still withhold thy hand?]

e 11 What strange deliverance hast thou shown,
In ages long before!
—And now, no other God we own,
No other God adore.

12 [Thou didst divide the raging sea,
By thy resistless might,
To make thy tribes a wondrous way,
And then secure their flight.

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13 Is not the world of nature thine,
The darkness and the day?
Didst thou not bid the morning shine,
And mark the sun his way?

14 Hath not thy power formed every coast,
And set the earth its bounds,
With summer's heat, and winter's frost,
In their perpetual rounds?

15 And shall the sons of earth and dust
That sacred power blaspheme?
Will not that hand that formed them first,
Avenge thine injured name?]

16 Think on the covenant thou hast made,
And all thy words of love;
Nor let the birds of prey invade,
And vex thy mourning dove.

e 17 [Our foes would triumph in our blood,
And make our hope their jest;
Plead thine own cause, almighty God,
And give thy children rest.]

PSALM 75. L. M. *Blendon.* [*]

Power and Government from God alone.

1 TO thee, most Holy and most High,
To thee we bring our thankful praise:
Thy works declare thy name is nigh,
Thy works of wonder and of grace.

2 ["To slavery doomed, thy chosen sons
"Beheld their foes triumphant rise;
"And sore oppressed by earthly thrones,
"They sought the Sovereign of the skies.

3 "'Twas then, great God, with equal power,
"Arose thy vengeance and thy grace,
"To scourge their legions from the shore,
"And save the remnant of thy race."]

4 Let haughty sinners sink their pride;
Nor lift so high their scornful head;
But lay their foolish thoughts aside,
And own the powers that God hath made.

5 Such honours never come by chance,
Nor do the winds promotion blow;
'Tis God, the Judge, doth one advance:
'Tis God that lays another low

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6 No vain pretence to royal birth,
Shall fix a tyrant on the throne;
God, the great Sovereign of the earth,
Will rise, and make his justice known.

7 [His hand holds out the dreadful cup
Of vengeance mixed with various plagues,
To make the wicked drink them up,
Wring out and taste the bitter dregs.

8 Now shall the Lord exalt the just,
And while he tramples on the proud,
And lays their glory in the dust,
My lips shall sing his praise aloud.]

PSALM 76. C. M. *Bedford.* [*]

God in Zion terrible to her Enemies.

1 IN Judah, God of old was known,
His name in Israel great;
In Salem stood his holy throne,
And Zion was his seat.

2 [Among the praises of his saints,
His dwelling there he chose:
There he received their just complaints
Against their haughty foes.]

o 3 From Zion went his dreadful word,
And broke the threatening spear,
The bow, the arrows, and the sword,
And crushed th' Assyrian war.

e 4 What are the earth's wide kingdoms else,
But mighty hills of prey?
—The hill, on which JEHOVAH dwells,
o Is glorious more than they.

5 ['Twas Zion's King that stopped the breath
Of captains and their bands:
The men of might slept fast in death,
And never found their hands.

d 6 At thy rebuke, O Jacob's God,
Both horse and chariot fell:
Who knows the terror of thy rod!
Thy vengeance who can tell?]

e 7 What power can stand before his sight,
When once his wrath appears?

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a When heaven shines round with dreadful light,
a The earth lies still and fears.

—8 When God, in his own sovereign ways,
Comes down to save th' oppressed,
The wrath of man shall work his praise;
And he'll restrain the rest.

9 [Vow to the Lord, and tribute bring;
Ye princes, fear his frown:
His terrors shake the proudest king,
And cut an army down.

10 The thunder of his sharp rebuke
Our haughty foes shall feel:
For Jacob's God hath not forsook,
But dwells in Zion still.]

PSALM 77. C. M. First Part. *Abridge.* [b]

Melancholy and Hope.

e 1 TO God I cried with mournful voice,
I sought his gracious ear,
In the sad day when troubles rose,
And filled my heart with fear.

p 2 Sad were my days, and dark my nights,
My soul refused relief;
I thought on God, the just and wise,
But thoughts increased my grief.

3 [Still I complained, and still oppressed,
My heart began to break:
My God, thy wrath forbade my rest,
And kept my eyes awake.

4 My overwhelming sorrows grew,
Till I could speak no more;
Then I within myself withdrew,
And called thy judgments o'er.

5 I called back years and ancient times
When I beheld thy face;
My spirit searched for secret crimes,
That might withhold thy grace.

6 I called thy mercies to my mind,
Which I enjoyed before:
And will the Lord no more be kind?
His face appear no more?]

e 7 Will he forever cast me off?
His promise ever fail?

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p Has he forgot his tender love?
Shall anger still prevail?

—8 But I forbid this hopeless thought,
This dark, despairing frame,
Remembering what thy hand hath wrought;
Thy hand is still the same.

o 9 I'll think again of all thy ways,
And talk thy wonders o'er;
Thy wonders of recovering grace,
When flesh could hope no more.

o 10 Grace dwells with justice on the throne;
— And men who love thy word,
Have in thy sanctuary known
The counsels of the Lord.

C. M. Second Part. *Wantage.* [*]

Israel brought from Egypt to Canaan.

e 1 "HOW awful is thy chastening rod"—
(May thine own children say)
"The great, the wise, the dreadful God!
"How holy is his way!"

—2 [I'll meditate his works of old;
The King who reigns above,
I'll hear his ancient wonders told,
And learn to trust his love.]

3 Long did the house of Joseph lie
With Egypt's yoke oppressed;
Long he delayed to hear their cry,
Nor gave his people rest.

4 The sons of good old Jacob seemed
Abandoned to their foes;
e But his almighty arm redeemed
The nation that he chose.

—5 Israel, his people and his sheep,
Must follow where he calls;
He bade them venture through the deep,
And made the waves their walls!

e 6 The waters saw thee, mighty God,
The waters saw thee come;
u Backward they fled, and frighted stood,
o To make thine armies room.

—7 Strange was thy journey through the sea,
Thy footsteps, Lord, unknown;

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Terrors attend the wondrous way,
That brings thy mercies down.

d 8 [Thy voice, with terror in the sound,
Through clouds and darkness broke;
All heaven in lightning shone around,
And earth with thunder shook.

9 Thine arrows through the sky were hurled;
How glorious is the Lord!
Surprise and trembling seized the world,
And his own saints adored.

—10 He gave them water from the rock;
And safe, by Moses' hand,
Through a dry desert led his flock,
Home to the promised land.]

PSALM 78. C. M. First Part. *Mear.* [*]

Providence of God rehearsed to Children.

1 LET children hear the mighty deeds,
Which God performed of old;
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

2 He bids us make his glories known,
His works of power and grace;
And we'll convey his wonders down,
Through every rising race.

3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs;
That generations, yet unborn,
May teach them to their heirs.

4 Thus shall they learn, in God alone
Their hope securely stands;
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practise his commands.

C. M. Second Part. *China.* [b *]

Israel's Rebellion and Punishment.

1 O WHAT a stiff, rebellious house
Was Jacob's ancient race!
False to their own most solemn vows,
And to their Maker's grace.

2 They broke the covenant of his love,
And did his laws despise;

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Forgot the works he wrought, to prove
His power before their eyes.

3 They saw the plagues on Egypt light,
From his revenging hand;
What dreadful tokens of his might
Spread o'er the stubborn land!

4 They saw him cleave the mighty sea,
And marched with safety through;
With watery walls to guard their way,
Till they had 'scaped the foe.

5 (A wondrous pillar marked the road,
Composed of shade and light;
By day it proved a sheltering cloud,
A leading fire by night.

6 He from the rock their thirst supplied;
The gushing waters fell,
And ran in rivers by their side,
A constant miracle.)

e 7 Yet they provoked the Lord Most High,
And dared distrust his hand:
d "Can he with bread our host supply,
"Amidst this desert land?"

8 The Lord with indignation heard,
g And caused his wrath to flame;
His terrors ever stand prepared
To vindicate his name.

C. M. Third Part. *Reading.* [* b]

Chastisement and Salvation.

1 [WHEN Israel's sins the Lord reproves,
And fills their hearts with dread;
Yet he forgives the men he loves,
And sends them heavenly bread.

2 He fed them with a liberal hand,
And made his treasures known;
He gave the midnight clouds command
To pour provision down.

3 The manna, like a morning shower,
Lay thick around their feet;
The corn of heaven, so light, so pure,
As though 'twere angels' meat.

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4 But they in murmuring language said,
"Manna is all our feast;
"We loathe this light, this airy bread,
"We must have flesh to taste."

5 "Ye shall have flesh to please your lust,"
The Lord in wrath replied;
And sent them quails, like sand or dust,
Heaped up from side to side.

6 He gave them all their own desire;
And greedy as they fed,
His vengeance burnt with secret fire,
And smote the rebels dead.

7 When some were slain, the rest returned,
And sought the Lord with tears;
Under the rod they feared and mourned,
But soon forgot their fears.

8 Oft he chastised, and still forgave,
Till, by his gracious hand,
The nation he resolved to save,
Possessed the promised land.]

L. M. *Bath.* [b]

Ver. 32, &c. *Saints corrected and saved.*

1 GREAT God, how oft did Israel prove,
By turns, thine anger and thy love!
There, in a glass, our hearts may see
How fickle and how false they be.

2 How soon the faithless Jews forgot
The dreadful wonders God had wrought!
Then they provoke him to his face;
Nor fear his power, nor trust his grace.

3 The Lord consumed their years in pain,
And made their travels long and vain;
A tedious march, through unknown ways,
Wore out their strength, and spent their days.

4 Oft, when they saw their brethren slain,
They mourned, and sought the Lord again;
Called him the Rock of their abode,
Their high Redeemer, and their God.

5 Their prayers and vows before him rise,
As flattering words or solemn lies;
While their rebellious tempers prove
False to his covenant and his love

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6 Yet did his sovereign grace forgive
The men, who ne'er deserved to live:
His anger oft away he turned,
Or else with gentle flame it burned.

7 He saw their flesh was weak and frail,
He saw temptations still prevail;
The God of Abraham loved them still,
And led them to his holy hill.

PSALM 80. L. M. *Dresden. Moreton.* [b]

The Church in Affliction.

1 GREAT Shepherd of thine Israel,
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,
And led'st the tribes, thy chosen sheep,
Safe through the desert and the deep:—

e 2 Thy Church is in the desert now;
—Shine from on high, and guide it through;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore;
We shall be saved, and sigh no more.

3 [Great God, whom heavenly hosts obey,
How long shall we lament and pray,
And wait in vain thy kind return?
How long shall thy fierce anger burn?

PAUSE I.

4 Instead of wine and cheerful bread,
Thy saints with their own tears are fed;
Turn us to thee; thy love restore:
We shall be saved and sigh no more.]

e 5 Hast thou not planted, with thy hand,
A lovely vine in this our land?
Did not thy power defend it round,
And heavenly dews enrich the ground?

—6 How did the spreading branches shoot,
And bless the nation with the fruit!
e But now, O Lord, look down and see
Thy mourning vine, that lovely tree.

7 Why is its beauty thus defaced?
Why hast thou laid its fences waste?
—Strangers and foes against it join,
And every beast devours the vine.

8 Return, almighty God, return;
p Nor let thy bleeding vineyard mourn

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—Turn us to thee, thy love restore;
o We shall be saved, and sigh no more.

PAUSE II.

9 [Lord, when this vine in Canaan grew,
Thou wast its strength and glory too!
Attacked in vain by all its foes,
Till the fair Branch of promise rose.

10 Fair Branch, ordained of old to shoot
From David's stock, from Jacob's root;
Himself a noble Vine, and we
The lesser branches of the Tree.

11 'Tis thy own Son; and he shall stand,
Girt with thy strength, at thy right hand;
Thy first-born Son, adorned and blest
With power and grace above the rest.

12 O! for his sake, attend our cry,
Shine on thy churches, lest they die;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore:
We shall be saved, and sigh no more.]

PSALM 81. S. M. *Aylesbury. Dover.* [*]

Ver. 1, 8—16. *Saints warned and exhorted.*

1 SING to the Lord, aloud,
And make a joyful noise:
o God is our Strength, our Saviour God:
Let Israel hear his voice.

e 2 "From vile idolatry,
"Preserve my worship clean;
"I am the Lord, who set thee free
"From slavery and from sin.

— 3 "Stretch thy desires abroad,
"And I'll supply them well;
e "But if ye will refuse your God,
"If Israel will rebel;—

4 "I'll leave them," saith the Lord,
"To their own lusts a prey;
And let them run the dangerous road—
"'Tis their own chosen way.

5 "Yet, O that all my saints
"Would hearken to my voice!
—"Soon I would ease their sore complaints,
"And bid their hearts rejoice.

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o 6 "While I destroy their foes,
"I'd richly feed my flock;
"And they should taste the stream, that flows
"From their eternal Rock."

PSALM 82. L. M. *Old Hundred.* [*]

God Supreme; or, Magistrates warned.

1 AMONG th' assemblies of the great,
A greater Ruler takes his seat:
The God of heaven, as Judge, surveys
Those gods on earth, and all their ways.

e 2 Why will ye then frame wicked laws?
Or why support th' unrighteous cause?
When will ye once defend the poor,
That sinners vex the saints no more?

e 3 They know not, Lord, nor will they know;
Dark are the ways in which they go;
Their name of earthly gods is vain;
For they shall fall and die like men.

o 4 Arise, O Lord, and let thy Son
Possess his universal throne,
o And rule the nations with his rod:
g He is our Judge, and he our God.

PSALM 83. S. M. *Little Marlboro'.* [b]

A Complaint against Persecutors.

1 AND will the God of grace
Perpetual silence keep?
The God of justice hold his peace,
And let his vengeance sleep?

2 Behold, what cursed snares
The men of mischief spread;
The men, who hate thy saints and thee,
Lift up their threatening head.

e 3 Against thy hidden ones
Their counsels they employ;
And malice, with her watchful eye,
Pursues them to destroy.

4 [The noble and the base
Into thy pastures leap:
The lion and the stupid ass
Conspire to vex thy sheep.

d 5 "Come let us join," they cry,
"To root them from the ground;

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"Till not the name of saints remain,
"Nor memory shall be found."

6 Awake, almighty God,
And call thy wrath to mind;
Give them like forests to the fire,
Or stubble to the wind.]

— 7 Convince their madness, Lord,
And make them seek thy name;
Or else their stubborn rage confound,
That they may die in shame.

o 8 Then shall the nations know
That glorious, dreadful word—
g JEHOVAH—is thy name alone,
And thou the sovereign Lord.

PSALM 84. L. M. FIRST PART. *Moreton.* [*]

The Pleasure of Public Worship.

1 HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints,
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

e 2 My flesh would rest in thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God;
e My God, my King, why should I be
So far from all my joys, and thee?

3 [The sparrow chooses where to rest,
And for her young provides her nest;
But will my God to sparrows grant
That pleasure which his children want?]

o 4 Blest are the saints who sit on high,
Around thy throne of majesty;
o Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

o 5 Blest are the souls, who find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
—There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

o 6 Blest are the men, whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
—God is their strength: and through the road,
They lean upon their Helper, God.

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o 7 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
s Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there. *Portugal*

L. M. Second Part. *Castle Street. Green's.* [*]

God and his Church; or, Grace and Glory.

1 GREAT God, attend while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth,
o Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

e 2 Might I enjoy the meanest place,
Within thy house, O God of grace;
—Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave the door.

o 3 God is our Sun, he makes our day;
God is our Shield, he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within.

—4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

g 5 O God our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at thy presence flee,—
Blest is the man who trusts in thee.

Paraphrased in C. M. *Doxology. Arundel.* [*]

Ver. 1, 4, 2, 3, 10. *God present in his Churches.*

e 1 MY soul, how lovely is the place,
To which thy God resorts!
—'Tis heaven, to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.

o 2 There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving power displays;
o And light breaks in upon our eyes,
With kind and quickening rays.

b 3 With his rich gifts the heavenly Dove
Descends and fills the place;
—While Christ reveals his wondrous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.

o 4 There, mighty God, thy words declare
The secrets of thy will:

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And still we seek thy mercies there,
And sing thy praises still.

PAUSE.

—5 [My heart and flesh cry out for thee,
While far from thine abode:
p When shall I tread thy courts, and see
My Saviour and my God?

—6 The sparrow builds herself a nest,
And suffers no remove;
e O make me like the sparrows blessed,
To dwell but where I love.

—7 To sit one day beneath thine eye,
And hear thy gracious voice,
Exceeds a whole eternity
Employed in carnal joys.

e 8 Lord, at thy threshold I would wait,
While Jesus is within;
Rather than fill a throne of state,
Or live in tents of sin.

—9 Could I command the spacious land,
And the more boundless sea,
For one blest hour at thy right hand,
I'd give them both away.]

P. M. *Bethesda.* [*]

Longing for the House of God.

1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant, and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are!
To thine abode
My heart aspires;
With warm desires,
To see my God.

2 [The sparrow for her young
With pleasure seeks a rest,
And wandering swallows long
To find their wonted rest!
My spirit faints,
With equal zeal,
To rise and dwell
Among thy saints.]

o 3 O happy souls, who pray
Where God appoints to hear!

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O happy men, who pay
Their constant service there:
They praise thee still;
And happy they,
Who love the way
To Zion's hill.

—4 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears;
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears.
o O glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet!

PAUSE.

e 5 [To spend one sacred day
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy,
Than thousand days beside:
Where God resorts,
I love it more
To keep the door,
Than shine in courts.]

—6 God is our Sun and Shield,
Our Light and our Defence;
With gifts his hands are filled,
We draw our blessings thence.
He shall bestow,
On Jacob's race,
Peculiar grace,
And glory too.

o 7 The Lord his people loves;
His hand no good withholds,
From those his heart approves,
From pure and pious souls.
o Thrice happy he,
O God of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts
Alone in thee.

PSALM 85. L. M. First Part. *All-Saints.* [*]

Ver. 1—8. *Deliverance begun and completed.*

1 LORD, thou hast called thy grace to mind,
Thou hast reversed our heavy doom·

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So God forgave, when Israel sinned,
And brought his wandering captives home.

2 Thou hast begun to set us free,
And made thy fiercest wrath abate;
Now let our hearts be turned to thee,
And thy salvation be complete.

e 3 Revive our dying graces, Lord,
And let thy saints in thee rejoice;
Make known thy truth, fulfill thy word;
We wait for praise to tune our voice.

—4 We wait to hear what God will say:
o He'll speak, and give his people peace:
—But let them run no more astray,
e Lest his returning wrath increase. *Armley.*

L. M. SECOND PART. *Islington. Oporto.* [*]

Ver. 9, &c. *Salvation by Christ.*

1 SALVATION is forever nigh
The souls who fear and trust the Lord,
And grace, descending from on high,
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.

b 2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since Christ the Lord came down from heaven;
By his obedience so complete,
Justice is pleased, and peace is given.

o 3 Now truth and honour shall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again,
And heavenly influence bless the ground,
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.

—4 His righteousness is gone before,
To give us free access to God;
Our wandering feet shall stray no more,
But mark his steps, and keep the road.

PSALM 86. C. M. FIRST PART. *York.* [*]

Ver. 8—13. *A general Song of Praise to God.*

1 AMONG the princes, earthly gods,
There's none hath power divine;
Nor is their nature, mighty Lord,
Nor are their works, like thine.

2 The nations thou hast made, shall bring
Their offerings round thy throne;
For thou alone dost wondrous things;
For thou art God alone.

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c 3 Lord, I would walk with holy feet;
Teach me thy heavenly ways;
And my poor scattered thoughts unite
In God my Father's praise

o 4 Great is thy mercy, and my tongue
Shall those sweet wonders tell;—
How, by thy grace, my sinking soul
Rose from the deeps of hell.

PSALM 87. L. M. *Green's. Leeds.* [*]

The Church the Birthplace of the Saints.

1 GOD, in his earthly temple, lays
Foundations for his heavenly praise:
c He likes the tents of Jacob well;
o But still in Zion loves to dwell.

c 2 His mercy visits every house,
That pay their night and morning vows;
o But makes a more delightful stay,
Where churches meet to praise and pray.

c 3 What glories were described of old!
What wonders are of Zion told!
o Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.

o 4 Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,
Shall there begin their lives anew:
s Angels and men shall join to sing
The Hill where living waters spring.

—5 When God makes up his last account
Of natives in his holy mount,
'Twill be an honour to appear,
As one new born or nourished there!

PSALM 89. L. M. First Part. *Nantwich.* [*]

Covenant with Christ, the true David.

1 FOREVER shall my song record
The truth and mercy of the Lord:
o Mercy and truth forever stand,
Like heaven, established by his hand.

2 Thus to his Son he swore, and said,
d "With thee my covenant first is made;
"In thee shall dying sinners live;
"Glory and grace are thine to give.

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3 "Be thou my Prophet, thou my Priest;
"Thy children shall be ever blest:
"Thou art my chosen King; thy throne
"Shall stand eternal, like my own.

4 "There's none of all my sons above,
"So much my image, or my love:
"Celestial powers thy subjects are;
"Then what can earth to thee compare?

5 "David, my servant, whom I chose,
"To guard my flock, to crush my foes,
"And raised him to the Jewish throne,
"Was but a shadow of my Son."

o 6 Now let the church rejoice, and sing
Jesus her Saviour and her King;
s Angels his heavenly wonders show,
And saints declare his works below. *Trure.*

C. M. First Part. *Colchester. Abridge.* [*]

The Faithfulness of God.

1 MY never-ceasing songs shall show
The mercies of the Lord;
And make succeeding ages know,
How faithful is his word.

2 The sacred truths, his lips pronounce,
Shall firm as heaven endure;
And if he speaks a promise once,
Th' eternal grace is sure.

e 3 How long the race of David held
The promised Jewish throne!
o But there's a nobler covenant sealed
To David's greater Son.

o 4 His seed forever shall possess
A throne above the skies:
The meanest subject of his grace
Shall to that glory rise.

g 5 Lord God of hosts, thy wondrous ways
Are sung by saints above;
And saints on earth their honours raise
To thy unchanging love.

C. M. Second Part. *Plymouth.* [b]

V. 7, &c. *Majesty of God; or, Reverential Worship.*

e 1 WITH reverence let the saints appear,
And bow before the Lord:

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His high commands with reverence hear,
And tremble at his word.

a 2 How terrible thy glories rise!
— How bright thy beauties shine!
e Where is the power with thee that vies?
Or truth compared with thine?

g 3 The northern pole, and southern, rest
On thy supporting hand;
Darkness and day, from east to west,
Move round at thy command.

o 4 Thy words the raging winds control,
And rule the boisterous deep;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.

—5 Heaven, earth, and air, and sea are thine,
e And the dark world of hell:
a How did thine arm in vengeance shine,
When Egypt durst rebel!

g 6 Justice and judgment are thy throne,
— Yet wondrous is thy grace;
o While truth and mercy, joined in one,
Invite us near thy face.

C. M. Third Part. *Devizes.* [*]

Ver. 15, &c. *A Blessed Gospel.*

1 BLEST are the souls, who hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the paths they go,
And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope;
Nor Satan dares condemn.

o 3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives:
g Israel, thy King forever reigns,
Thy God forever lives.

C. M. Fourth Part. *Mear.* [*]

Ver. 19, &c. *Christ's Mediatorial Kingdom.*

1 HEAR what the Lord in vision said,
And made his mercy known:
d "Sinners, behold your help is laid
"On my almighty Son.

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2 "Behold the Man my wisdom chose,
"Among your mortal race;
"His head my holy oil o'erflows,
"The Spirit of my grace.

o 3 "High shall he reign on David's throne
"My people's better King;
"My arm shall beat his rivals down,
"And still new subjects bring.

—4 "My truth shall guard him in his way
"With mercy by his side;
o "While in my name, o'er earth and sea,
"He shall in triumph ride.

—5 "Me for his Father, and his God,
"He shall forever own;
"Call me his Rock, his high Abode,
o "And I'll support my Son.

g 6 "My first-born Son, arrayed in grace,
"At my right hand shall sit;
"Beneath him angels know their place,
"And monarchs at his feet.

d 7 "My covenant stands forever fast;
"My promises are strong;
"Firm as the heavens his throne shall last,
"His seed endure as long."

C. M. Fifth Part. *St. Asaph's.* [*]

V. 30, &c. *The Covenant of Grace, ordered and sure*

1 "YET," saith the Lord, "if David's race
"The children of my Son,
e "Should break my laws, abuse my grace,
"And tempt mine anger down;—

2 "Their sins I'll visit with the rod,
"And make their folly smart;
—"But I'll not cease to be their God,
"Nor from my truth depart.

3 "My covenant I will ne'er revoke,
"But keep my grace in mind;
"And what eternal love hath spoke
"Eternal truth shall bind

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e 4 "Once have I sworn, (I need no more,)
"And pledged my holiness,
"To seal the sacred promise sure,
"To David and his race:

e 5 "The sun shall see his offspring rise,
"And spread from sea to sea;
"Long as he travels round the skies,
"To give the nations day.

g 6 "Sure as the moon that rules the night,
"His kingdom shall endure;
"Till the fixed laws of shade and light
"Shall be observed no more."

L. M. Second Part. *Pleyel's.* [b]

V. 47, &c. Mortality and Hope.—*A Funeral Psalm*

e 1 REMEMBER, Lord, our mortal state,
p How frail our life, how short the date!
Where is the man, who draws his breath,
Safe from disease, secure from death?

—2 Lord, while we see whole nations die,
Our flesh and sense repine and cry,
p "Must death forever rage and reign?
"Or, hast thou made mankind in vain?

3 "Where is thy promise to the just?
"Are not thy servants turned to dust?"
—But faith forbids these mournful sighs,
o And sees the sleeping dust arise.

4 That glorious hour, that dreadful day,
Wipes the reproach of saints away,
And clears the honour of thy word;
s Awake our souls, and bless the Lord.

P. M. *Harlington.* [b *]

Ver. 47, &c. *Life, Death, and the Resurrection.*

e 1 THINK, mighty God, on feeble man;
e How few his hours, how short his span!
— Short from the cradle to the grave:
s Who can secure his vital breath,
Against the bold demands of death,
With skill to fly, or power to save?

—2 Lord, shall it be forever said,
d "The race of man was only made
"For sickness, sorrow, and the dust?

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e Are not thy servants, day by day,
Sent to their graves, and turned to clay?
e Lord, where's thy kindness to the just?

—3 Hast thou not promised to thy Son,
And all his seed, a heavenly crown?
p But flesh and sense indulge despair;
o Forever blessed be the Lord,
That faith can read his holy word,
And find a resurrection there.

o 4 Forever blessed be the Lord,
Who gives his saints a long reward,
— For all their toil, reproach, and pain:
s Let all below, and all above,
Join to proclaim thy wondrous love,
g And each repeat their loud—AMEN.

PSALM 90. L. M. *Carthage. Worship.* [* b]

Man mortal, and God eternal.

1 THROUGH every age, eternal God,
Thou art our rest, our safe abode;
High was thy throne, e'er heaven was made,
Or earth thy humble footstool laid.

2 Long hadst thou reigned, ere time began,
Or dust was fashioned into man;
And long thy kingdom shall endure,
When earth and time shall be no more.

e 3 But man, weak man, is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity;
a Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just,—
d "Return, ye sinners, to your dust."

—4 [A thousand of our years amount
Scarce to a day in thine account;
Like yesterday's departed light,
Or the last watch of ending night.]

PAUSE.

—5 Death, like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away; our life's a dream;
p An empty tale; a morning flower,
Cut down and withered in an hour.

6 [Our age to seventy years is set:
How short the term! how frail the state!
And if to eighty we arrive,
We rather sigh and groan, than live

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7 But O how oft thy wrath appears,
And cuts off our expected years;
Thy wrath awakes our humble dread;
We fear the power that strikes us dead.]

—8 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man;
And kindly lengthen out our span;
Till a wise care of piety
Fit us to die, and dwell with thee.

C. M. First Part. *Wantage.* [b]

Ver. 1—5. *Men frail, and God eternal.*

1 OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home:

2 Under the shadow of thy throne,
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 [Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame;
From everlasting thou art God;
To endless years the same.

4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
"Return, ye sons of men;"
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.]

5 A thousand ages, in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

6 [The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their lives and cares,
Are carried downwards by the flood,
And lost in following years.]

c 7 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

o 8 Like flowery fields the nations stand,
Pleased with the morning light:
e The flowers, beneath the mower's hand,
Lie withering, ere 'tis night.

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—9 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

C. M. Second Part. *China.* [b]

V. 8, 11, 9, 10, 12. *Mortality, and Preparation for Death.*

e 1 LORD, if thine eyes survey our faults,
And justice grows severe,
Thy dreadful wrath exceeds our thoughts,
And burns beyond our fear.

2 Thine anger turns our frame to dust:
p By one offence to thee,
Adam and all his sons have lost
Their immortality.

—3 Life like a vain amusement flies,
A fable or a song:
By swift degrees our nature dies,
Nor can our joys be long.

e 4 'Tis but a few whose days amount
To threescore years and ten;
p And all beyond that short account,
Is sorrow, toil, and pain.

e 5 [Our vitals, with laborious strife,
Bear up the crazy load;
And drag those poor remains of life,
Along the tiresome road.]

—6 Almighty God, reveal thy love,
And not thy wrath alone;
O let our sweet experience prove
The mercies of thy throne.

7 Our souls would learn the heavenly art,
T' improve the hours we have;
That we may act the wiser part,
And live beyond the grave.

C. M. Third Part. *Canterbury.* [b]

Ver. 13, &c. *Breathing after Heaven.*

1 RETURN, O God of love, return;
Earth is a tiresome place:
How long shall we, thy children, mourn
Our absence from thy face?

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2 Let heaven succeed our painful years,
Let sin and sorrow cease;
And in proportion to our tears,
So make our joys increase.

3 Thy wonders to thy servants show,
Make thine own work complete;
Then shall our souls thy glory know,
And own thy love was great.

4 Then shall we shine before thy throne,
In all thy beauty, Lord;
And the poor service we have done
Meet a divine reward.

S. M. *Aylesbury.* [b]

Ver. 5, 10, 12. *The Frailty and Shortness of Life.*

1 LORD, what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame!
c Our life—how poor a trifle 'tis,
That scarce deserves the name!

p 2 Alas the brittle clay,
That built our bodies first!
And every month, and every day,
'Tis mouldering back to dust.

— 3 Our moments fly apace,
Nor will our minutes stay;
o Just like a flood, our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.

— 4 Well, if our days must fly,
We'll keep their end in sight;
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.

o 5 They'll sooner waft us o'er
This life's tempestuous sea:
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore
Of blest eternity.

PSALM 91. L. M. *Shoel. Oporto.* [*]

Ver. 1—7. *Safety in Public Diseases and Danger.*

1 HE who hath made his refuge—God,
Shall find a most secure abode;
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And there, at night, shall rest his head

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2 [Then will I say, "My God, thy power
"Shall be my fortress and my tower;
"I, that am formed of feeble dust,
"Make thine almighty arm my trust."

3 Thrice happy man! thy Maker's care
Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare;
Satan, the fowler, who betrays
Unguarded souls a thousand ways.]

4 Just as a hen protects her brood,
(From birds of prey that seek their blood,)
Under her feathers, so the Lord
Makes his own arm his people's guard.

s 5 If burning beams of noon conspire
To dart a pestilential fire,
e God is their life: his wings are spread,
To shield them with a healthful shade.

e 6 If vapours, with malignant breath,
Rise thick, and scatter midnight death,
o Israel is safe: the poisoned air
Grows pure, if Israel's God be there.

PAUSE.

—7 [What though a thousand at thy side,
At thy right hand ten thousand died:
Thy God his chosen people saves,
Amongst the dead, amidst the graves.

8 So when he sent his angel down
To make his wrath in Egypt known,
And slew their sons, his careful eye
Passed all the doors of Jacob by.]

9 But if the fire, or plague, or sword,
Receive commission from the Lord,
To strike his saints among the rest,
e Their very pains and deaths are blest.

10 The sword, the pestilence, or fire,
Shall but fulfill their best desire;
From sins and sorrows set them free,
And bring thy children, Lord, to thee.

C. M. *Mear.* [*]

V. 9—16. *Guard of Angels, Victory and Deliverance.*

1 [YE sons of men, a feeble race,
Exposed to every snare,

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Come, make the Lord your dwelling-place,
And try, and trust his care.

2 No ill shall enter where you dwell;
Or if the plague come nigh,
And sweep the wicked down to hell,
'Twill raise his saints on high.

3 He'll give his angels charge to keep
Your feet in all their ways:
To watch your pillow while you sleep,
And guard your happy days.

4 Their hands shall bear you, lest you fall,
And dash against the stones;
Are they not servants at his call,
And sent t' attend his sons?

5 Adders and lions ye shall tread;
The tempter's wiles defeat;
He that hath broke the serpent's head,
Puts them beneath your feet.

6 "Because on me they set their love,
"I'll save them, (saith the Lord,)
"I'll bear their joyful souls above
"Destruction and the sword.

7 "My grace shall answer when they call;
"In trouble I'll be nigh;
"My power shall help them when they fall,
"And raise them when they die.

8 "Those that on earth my name have known,
"I'll honour them in heaven:
"There my salvation shall be shown,
"And endless life be given."]

PSALM 92. L. M. First Part. *Green's.* [*]

A Psalm for the Lord's Day.

1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing:
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast:
—O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;

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e Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
e How deep thy counsels! how divine!
—4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high;
e Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;
—Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
d Blast them in everlasting death.

o 5 But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart;
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

6 [Sin (my worst enemy before)
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.]

g 7 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.

L. M. SECOND PART. *Quercy.* [*]

The Church the Garden of God.

1 LORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
In gardens planted by thy hand;
Let me within thy courts be seen,
Like a young cedar, fresh and green.

2 There grow thy saints in faith and love,
Blest with thine influence from above;
Not Lebanon, with all its trees,
Yields such a comely sight as these.

3 The plants of grace shall ever live;
(Nature decays, but grace must thrive;)
Time, that does all things else impair,
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.

4 Laden with fruits of age, they show
The Lord is holy, just and true:
None that attend his gates shall find
A God unfaithful or unkind.

PSALM 93. L. M. 1ST PT. *Old Hundred.* [*]

The Eternal and Sovereign God.

1 JEHOVAH reigns; he dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might;
The world, created by his hands,
Still on its first foundation stands.

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o 2 But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundations laid,
Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Thyself the ever-living God

o 3 Like floods, the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies:
e Vain floods—that aim their rage so high!
—At thy rebuke the billows die.

4 Forever shall thy throne endure:
Thy promise stands forever sure:
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

P. M. First Part. *Walworth.* [*]

God's Majesty, and Sovereign Dominion.

1 THE Lord of glory reigns, he reigns on high;
His robes of state are strength and majesty;
This wide creation rose at his command,
Built by his word, and 'stablished by his hand;
g Long stood his throne, ere he began creation,
And his own Godhead—is the firm foundation.

o 2 God is th' eternal King: thy foes in vain
Raise their rebellion, to confound thy reign:
In vain the storms, in vain the floods arise,
And roar, and toss their waves against the skies;
Foaming at heaven, they rage with wild commotion·
But heaven's high arches scorn the swelling ocean

d 3 Ye tempests, rage no more; ye floods, be still;
And the mad world, obedient to his will:
Built on his truth, his church must ever stand;
Firm are his promises, and strong his hand:
See his own sons, when they appear before him,
Bow at his footstool, and with fear adore him.

P. M. Second Part. *Dalston.* [*]

God's Power, and Zion's Safety.

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
And royal state maintains;
His head with awful glories crowned;
Arrayed in robes of light,
Begirt with sovereign might,
And rays of majesty around.

2 Upheld by his commands,
The world securely stands,
And skies and stars obey thy word:

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g Thy throne was fixed on high,
Before the starry sky:
Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.

e 3 In vain the noisy crowd,
Like billows fierce and loud,
Against thine empire rage and roar;
In vain with angry spite,
The surly nations fight,
And dash like waves against the shore.

d 4 Let floods and nations rage,
And all their powers engage,—
Let swelling tides assault the sky:
The terrors of thy frown
Shall beat their madness down;
Thy throne forever stands on high.

g 5 Thy promises are true,
Thy grace is ever new;
There fixed, thy church shall ne'er remove:
Thy saints, with holy fear,
Shall in thy courts appear,
And sing thine everlasting love.

PSALM 94. C. M. First Part. [b]

V. 1, 2, 7—14. *Saints chastised, and Sinners destroyed.*

1 [O GOD! to whom revenge belongs,
Proclaim thy wrath aloud;
Let sovereign power redress our wrongs,
Let justice smite the proud.

2 They say, "The Lord nor sees nor hears;'
When will the fools be wise?
Can he be deaf, who formed their ears?
Or blind, who made their eyes?

3 He knows their impious thoughts are vain,
And they shall feel his power;
His wrath shall pierce their souls with pain,
In some surprising hour.

4 But if thy saints deserve rebuke,
Thou hast a gentler rod:
Thy providences, and thy book,
Shall make them know their God.

5 Blest is the man thy hands chastise,
And to his duty draw:

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Thy scourges make thy children wise,
When they forget thy law.

6 But God will ne'er cast off his saints,
Nor his own promise break:
He pardons his inheritance
For their Redeemer's sake.]

C. M. SECOND PART. *Reading.* [b]

V. 16–23. *Deliverance from Temptation and Persecution.*

1 WHO will arise, and plead my right,
Against my numerous foes;
While earth and hell their force unite,
And all my hopes oppose!

2 Had not the Lord, my Rock, my Help,
Sustained my fainting head,
e My life had now in silence dwelt,
My soul amongst the dead.

p 3 "Alas, my sliding feet!" I cried,
— Thy promise was my prop;
Thy grace stood constant by my side,
o Thy Spirit bore me up.

e 4 While multitudes of mournful thoughts
Within my bosom roll;
o Thy boundless love forgives my faults,
Thy comforts cheer my soul.

—5 Powers of iniquity may rise,
And frame pernicious laws;
o But God, my refuge, rules the skies;
He will defend my cause.

—6 Let malice vent her rage aloud;
Let bold blasphemers scoff;
g The Lord our God shall judge the proud,
And cut the sinners off.

PSALM 95. C. M. *Bedford. Plymouth.* [*]

A Psalm before Prayer.

1 SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

2 With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honour sing;

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The Lord's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's King.

3 Let princes hear, let angels know,
How mean their natures seem,
Those gods on high, and gods below,
When once compared with him.

4 Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,
Lies in his spacious hand;
He fixed the seas what bounds to keep,
And where the hills must stand.

5 Come, and with humble souls adore;
Come, kneel before his face;
O may the creatures of his power
Be children of his grace.

6 Now is the time; he bends his ear,
And waits for your request;
Come, lest he rouse his wrath, and swear,
"Ye shall not see my rest."

S. M. *Peckham.* [*]

A Psalm before Sermon.

1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord:
—We are his works, and not our own,
He formed us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

5 [But if your ears refuse
The language of his grace,
And hearts grow hard, like stubborn Jews,
That unbelieving race;

6 The Lord, in vengeance dressed,
Will lift his hand and swear,

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d "You that despised my promised rest,
"Shall have no portion there."]

L. M. *Blendon. Leeds.* [*]

V. 1, 2, 3, 6—11. *Canaan lost through Unbelief.*

1 [COME, let our voices join to raise
A sacred song of solemn praise:
God is a sovereign King; rehearse
His honours in exalted verse.]

2 Come, let our souls address the Lord,
Who framed our natures with his word;
o He is our Shepherd; we the sheep,
His mercy chose, his pastures keep.

—3 Come, let us hear his voice to-day,
The counsels of his love obey;
e Nor let our hardened hearts renew
The sins and plagues that Israel knew.

4 Israel, who saw his works of grace,
Tempted their Maker to his face;
A faithless, unbelieving brood,
That tired the patience of their God!

d 5 [Thus saith the Lord, "How false they prove!
'Forget my power; abuse my love:
'Since they despise my rest, I swear,
"Their feet shall never enter there."]

a 6 Look back, my soul, with holy dread,
And view those ancient rebels dead:
—Attend the offered grace to-day,
Nor lose the blessing by delay.

o 7 Seize the kind promise, while it waits,
And march to Zion's heavenly gates
Believe, and take the promised rest;
Obey, and be forever blest.

PSALM 96. C. M. *Arundel. Christmas.* [*]

V. 1—10, &c. *Christ's First and Second Coming.*

1 SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue;
His new discovered grace demands
A new and nobler song.

2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own almighty Son;
e His power the sinking world sustains,
o And grace surrounds his throne.

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—3 Let heaven proclaim the joyful day,
o Joy through the earth be seen;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.

4 Let an unusual joy surprise
The islands of the sea;
d Ye mountains, sink, ye valleys, rise;
Prepare the Lord his way.

o 5 Behold, he comes, he comes to bless
The nations as their God;
e To show the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

g 6 But when his voice shall raise the dead,
And bid the world draw near;
a How will the guilty nations dread,
To see their Judge appear!

P. M. *St. Helen's.*

The God of the Gentiles.

1 LET all the earth their voices raise,
To sing the choicest psalm of praise;
To sing and bless Jehovah's name:
His glory let the heathens know;
His wonders to the nations show;
And all his saving works proclaim.

2 The heathens know thy glory, Lord,
The wondering nations read thy word;
o Among us is Jehovah known:
Our worship shall no more be paid
To gods which mortal hands have made:
o Our Maker is our God alone.

3 He framed the globe, He built the sky,
He made the shining worlds on high,
And reigns complete in glory there;
—His beams are majesty and light;
b His beauties, how divinely bright!
His temple, how divinely fair!

g 4 Come, the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel his saving power,
And barbarous nations fear his name;
Then shall the race of men confess
The beauty of his holiness,
And, in his courts, his grace proclaim.

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PSALM 97. L.M. First Part. *Psalm 97th.* [*]

Ver. 1—5. *Christ the Sovereign Judge.*

1 HE reigns—the Lord, the Saviour reigns;
Praise him in evangelic strains:
o Let the whole earth in songs rejoice;
And distant islands join their voice.

e 2 Deep are his counsels, and unknown;
o But grace and truth support his throne:
e Though gloomy clouds his way surround,
—Justice is their eternal ground.

g 3 In robes of judgment, lo, he comes!
Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs;
Before him burns devouring fire!
The mountains melt, the seas retire!

—4 His enemies, with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight and shun the day:
o Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
u And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

L. M. Second Part. *Old Hundred.* [*]

Ver. 6—9. *Christ's Incarnation.*

1 THE Lord is come: the heavens proclaim
His birth; the nations learn his name:
An unknown star directs the road
Of Eastern sages to their God.

g 2 All ye bright armies of the skies,
Go worship where the Saviour lies;
Angels and kings, before him bow,
Those gods on high and gods below.

—3 Let idols totter to the ground,
And their own worshippers confound;
o But Judah shout, but Zion sing,
—And earth confess her sovereign King.

L. M. Third Part. *Green's.* [*]

Grace and Glory.

1 THE Almighty reigns, exalted high,
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky;
e Though clouds and darkness veil his feet,
o His dwelling is the mercy-seat.

—2 O ye who love his holy name,
Hate every work of sin and shame:
He guards the souls of all his friends,
And from the snares of hell defends.

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o 3 Immortal light, and joys unknown,
Are for the saints in darkness sown;
These glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.

o 4 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honours of the Lord;
—None, but the soul that feels his grace,
Can triumph in his holiness.

C. M. *Mitcham. Mear.* [*]

V. 1, 3, 5–7, 11. *Christ's Incarnation, and the Judgment.*

1 YE shores and isles of every sea,
Rejoice—the Saviour reigns;
His word, like fire, prepares his way,
And mountains melt to plains.

o 2 His presence sinks the proudest hills,
And makes the valleys rise;
—The humble soul enjoys his smiles,
e The haughty sinner dies.

o 3 The heavens his rightful power proclaim;
e The idol gods around
Fill their own worshippers with shame,
And totter to the ground.

—4 Adoring angels, at his birth,
Make the Redeemer known:
g Thus shall he come—to judge the earth—
And angels guard his throne.

o 5 His foes shall tremble at his sight,
And hills and seas retire;
o His children take their unknown flight,
— And leave the world on fire.

6 The seeds of joy and glory, sown
For saints in darkness here,
o Shall rise and spring in worlds unknown,
And a rich harvest bear.

PSALM 98. C. M. First Part. *Sunday.* [*]

Praise for the Gospel.

1 TO our almighty Maker God,
New honours be addressed;
His great salvation shines abroad,
And makes the nations blessed.

2 He spake the word to Abraham first·
His truth fulfills his grace·

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The Gentiles make his name their trust,
And learn his righteousness.

o 3 Let the whole earth his love proclaim,
With all her different tongues;
u And spread the honours of his name,
In melody and songs. *St. Martin's.*

C. M. Second Part. *Arundel. Bethlehem.* [*]

The Messiah's Coming and Kingdom.

1 JOY to the world—the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King:
o Let every heart prepare him room,
u And heaven and nature sing.
—2 Joy to the earth—the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
o While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.
e 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
o He comes to make his blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.
g 4 He rules the world with truth and grace;
And makes the nations prove,
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

PSALM 99. S. M. First Part. *Peckham.* [*]

Christ's Kingdom and Majesty.

1 THE God, Jehovah, reigns!
Let all the nations fear;
e Let sinners tremble at his throne,
e And saints be humble there.
— 2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns!
Let earth adore its Lord;
o Bright cherubs his attendants stand,
Swift to fulfill his word.
— 3 In Zion is his throne,
His honours are divine:
His church shall make his wonders known;
For there his glories shine.
e 4 How holy is his name!
How terrible his praise!
e Justice, and truth, and judgment join,
In all his works of grace.

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S. M. Second Part. *Newton. Watchman.* [*]

A holy God worshipped with Reverence.

1 EXALT the Lord our God,
And worship at his feet;
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is his seat.

e 2 When Israel was his church,
When Aaron was his priest,—
When Moses cried, when Samuel prayed,—
He gave his people rest.

— 3 Oft he forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race;
And oft he made his vengeance known,
When they abused his grace.

o 4 Exalt the Lord our God,
Whose grace is still the same:
—Still he's a God of holiness,
And jealous for his name.

PSALM 100. L. M. 1st Pt. *Old Hundred.* [*]

A plain translation.—*Praise to our Creator.*

1 YE nations of the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your Sovereign King;
o Serve him with cheerful heart and voice;
o With all your tongues his glory sing.

e 2 The Lord is God;—'tis he alone
Doth life and breath and being give;
We are his work, and not our own;
The sheep that on his pastures live.

o 3 Enter his gates with songs of joy;
With praises to his courts repair;
And make it your divine employ,
To pay your thanks and honours there.

—4 The Lord is good; the Lord is kind;
o Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
g And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

L. M. Second Part. *Old Hundred.* [*]

A Paraphrase.

1 [SING to the Lord with joyful voice;
Let every land his name adore;
The northern isles shall send the noise
Across the ocean to the shore.]

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c 2 Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.

—3 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
e And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
o He brought us to his fold again.

c 4 We are his people, we his care;
Our souls and all our mortal frame:
o What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

s 5 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

g 6 Wide—as the world, is thy command;
Vast—as eternity, thy love:
Firm—as a rock, thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

PSALM 101. L. M. *Old Hundred.* [*]

The Magistrate's Psalm.

1 MERCY and judgment are my song;
And, since they both to thee belong,
My gracious God, my righteous King,
To thee my songs and vows I bring.

2 If I am raised to bear the sword,
I'll take my counsels from thy word;
Thy justice and thy heavenly grace
Shall be the pattern of my ways.

3 Let wisdom all my actions guide,
And let my God with me reside;
No wicked thing shall dwell with me,
Which may provoke thy jealousy.

4 No sons of slander, rage, and strife
Shall be companions of my life;
The haughty look, the heart of pride,
Within my doors shall ne'er abide.

5 (I'll search the land, and raise the just
To posts of honour, wealth and trust;
The men who work thy holy will,
Shall be my friends and favourites still.)

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6 In vain shall sinners hope to rise,
By flattering or malicious lies;
And while the innocent I guard,
The bold offender shan't be spared.

7 The impious crew, that factious band,
Shall hide their heads, or quit the land;
And all who break the public rest,
Where I have power, shall be suppressed.

C. M. *Mear.* [*]

A Psalm for a Master of a Family.

1 OF justice and of grace I sing,
And pay my God my vows;
Thy grace and justice, heavenly King,
Teach me to rule my house.

2 Now to my tent, O God, repair,
And make thy servant wise;
I'll suffer nothing near me there,
That shall offend thine eyes.

3 The man who doth his neighbour wrong
By falsehood or by force,
The scornful eye, the slanderous tongue,—
I'll thrust them from my doors.

4 I'll seek the faithful and the just,
And will their help enjoy;
These are the friends whom I shall trust,
The servants I'll employ.

5 The wretch, who deals in sly deceit,
I'll not endure a night:
The liar's tongue I ever hate,
And banish from my sight.

6 I'll purge my family around,
And make the wicked flee;
So shall my house be ever found
A dwelling fit for thee.

PSALM 102. C. M. First Part. *China.* [b]

Ver. 1—13, 20, 21. *A Prayer for the Afflicted.*

1 HEAR me, O God, nor hide thy face;
But answer, lest I die:
Hast thou not built a throne of grace,
To hear when sinners cry?

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p 2 My days are wasted, like the smoke,
Dissolving in the air;
My strength is dried; my heart is broke,
And sinking in despair.

3 My spirits flag, like withering grass,
Burnt with excessive heat;
In secret groans my minutes pass,
And I forget to eat.

4 [As on some lonely building's top,
The sparrow tells her moan,—
Far from the tents of joy and hope,
I sit and grieve alone.

5 My soul is like a wilderness,
Where beasts of midnight howl:
Where the sad raven finds her place,
And where the screaming owl.

6 Dark, dismal thoughts and boding fears
Dwell in my troubled breast;
While sharp reproaches wound mine ears,
Nor give my spirit rest.

7 My cup is mingled with my woes,
And tears are my repast:
My daily bread, like ashes, grows
Unpleasant to my taste.

8 Sense can afford no real joy,
To souls that feel thy frown;
Lord, 'twas thy hand advanced me high,
Thy hand hath cast me down.

9 My locks like withered leaves appear;
And life's declining light
Grows faint as evening shadows are,
That vanish into night.]

—10 But thou forever art the same,
O my eternal God!
o Ages to come shall know thy name,
And spread thy works abroad.

• 11 Thou wilt arise, and show thy face;
Nor will my Lord delay,
Beyond th' appointed hour of grace,
That long-expected day.

—12 He hears his saints, he knows their cry,
And, by mysterious ways,

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Redeems the prisoners doomed to die,
And fills their tongues with praise. *Reading.*

C. M. Second Part. *St. Paul's. Zion.* [*]

V. 13—21. *Prayer heard, and Zion restored.*

1 LET Zion and her sons rejoice—
d Behold the promised hour!
—Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes t' exalt his power.

e 2 Her dust and ruins that remain
Are precious in our eyes:
o Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.

g 3 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there;
Nations shall bow before his name,
And kings attend with fear.

p 4 He sits a Sovereign on his throne,
With pity in his eyes;
He hears the dying prisoners groan,
And sees their sighs arise.

—5 He frees the souls condemned to death;
And, when his saints complain,
It shan't be said that praying breath
Was ever spent in vain.

o 6 This shall be known, when we are dead,
And left on long record,—
That ages, yet unborn, may read,
And trust and praise the Lord.

L. M. *Dresden. Leeds.* [b]

V. 23—28. *Saints die, but Christ and the Church live.*

1 IT is the Lord our Saviour's hand,
Weakens our strength amidst the race;
e Disease and death, at his command,
Arrest us, and cut short our days.

o 2 Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,
Nor let our sun go down at noon:
o Thy years are one eternal day,
e And must thy children die so soon!

—3 Yet, in the midst of death and grief,
This thought our sorrow shall assuage:
"Our Father and our Saviour live;
"Christ is the same through every age."

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g 4 'Twas He this earth's foundation laid;
Heaven is the building of his hand:
e This earth grows old, these heavens shall fade,
And all be changed at his command.

—5 The starry curtains of the sky,
Like garments, shall be laid aside;
g But still thy throne stands firm and high;
Thy church forever must abide.

o 6 Before thy face thy church shall live,
And on thy throne thy children reign:
o This dying world shall they survive,
And the dead saints be raised again.

PSALM 103. L. M. 1st Part. *Nantwich.* [*]

Ver. 1—7. *God's Goodness to Soul and Body.*

1 BLESS, O my soul, the living God;
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;
o Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;
His favours claim thy highest praise;
Why should the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot?

e 3 'Tis he, my soul, who sent his Son,
To die for crimes which thou hast done;
o He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

—4 The vices of the mind he heals,
And cures the pains that nature feels
o Redeems the soul from hell, and saves
Our wasting life from threatening graves.

—5 Our youth, decayed, his power repairs;
His mercy crowns our growing years:
He satisfies our mouth with good,
And fills our hope with heavenly food.

6 He sees the oppressor, and the oppressed,
And often gives the sufferers rest;
g But will his justice more display
In the great, last, rewarding day.

—7 [His power he showed by *Moses'* hands,
And gave to Israel his commands:
e But sent his truth and mercy down,
To all the nations,—by his Son.

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—8 Let the whole earth his power confess;
Let the whole earth adore his grace:
o The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In work and worship so divine.] *Brentford.*

L. M. Second Part. *Green's.* [*]

Ver. 8—18. *God merciful in Chastisement.*

1 THE Lord, how wondrous are his ways!
How firm his truth! how large his grace:
He takes his mercy for his throne,—
And thence he makes his glories known.

2 Not half so high his power hath spread
The starry heavens above our head,
As his rich love exceeds our praise,
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.

3 Not half so far has nature placed
The rising morning from the west,
As his forgiving grace removes
The daily guilt of those he loves.

s 4 How slowly doth his wrath arise!
o On swifter wings salvation flies:
s And, if he lets his anger burn,
o How soon his frowns to pity turn!

—5 Amidst his wrath compassion shines;
His strokes are lighter than our sins;
And while his rod corrects his saints,
His ear indulges their complaints.

6 [So fathers their young sons chastise,
With gentle hands and melting eyes;
The children weep beneath the smart,
And move the pity of their heart.

PAUSE.

7 The mighty God, the wise and just,
Knows that our frame is feeble dust;
And will no heavy loads impose,
Beyond the strength that he bestows.

8 He knows how soon our nature dies,
Blasted by every wind that flies;
Like grass we spring, and die as soon,
As morning flowers that fade at noon.

9 But his eternal love is sure
To all the saints, and shall endure;

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From age to age his truth shall reign;
Nor children's children hope in vain.]

S. M. First Part. *Kibworth. Dover.* [*]

Ver. 1—7. *Spiritual and Temporal Mercies.*

1 O BLESS the Lord, my soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favours are divine.

e 2 O bless the Lord, my soul!
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

b 3 'Tis he forgives thy sins;
'Tis he relieves thy pain;
'Tis he who heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

— 4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
o He, who redeemed my soul from hell,
Hath sovereign power to save.

— 5 He fills the poor with good;
He gives the sufferers rest:
o The Lord hath judgment for the proud,
And justice for th' oppressed.

— 6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known;
o But sent the world his truth and grace,
By his beloved Son.

S. M. Second Part. *Watchman.* [*]

Ver. 8—18. *Mercy in the midst of Judgment.*

1 [MY soul, repeat His praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

e 2 God will not always chide;
And when his strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.

o 3 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread;
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

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— 4 His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

e 5 The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

6 He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath:
e His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

p 7 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

e 8 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
o And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.]

S. M. THIRD PART. *St. Thomas's.* [*]

Ver. 19—22. *God's Dominion; or, Angelic Praise.*

1 THE Lord, the sovereign King,
Hath fixed his throne on high;
O'er all the heavenly world he rules,
And all beneath the sky.

2 Ye angels, great in might,
And swift to do his will,
Bless ye the Lord, whose voice ye hear,
Whose pleasure ye fulfill.

3 Let the bright hosts, who wait
The orders of their King,
And guard his churches when they pray,
Join in the praise they sing.

4 While all his wondrous works,
Through his vast kingdom, show
Their Maker's glory, thou, my soul,
Shalt sing his graces too.

PSALM 104. L. M. *Blendon.* [*]

God glorious in Creation and Providence

1 MY soul, the great Creator praise:
When clothed in his celestial rays

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He in full majesty appears,
And, like a robe, his glory wears.

[Note. *This Psalm may be sung to a different metre by adding the following two lines to every stanza, viz.*

Great is the Lord; what tongue can frame
An equal honour to his name!]

2 [The heavens are for his curtains spread;
Th' unfathomed deep he makes his bed;
Clouds are his chariot, when he flies
On winged storms across the skies.]

3 Angels, whom his own breath inspires,
His ministers, are flaming fires;
As swift as thought their armies move,
To bear his vengeance, or his love.

4 The world's foundations by his hand
Are poised, and shall forever stand;
He binds the ocean in his chain,
Lest it should drown the earth again.

5 [When earth was covered with the flood,
Which high above the mountains stood;
He thundered, and the ocean fled,
Confined to its appointed bed.

6 The swelling billows know their bound,
And in their channels walk their round;
Yet thence conveyed by secret veins,
They spring on hills, and drench the plains.

7 He bids the crystal fountains flow,
And cheer the valleys as they go;
Tame heifers there their thirst allay,
And for the stream wild asses bray.

8 From pleasant trees, which shade the brink,
The lark and linnet light to drink;
Their songs the lark and linnet raise,
And chide our silence in his praise.

PAUSE 1.

9 God from his cloudy cistern pours
On the parched earth enriching showers;
The grove, the garden, and the field,
A thousand joyful blessings yield.

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10 He makes the grassy food arise,
And gives the cattle large supplies;
With herbs for man of various power,
To nourish nature, or to cure.

11 What noble fruit the vines produce!
The olive yields an useful juice;
Our hearts are cheered with generous wine;
With inward joy our faces shine.

12 O bless his name, ye people, fed
With nature's chief supporter, bread:
While bread your vital strength imparts,
Serve him with vigor in your hearts.

PAUSE II.

13 Behold the stately cedar stands,
Raised in the forests by his hands;
Birds to the boughs for shelter fly,
And build their nests secure on high.

14 To craggy hills ascends the goat;
And, at the airy mountain's foot,
The feebler creatures make their cell;
He gives them wisdom where to dwell.

15 He sets the sun his circling race,
Appoints the moon to change her face;
And when thick darkness veils the day,
Calls out wild beasts to hunt their prey.

16 Fierce lions lead their young abroad,
And, roaring, ask their meat from God;
But when the morning beams arise,
The savage beast to covert flies.

17 Then man to daily labour goes;
The night was made for his repose:
Sleep is thy gift, that sweet relief
From tiresome toil and wasting grief.

18 How strange thy works! how great thy skill
And every land thy riches fill:
Thy wisdom round the world we see;
This spacious earth is full of thee.

19 Nor less thy glories in the deep,
Where fish in millions swim and creep;
With wondrous motions, swift or slow,
Still wandering in the paths below.

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20 There ships divide the watery way,
And flocks of scaly monsters play;
There dwells the huge leviathan,
And foams and sports in spite of man.

PAUSE III.

21 Vast are thy works, almighty Lord;
All nature rests upon thy word;
And the whole race of creatures stand,
Waiting their portion from thy hand.

22 While each receives his different food,
Their cheerful looks pronounce it good;
Eagles and bears, and whales and worms,
Rejoice and praise in different forms.

23 But when thy face is hid, they mourn,
And, dying, to their dust return;
Both man and beast their souls resign:
Life, breath, and spirit—all are thine.

24 Yet thou canst breathe on dust again,
And fill the world with beasts and men;
A word of thy creating breath
Repairs the wastes of time and death.]

25 His works, the wonders of his might,
Are honoured with his own delight:
e How awful are his glorious ways!
The Lord is dreadful in his praise.

p 26 The earth stands trembling at thy stroke,
And at thy touch the mountains smoke·
b Yet humble souls may see thy face,
And tell their wants to sovereign grace.

27 In Thee my hopes and wishes meet,
And make my meditations sweet;
o Thy praises shall my breath employ,
Till it expire in endless joy.

e 28 [While haughty sinners die accursed,
Their glory buried in the dust,
o I to my God, my heavenly King.
o Immortal hallelujahs sing.]

PSALM 105. C. M. Abridged. *Arundel.* [*]

Covenant with Abraham remembered.

1 GIVE thanks to God, invoke his name,
And tell the world his grace;
u Sound through the earth his deeds of fame,
That all may seek his face.

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2 [His covenant, which he kept in mind
For numerous ages past,
To numerous ages yet behind,
In equal force shall last.]

3 He sware to Abraham and his seed,
And made the blessings sure;
Gentiles the ancient promise read,
And find his truth endure.

4 ["Thy seed shall make all nations blest,"
Said the almighty voice,
"And Canaan's land shall be their rest,
"The type of heavenly joys."

5 How large the grant! how rich the grace,
To give them Canaan's land;
When they were strangers in the place,
A little feeble band!]

6 (Like pilgrims through the countries round
Securely they removed;
And haughty kings, who on them frowned,
Severely he reproved.)

7 "Touch mine anointed, and mine arm
"Shall soon avenge the wrong;
"The man that does my prophets harm
"Shall know their God is strong."

8 Then let the world forbear its rage,
Nor put the church in fear:
Israel must live through every age,
And be th' Almighty's care.]

PAUSE I.

9 When Pharaoh dared to vex the saints,
And thus provoked their God;
Moses was sent at their complaints,
Armed with his dreadful rod.

10 [He called for darkness; darkness came,
Like an o'erwhelming flood:
He turned each lake, and every stream,
To lakes and streams of blood.

11 He gave the sign, and noisome flies
Through the whole country spread:
And frogs in croaking armies rise,
About the monarch's bed.

12 Through fields, and towns, and palaces,
The tenfold vengeance flew;

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Locusts in swarms devoured their trees,
And hail their cattle slew;

13 Then, by an angel's midnight stroke,
The flower of Egypt died;
The strength of every house was broke,—
Their glory and their pride.

d 14 Now let the world forbear its rage,
Nor put the church in fear;
Israel must live through every age,
And be th' Almighty's care.

PAUSE II.

—15 Thus were the tribes from bondage brought,
And left the hated ground;
Each some Egyptian spoils had got,
And not one feeble found.]

16 The Lord himself chose out their way,
And marked their journeys right;
Gave them a leading cloud by day,
A fiery guide by night.

17 They thirst; and waters from the rock
In rich abundance flow;
And, following still the course they took,
Ran all the desert through.

o 18 O wondrous stream! O blessed type
Of ever-flowing grace!
e So Christ, our Rock, maintains our life
Through all this wilderness.

—19 Thus guarded by th' almighty hand,
The chosen tribes possessed
Canaan, the rich, the promised land,
And there enjoyed their rest.

g 20 Then let the world forbear its rage,
The church renounce her fear;
Israel must live through every age,
And be th' Almighty's care.

PSALM 106. L. M. *Shoel. Castle Street.* [*]

Ver. 1—5. *Praise to God: Communion with Saints.*

1 TO God, the great, the ever blest,
Let songs of honour be addressed,—
His mercy firm forever stands;
Give him the thanks his love demands.

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2 Who knows the wonders of thy ways!
Who shall fulfill thy boundless praise!
Blest are the souls who fear thee still,
And pay their duty to thy will.

3 Remember what thy mercy did
For Jacob's race, thy chosen seed:
And, with the same salvation, bless
The meanest suppliant of thy grace.

4 O may I see thy tribes rejoice,
And aid their triumphs with my voice!
This is my glory, Lord, to be
Joined to thy saints, and near to thee.

S. M. *Dover.* [*]

V. 7, 8, 12—14, 43—48. *Israel punished and pardoned.*

1 GOD of eternal love,
How fickle are our ways!
And yet, how oft did Israel prove
Thy constancy of grace!

2 They saw thy wonders wrought,
And then thy praise they sung;
But soon thy works of power forgot,
And murmured with their tongue.

3 Now they believe his word,
While rocks with rivers flow;
Now with their lusts provoke the Lord,
Till he reduce them low.

4 Yet when they mourned their faults,
He hearkened to their groans;
Brought his own covenant to his thoughts,
And called them still his sons.

5 Their names were in his book;
He saved them from their foes:
Oft he chastised, but ne'er forsook,
The people whom he chose.

6 Let Israel bless the Lord,
Who loved their ancient race:
And Christians join the solemn word,
Amen, to all the praise.

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PSALM 107. L. M. First Part. *Shoel.* [*]

Israel led to Canaan: Christians to Heaven.

1 GIVE thanks to God:—he reigns above;
Kind are his thoughts; his name is love;
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.

2 Let the redeemed of the Lord
The wonders of his grace record;
Israel, the nation whom he chose,
And rescued from their mighty foes.

3 [When God's almighty arm had broke
Their fetters and th' Egyptian yoke;
They traced the desert, wandering round
A wild and solitary ground!

4 There they could find no leading road,
Nor city for a fixed abode;
Nor food, nor fountain, to assuage
Their burning thirst, or hunger's rage.]

5 In their distress, to God they cried;
God was their Saviour and their Guide:
He led their march far wandering round;
'Twas the right path to Canaan's ground.

6 So, when our first release we gain
From sin's own yoke, and Satan's chain,
We have this desert world to pass,
A dangerous and a tiresome place.

7 He feeds and clothes us all the way;
He guides our footsteps, lest we stray;
He guards us with a powerful hand,
And brings us to the heavenly land.

o 8 O let us, then, with joy record
The truth and goodness of the Lord!
e How great his works! how kind his ways!
u Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

L. M. Second Part. *Bath.* [*]

Correction for Sin; Release by Prayer.

1 FROM age to age, exalt his name;
God and his grace are still the same.
He fills the hungry soul with food,
And feeds the poor with every good.

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e 2 But, if their hearts rebel, and rise
Against the God who rules the skies;
If they reject his heavenly word,
And slight the counsels of the Lord;—

—3 He'll bring their spirits to the ground,
And no deliverance shall be found;
a Laden with grief, they waste their breath
In darkness and the shades of death.

—4 Then to the Lord they raise their cries;
o He makes the dawning light arise,
And scatters all that dismal shade
That hung so heavy round their head.

5 He cuts the bars of brass in two,
And lets the smiling prisoner through;
Takes off the load of guilt and grief,
And gives the labouring soul relief.

o 6 O may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord!
e How great his works! how kind his ways!
u Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

L. M. Third Part. *Pleyel's.* [*]

Intemperance punished and pardoned.

1 [VAIN man, on foolish pleasures bent,
Prepares for his own punishment;
What pains, what loathsome maladies
From luxury and lust arise!

2 The drunkard feels his vitals waste;
Yet drowns his health to please his taste,
Till all his active powers are lost,
And fainting life draws near the dust.

3 The glutton groans and loathes to eat;
His soul abhors delicious meat;
Nature, with heavy loads oppressed,
Would yield to death to be released.

4 Then how the frightened sinners fly
To God for help, with earnest cry!
He hears their groans, prolongs their breath,
And saves them from approaching death.

5 No med'cines could effect the cure,
So quick, so easy, or so sure:
The deadly sentence God repeals;
He sends his sovereign word and heals.

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6 O may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord;
And let their thankful offering prove
How they adore their Maker's love.]

L. M. Fourth Part. *Oporto.* [*]

Deliverance from Storm and Shipwreck.

1 WOULD you behold the works of God,
His wonders in the world abroad—
Go with the mariners, and trace
The unknown regions of the seas.

2 They leave their native shores behind,
And seize the favour of the wind;
o Till God commands—and tempests rise,
That heave the ocean to the skies.

o 3 Now to the heavens they mount amain,
e Now sink to dreadful deeps again:
—What strange affrights young sailors feel,
And like a staggering drunkard reel!

e 4 When land is far, and death is nigh,
p Lost to all hope, to God they cry;
—His mercy hears their loud address,
o And sends salvation in distress.

e 5 He bids the winds their wrath assuage,
The furious waves forget their rage:
—'Tis calm;—and sailors smile to see
The haven where they wished to be.

o 6 O may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord!
—Let them their private offerings bring,
e And in the church his glory sing.

C. M. *Wareham.* [*]

The Mariner's Psalm.

1 THY works of glory, mighty Lord,
The wonders in the deeps,
The sons of courage shall record,
Who trade in floating ships.

e 2 At thy command the winds arise,
And swell the towering waves;
o The men, astonished, mount the skies,
And sink in gaping graves.

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—3 [Again they climb the watery hills,
And plunge in deeps again;
Each like a tottering drunkard reels,
And finds his courage vain.

d 4 Frighted to hear the tempest roar,
They pant with fluttering breath;
And, hopeless of the distant shore,
Expect immediate death.]

—5 Then to the Lord they raise their cries;
o He hears the loud request,
g And orders silence through the skies,
And lays the floods to rest.

u 6 Sailors rejoice to lose their fears,
And see the storm allayed;
Now to their eyes the port appears;
There let their vows be paid.

—7 'Tis God who brings them safe to land;
Let stupid mortals know,
That waves are under his command,
And all the winds that blow.

o 8 O that the sons of men would praise
The goodness of the Lord!
—And those, who see thy wondrous ways,
Thy wondrous love record.

L. M. Fourth Part. *Moreton. Leeds.* [*]

Colonies and Nations blest and punished.

1 [When God, provoked with daring crimes,
Scourges the madness of the times,
He turns the fields to barren sand,
And dries the rivers from the land.

2 His word can raise the springs again,
And make the withered mountains green;
Send showery blessings from the skies,
And harvests in the desert rise.]

3 Where nothing dwelt, but beasts of prey,
Or men as fierce and wild as they,
God bids th' oppressed and poor repair,
And builds them towns and cities there.

4 They sow the fields, and trees they plant,
Whose yearly fruit supplies their want;
Their race grows up from fruitful stocks,
Their wealth increases with their flocks.

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5 Thus they are blest: but if they sin,
e He lets the heathen nations in;
A savage crew invades their lands,
Their princes die by barbarous hands.

a 6 Their captive sons, exposed to scorn
Wander, unpitied and forlorn·
The country lies unfenced, untilled,
And desolation spreads the field.

—7 Yet, if the humbled nation mourns,
Again his dreadful hand he turns;
o Again he makes their cities thrive,
And bids the dying churches live.

8 [The righteous, with a joyful sense,
Admire the works of providence;
And tongues of atheists shall no more
Blaspheme the God whom saints adore.]

e 9 How few with pious care record
These wondrous dealings of the Lord!
—But wise observers still shall find
The Lord is holy, just, and kind.

PSALM 109. C. M. *Abridge.* [*]

Love to Enemies; Example of Christ.

1 GOD of my mercy and my praise,
Thy glory is my song;
o Though sinners speak against thy grace,
With a blaspheming tongue.

—2 When, in the form of mortal man,
Thy Son on earth was found,
e With cruel slanders, false and vain,
They compassed him around.

—3 Their miseries his compassion move,
Their peace he still pursued;
e They render hatred for his love,
And evil for his good.

—4 Their malice raged without a cause;
a Yet, with his dying breath,
—He prayed for murderers on his cross,
And blest his foes in death.

e 5 Lord, shall thy bright example shine
In vain before mine eyes?
—Give me a soul akin to thine,
To love mine enemies.

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o 6 The Lord shall on my side engage;
And, in my Saviour's name,
o I shall defeat their pride and rage,
Who slander and condemn.

PSALM 110. L. M. First Part. *Blendon.*[*]

The exalted Messiah's Power and Grace.

d 1 THUS the eternal Father spake
To Christ, the Son; "Ascend and sit
"At my right hand, till I shall make
"Thy foes submissive at thy feet.

o 2 "From Zion shall thy word proceed;
"Thy word, the sceptre in thy hand,
"Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,
"And bow their wills to thy command.

g 3 "That day shall show thy power is great,
"When saints shall flock with willing minds,
"And sinners crowd thy temple gate,
"Where holiness in beauty shines."

o 4 O blessed power! O glorious day!
What a large victory shall ensue!
o And converts, who thy grace obey,
Exceed the drops of morning dew. *Oporto*

L. M. Second Part. *Bath.* [*]

The Kingdom and Priesthood of Christ.

1 [THUS the great Lord of earth and sea
Spake to his Son, and thus he swore:
"Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
"And change from hand to hand no more.

2 "Aaron and all his sons must die:
"But everlasting life is thine,
"To save forever those who fly
"For refuge from the wrath divine.

3 "By me Melchisedec was made,
"On earth, a king and priest at once:
"And thou, my heavenly Priest, shalt plead,
"And thou, my King, shalt rule my sons."

4 Jesus, the Priest, ascends his throne,
While counsels of eternal peace,
Between the Father and the Son,
Proceed with honour and success

5 Through the whole earth his reign shall spread,
And crush the powers that dare rebel;

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Then shall he judge the rising dead,
And send the guilty world to hell.

6 Though, while he treads his glorious way,
He drinks the cup of tears and blood;
The sufferings of that dreadful day
Shall but advance him near to God.]

C. M. *St. Asaph's.* [*]

Christ's Kingdom and Priesthood.

1 JESUS, our Lord, ascend thy throne,
And near thy Father sit:
e In Zion shall thy power be known,
And make thy foes submit.

e 2 What wonders shall thy gospel do!
o Thy converts shall surpass
The numerous drops of morning dew,
And own thy sovereign grace.

—3 God hath pronounced a firm decree,
Nor changes what he swore;
g "Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
"When Aaron is no more.

—4 "Melchisedec, that wondrous priest,
"That king of high degree,
"That holy man who Abraham blest,
"Was but a type of thee."

o 5 Jesus, our Priest, forever lives,
To plead for us above:
u Jesus, our King, forever gives
The blessings of his love.

g 6 God shall exalt his glorious head,
And his high throne maintain;
Shall strike the powers and princes dead,
Who dare oppose his reign.

PSALM 111. C. M. 1ST PART. *Mitcham.* [*]

The Wisdom of God in his Works.

1 SONGS of immortal praise belong
To my Almighty God:
He has my heart, and he my tongue,
To spread his name abroad.

e 2 How great the works his hand has wrought!
How glorious in our sight!
o And men in every age have sought
His wonders with delight.

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e 3 How most exact is nature's frame!
How wise the Eternal Mind!
—His counsels never change the scheme,
That his first thoughts designed.

4 When he redeemed his chosen sons,
He fixed his covenant sure;
g The orders that his lips pronounce,
To endless years endure.

—5 Nature and time, and earth and skies,
Thy heavenly skill proclaim:
e What shall we do to make us wise—
But learn to read thy name?

—6 To fear thy power, to trust thy grace,
Is our divinest skill;
And he's the wisest of our race,
Who best obeys thy will. *Sunday.*

C. M. Second Part. *St. Martin's.* [*]

The Perfections of God.

1 [GREAT is the Lord; his works of might
Demand our noblest songs:
Let his assembled saints unite
Their harmony of tongues.

2 Great is the mercy of the Lord;
He gives his children food,
And, ever mindful of his word,
He makes his promise good.

3 His Son, the great Redeemer, came,
To seal his covenant sure;
Holy and reverend is his name;
His ways are just and pure.

4 They who would grow divinely wise,
Must with his fear begin:
Our fairest proof of knowledge lies
In hating every sin.]

PSALM 112. P. M. *Cumberland.* [*]

The Blessings of the liberal Man.

1 THAT man is blest, who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law;
His seed on earth shall be renowned;
His house the seat of wealth shall be,
An unexhausted treasury,
And with successive honours crowned.

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2 His liberal favours he extends;
To some he gives, to others lends;
A generous pity fills his mind:
Yet what his charity impairs,
He saves by prudence in affairs;
And thus he's just to all mankind.

3 His hands, while they his alms bestowed,
His glory's future harvest sowed:
b The sweet remembrance of the just,
Like a green root, revives, and bears
A train of blessings for his heirs,
When dying nature sleeps in dust.

g 4 Beset with threatening dangers round,
Unmoved shall he maintain his ground;
His conscience holds his courage up:
The soul that's filled with virtue's light,
Shines brightest in affliction's night;
And sees in darkness beams of hope.

PAUSE.

5 [Ill tidings never can surprise
His heart that fixed on God relies;
Though waves and tempests roar around:
Safe on a Rock he sits, and sees
The shipwreck of his enemies;
And all their hopes and glory drowned.

6 The wicked shall his triumph see,
And gnash their teeth in agony,
To find their expectations crossed;
They, and their envy, pride and spite,
Sink down to everlasting night,
And all their names in darkness lost.]

L. M. *Oporto.* [*]

Blessings of the Pious and Charitable.

1 THRICE happy man, who fears the Lord,
Loves his commands, and trusts his word:
Honour and peace his days attend,
And blessings to his seed descend.

e 2 Compassion dwells upon his mind,
To works of mercy still inclined;
—He lends the poor some present aid,
Or gives them, not to be repaid.

e 3 When times grow dark, and tidings spread,
That fill his neighbours round with dread,

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e His heart is armed against the fear,
e For God with all his power is there.

g 4 His soul, well fixed upon the Lord,
Draws heavenly courage from his word;
Amidst the darkness light shall rise,
To cheer his heart, and bless his eyes.

—5 He hath dispersed his alms abroad;
His works are still before his God;
His name on earth shall long remain,
While envious sinners fret in vain.

C. M. *St. Ann's.* [*]

Liberality rewarded.

1 HAPPY is he who fears the Lord,
And follows his commands;
Who lends the poor, without reward;
Or gives with liberal hands.

2 As pity dwells within his breast,
To all the sons of need,—
So God shall answer his request,
With blessings on his seed.

3 No evil tidings shall surprise
His well-established mind;
His soul to God, his refuge, flies,
And leaves his fears behind.

4 In times of general distress,
Some beams of light shall shine,
To show the world his righteousness,
And give him peace divine.

5 His works of piety and love
Remain before the Lord;
Honour on earth, and joys above,
Shall be his sure reward.

PSALM 113. P. M. *St. Helen's.* [*]

The Majesty and Condescension of God.

1 YE who delight to serve the Lord,
The honours of his name record;
His sacred name forever bless:
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams, or setting rays,
Let lands and seas his power confess.

2 Not time, nor nature's narrow rounds,
Can give his vast dominion bounds;
The heavens are far below his height·

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e Let no created greatness dare
With our eternal God compare,
Armed with his uncreated might.

a 3 He bows his glorious head to view
What the bright hosts of angels do,
And bends his care to mortal things:
—His sovereign hand exalts the poor;
He takes the needy from the door,
And makes them company for kings.

4 [When childless families despair,
He sends the blessing of an heir,
To rescue their expiring name;
The mother, with a cheerful voice,
Proclaims his praises and her joys:
Let every age advance his fame.]

L. M. *Quercy.* [*]

God Sovereign and Gracious.

1 [YE servants of th' almighty King,
In every age his praises sing;
Where'er the sun shall rise or set,
The nations shall his praise repeat.

2 Above the earth—beyond the sky,
Stands his high throne of majesty;
Nor time nor place his power restrain—
Nor bound his universal reign.

3 Which of the sons of Adam dare,
Or angels with their God compare?
His glories how divinely bright,
Who dwells in uncreated light!

4 Behold his love! he stoops to view
What saints above and angels do;
And condescends, yet more, to know
The mean affairs of men below.

5 From dust, and cottages obscure,
His grace exalts the humble poor;
Gives them the honour of his sons,
And fits them for their heavenly thrones

6 A word of his creating voice,
Can make the barren house rejoice:
Though Sarah's ninety years were past,
The promised seed is born at last.

7 With joy the mother views her son,
And tells the wonders God has done;

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Faith may grow strong when sense despairs;
If nature fails, the promise bears.]

PSALM 114. L. M. *Blendon.* [*]

Miracles attending Israel's Journey.

1 WHEN Israel, freed from Pharaoh's hand,
Left the proud tyrant and his land,
The tribes, with cheerful homage, own
Their King, and Judah was his throne.

e 2 Across the deep their journey lay;
o The deep divides to make them way:
—Jordan beheld their march, and fled,
With backward current, to his head.

e 3 The mountains shook like frighted sheep,
Like lambs the little hillocks leap;
Not Sinai on her base could stand,
Conscious of sovereign power at hand.

e 4 What power could make the deep divide!
Make Jordan backward roll his tide!
Why did ye leap, ye little hills?
And whence the fright that Sinai feels?

g 5 Let every mountain, every flood,
Retire, and know th' approaching God!
The King of Israel! see him here!
Tremble, thou earth, adore, and fear.

6 He thunders—and all nature mourns:
The rock to standing pools he turns;
Flints spring with fountains at his word,
And fires and seas confess the Lord.

PSALM 115. L. M. 1ST PT. *Psalm 97th.* [*]

The true God; or, Idolatry reproved.

1 NOT to ourselves, who are but dust,
Not to ourselves is glory due;
Eternal God, thou only just,
Thou only gracious, wise and true!

g 2 Shine forth, in all thy dreadful name;
e Why should a heathen's haughty tongue
Insult us, and, to raise our shame,
d Say, "Where's the God you've served so long?

o 3 The God, we serve, maintains his throne,
Above the clouds, beyond the skies:
Through all the earth his will is done;
He knows our groans, he hears our cries.

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s 4 But the vain idols they adore,
Are senseless shapes of stone and wood·
At best a mass of glittering ore,
A silver saint, or golden god.

—5 [With eyes and ears they carve the head;
Deaf are their ears, their eyes are blind:
In vain are costly offerings made,
And vows are scattered in the wind.

6 Their feet were never made to move,
Nor hands to save when mortals pray:
Mortals that pay them fear or love,
Seem to be blind and deaf as they.]

g 7 O Israel, make the Lord thy hope,
Thy help, thy refuge, and thy rest:
The Lord shall build thy ruins up,
And bless the people and the priest.

a 8 The dead no more can speak thy praise,
They dwell in silence in the grave;
o But we shall live to sing thy grace,
u And tell the world thy power to save.

P. M. *Walworth.* [*]

Popish Idolatry reproved.

1 NOT to our names, thou only Just and True,
Not to our worthless names is glory due;
Thy power and grace, thy truth and justice, claim
Immortal honours to thy sovereign name.
Shine through the earth, from heaven thy blest abode,
Nor let the heathen say, "And where's your God?"

2 Heaven is thy higher court; there stands thy throne;
And through the lower worlds thy will is done:
Earth is thy work; the heavens thy hand hath spread·
e But fools adore the gods their hands have made:
—The kneeling crowd, with looks devout, behold
Their silver saviours and their saints of gold.

3 [Vain are those artful shapes of eyes and ears,
The molten image neither sees nor hears;
Their hands are helpless, nor their feet can move,
They have no speech, nor thought, nor power, nor love:
Yet sottish mortals make their long complaints
To their deaf idols and their moveless saints

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4 The rich have statues well adorned with gold;
The poor, content with gods of coarser mould,
With tools of iron carve the senseless stock,
Lopped from a tree, or broken from a rock:
People and priest drive on the solemn trade,
And trust the gods that saws and hammers made.]

a 5 Be heaven and earth amazed!—'Tis hard to say,
Which the more stupid,—or their gods or they.
o O Israel, trust the Lord; He hears and sees;
He knows thy sorrows, and restores thy peace:
His worship does a thousand comforts yield;
He is thy help, and he thy heavenly shield.

ℓ 6 In God we trust: our impious foes in vain
Attempt our ruin, and oppose his reign;
e Had they prevailed, darkness had closed our days,
And death and silence had forbid his praise:
s But we are saved, and live: let songs arise,
And Zion bless the God who built the skies.

PSALM 116. C. M. 1st Pt *Canterbury.* [* b]

Recovery from Sickness.

1 [I LOVE the Lord; he heard my cries,
And pitied every groan:
Long as I live, when troubles rise.
I'll hasten to his throne.

2 I love the Lord: he bowed his ear,
And chased my griefs away:
O let my heart no more despair,
While I have breath to pray!

e 3 My flesh declined, my spirits fell,
And I drew near the dead;
While inward pangs, and fears of hell,
Perplexed my wakeful head.

a 4 "My God," I cried, "thy servant save,
"Thou ever good and just;
"Thy power can rescue from the grave;
"Thy power is all my trust."

—5 The Lord beheld me sore distressed;
He bade my pains remove:
Return, my soul, to God thy rest,
For thou hast known his love.

o 6 My God hath saved my soul from death,
And dried my falling tears;

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o Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,
And my remaining years.]

C. M. 2D PART. *Hymn 2d. St. Martin's.* [*]

V. 12, &c. *Vows made in Trouble, paid in the Church.*

1 WHAT shall I render to my God,
For all his kindness shown?
o My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.
—2 Among the saints who fill thy house,
My offering shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows,
My soul in anguish made.
s 3 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever blessed God!
How dear thy servants in thy sight!
How precious is their blood!
o 4 How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.
—5 Now I am thine —forever thine—
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.
6 Here, in thy courts, I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

PSALM 117. C. M. *Doxology.* [*]

Praise to God from all Nations.

o 1 O ALL ye nations, praise the Lord,
Each with a different tongue;
In every language learn his word,
And let his name be sung.
2 His mercy reigns through every land!
Proclaim his grace abroad;
Forever firm his truth shall stand;
Praise ye the faithful God.

L. M. *Old Hundred.* [*]

1 FROM all who dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;

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Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise, and set, no more.

S. M. *Kibworth.* [*]

1 THY name, almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word;
Thy truth forever stands.

2 Far be thine honour spread,
And long thy praise endure;
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

PSALM 118. C. M. First Part. *Mear.* [*]

V. 6—15. *Deliverance from a Tumult.*

1 [THE Lord appears my helper now,
Nor is my faith afraid
What all the sons of earth can do,
Since heaven affords its aid.

2 'Tis safer, Lord, to hope in thee,
And have my God my friend,
Than trust in men of high degree,
And on their truth depend.

3 Like bees my foes beset me round,
A large and angry swarm;
But I shall all their rage confound,
By thine almighty arm.

4 'Tis through the Lord my heart is strong;
In him my lips rejoice:
While his salvation is my song,
How cheerful is my voice!

5 Like angry bees they girt me round;
When God appears they fly:
So burning thorns, with crackling sound,
Make a fierce blaze, and die.

6 Joy to the saints, and peace belongs;
The Lord protects their days;
Let Israel tune immortal songs
To his almighty grace.]

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C. M. Second Part. *Barby.* [*]

V. 17—21. *Public Praise for Deliverance from Death.*

1 LORD, thou hast heard thy servant cry,
And rescued from the grave;
Now shall he live: (and none can die,
If God resolve to save.)

2 Thy praise, more constant than before,
Shall fill his daily breath;
Thy hand that hath chastised him sore,
Defends him still from death.

o 3 Open the gates of Zion now,
For we shall worship there—
The house where all the righteous go,
Thy mercy to declare.

o 4 Among th' assemblies of thy saints,
Our thankful voice we raise;
—Here we have told thee our complaints,
o And here we speak thy praise.

C. M. Third Part. *Colchester. Mear.* [*]

V. 22, 23. *Christ the Foundation of his Church.*

1 BEHOLD, the sure foundation stone,
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.

e 2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
And saints adore the name;
o They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

e 3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

g 4 What though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise;
'Tis thine own work, almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

C. M. Fourth Part. *Sunday. Bethlehem.* [*]

V. 24, 25, 26. *Hosanna for the Lord's Day.*

1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made;
He calls the hours his own

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o Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround his throne.

o 2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to the Anointed King,
To David's holy Son;
—Help us, O Lord; descend, and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

o 4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes, in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

o 5 Hosanna in the highest strains,
The church on earth can raise;
u The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

S. M. *St. Thomas.* [*]

V. 22—27. *Salvation by Christ.*

1 [SEE, what a living Stone
The builders did refuse:
o Yet God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envious Jews.

e 2 The Scribe and angry Priest
Reject thine only Son;
o Yet on this Rock shall Sion rest,
As the chief Corner-Stone.

o 3 The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes;
This day declares it all divine,
This day did Jesus rise.

e 4 This is the glorious day,
That our Redeemer made:
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray;
Let all the church be glad.

s 5 Hosanna to the King
Of David's royal blood;
Bless him, ye saints: He comes to bring
Salvation from your God.

— 6 We bless thine holy word,
Which all this grace displays;

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And offer on thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.]

L. M. *Old Hundred.* [*]

V. 22—27. *A new Song of Salvation by Christ.*

1 LO, what a glorious Corner-Stone
The Jewish builders did refuse!
But God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envy, and the Jews.

e 2 Great God, the work is all divine,
The joy and wonder of our eyes!
o This is the day that proves it thine,
The day that saw our Saviour rise.

3 Sinners, rejoice, and saints, be glad;
Hosanna! let his name be blest!
A thousand honours on his head,
With peace, and light, and glory rest!

—4 In God's own name, he comes to bring
Salvation to our dying race;
o Let the whole church address their King,
With hearts of joy, and songs of praise.

PSALM 119.

I have collected and disposed the most useful verses of this Psalm under eighteen different heads, and formed a Divine Song *upon each of them. But the verses are much transposed, to attain some degree of connection.*

In some places, instead of the words law, commands, judgments, testimonies, *I have used* gospel, word, grace, truth, promises, *&c., as more agreeable to the New Testament, and the common language of Christians; and it equally answers the design of the Psalmist, which was to recommend the Holy Scriptures.*

PSALM 119. C. M. First Part. *Bedford.* [*]

Blessedness of Saints, and Misery of Sinners.

Ver. 1, 2, 3.

o 1 BLEST are the undefiled in heart,
Whose ways are right and clean;
Who never from thy law depart,
But fly from every sin.

2 Blest are the men who keep thy word,
And practise thy commands;

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o With their whole heart they seek thee, Lord,
And serve thee with their hands.
Ver. 165.

e 3 Great is their peace, who love thy law
How firm their souls abide!
--Nor can a bold temptation draw
Their steady feet aside.
Ver. 6.

b 4 Then shall my heart have inward joy,
And keep my face from shame,
When all thy statutes I obey,
And honour all thy name.
Ver. 21, 118.

e 5 But haughty sinners God will hate;
The proud shall die accursed;
The sons of falsehood and deceit
Are trodden to the dust.
Ver. 119, 155.

p 6 Vile as the dross the wicked are;
And those who leave thy ways,
Shall see salvation from afar,
But never taste thy grace.

C. M. Second Part. *Canterbury.* [*]

Devotion; constant Converse with God.

1 TO thee, before the dawning light,
My gracious God, I pray;
I meditate thy name by night,
And keep thy law by day.
Ver. 81.

2 My spirit faints to see thy grace;
Thy promise bears me up:
And, while salvation long delays,
Thy word supports my hope.
Ver. 164.

3 Seven times a day I lift my hands,
And pay my thanks to thee;
Thy righteous providence demands
Repeated praise from me.
Ver. 62.

4 When midnight darkness veils the skies,
I call thy works to mind;
My thoughts in warm devotion rise,
And sweet acceptance find.

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C. M. Third Part. *St. Ann's.* [*]

Sincerity, and devoted Obedience.

Ver. 57, 60.

o 1 THOU art my portion, O my God;
Soon as I know thy way,
My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,
And suffers no delay.

Ver. 30, 14.

2 I choose the path of heavenly truth,
And glory in my choice;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.

3 The testimonies of thy grace
I set before mine eyes;
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.

Ver. 59.

e 4 If once I wander from thy path,
I think upon my ways;
o Then turn my feet to thy commands,
And trust thy pardoning grace.

Ver. 94, 144.

d 5 Now I am thine,—forever thine,—
e O save thy servant, Lord!
o Thou art my shield, my hiding place,
My hope is in thy word.

Ver 112.

—6 Thou hast inclined this heart of mine
Thy statutes to fulfill;
o And thus, till mortal life shall end,
Would I perform thy will.

C. M. Fourth Part. *Mear.* [*]

Instructions from Scripture.

Ver. 9.

b 1 HOW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
—Thy word the choicest rule imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.

Ver. 130.

o 2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

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Ver. 105.

—3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

Ver. 99, 100.

4 The men who keep thy law with care,
And meditate thy word,
Grow wiser than their teachers are,
And better know the Lord.

Ver. 104, 113.

5 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
o But love thy law, my God.

Ver. 89, 90, 91.

g 6 (The starry heavens thy rule obey,
The earth maintains her place;
And these thy servants, night and day,
Thy skill and power express.

ɒ 7 But still, thy law and gospel, Lord,
Have lessons more divine:
g Not earth stands firmer than thy word;
Nor stars so nobly shine.)

Ver. 160, 140, 9, 116.

— 8 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

C. M. Fifth Part. *Barby.* [*]

Delight in the Scriptures.

Ver. 97.

1 O HOW I love thy holy law!
'Tis daily my delight;
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.

Ver. 148.

2 My waking eyes prevent the day,
To meditate thy word;
My soul with longing melts away,
To hear thy gospel, Lord.

Ver. 3, 13, 54.

3 How doth thy word my heart engage
How well employ my tongue!

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And in my tiresome pilgrimage,
Yields me a heavenly song!
Ver. 19, 103.
4 Am I a stranger, or at home,
'Tis my perpetual feast!
Not honey, dropping from the comb,
So much delights my taste.
Ver. 72, 127.
5 No treasures so enrich the mind;
Nor shall thy word be sold
For loads of silver well refined,
Nor heaps of choicest gold.
Ver. 28, 49, 175.
6 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
g Are pillars to support my hope,—
And there I write thy praise.

C. M. Sixth Part. *St. Martin's.* [*]

Holiness and Comfort from the Word.

Ver. 128.

1 LORD, I esteem thy judgments right,
And all thy statutes just;
Thence I maintain a constant fight,
With every flattering lust.
Ver. 97, 9.
2 Thy precepts often I survey;
I keep thy law in sight,
Through all the business of the day,
To form my actions right.
Ver. 62.
3 My heart, in midnight silence, cries,
"How sweet thy comforts be!"
My thoughts in holy wonder rise,
And bring their thanks to thee.
Ver. 162.
4 And when my spirit drinks her fill,
At some good word of thine,
Not mighty men, that share the spoil,
Have joys compared to mine.

C. M. Seventh Part. *Bedford.* [*]

Imperfection of Nature: Perfection of Scripture.

Ver. 96, paraphrased.

1 LET all the heathen writers join,
To form one perfect book;

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Great God, if once compared with thine,
How mean their writings look!

2 Not the most perfect rules they gave,
Could show one sin forgiven;
Nor lead a step beyond the grave;
But thine conduct to heaven.

e 3 I've seen an end of what we call
Perfection, here below;
How short the powers of nature fall,
And can no further go.

4 Yet men would fain be just with God,
By works their hands have wrought;
But thy commands, exceeding broad,
Extend to every thought.

e 5 In vain we boast perfection here,
While sin defiles our frame;
And sinks our virtues down so far,
They scarce deserve the name.

—6 Our faith, and love, and every grace,
Fall far below thy word;
But perfect truth and righteousness
Dwell only with the Lord.

C. M. Eighth Part. *York.* [*]

The Word of God the Saint's Portion.

Ver. 111, paraphrased.

1 LORD, I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
o There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

b 2 I'll read the histories of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight;
While through the promises I rove
With ever fresh delight.

—3 'Tis a broad land—of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,—
o Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

—4 The best relief that mourners have;
It makes our sorrows blest:
g Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

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C. M. NINTH PART. *Abridge.* [*]

Teaching of the Spirit with the Word.

Ver. 64, 68, 18.

1 THY mercies fill the earth, O Lord,
How good thy works appear!
Open mine eyes to read thy word,
And see thy wonders there.

Ver. 73, 125.

2 My heart was fashioned by thy hand;
My service is thy due;
O make thy servant understand
The duties he must do.

Ver. 19.

3 Since I'm a stranger here below,
Let not thy path be hid;
But mark the road my feet should go,
And be my constant guide.

Ver. 26.

p 4 When I confessed my wandering ways,
Thou heard'st my soul complain;
Grant me the teachings of thy grace,
Or I shall stray again.

Ver. 33, 34.

—5 If God to me his statutes shew,
And heavenly truth impart;
o His work forever I'll pursue,
His law shall rule my heart.

Ver. 50, 71.

—6 [This was my comfort, when I bore
Variety of grief;
It made me learn thy word the more,
And fly to that relief.

Ver. 51.

7 In vain the proud deride me now;
I'll ne'er forget thy law;
Nor let that blessed gospel go,
Whence all my hopes I draw.

Ver. 27, 171.

8 When I have learned my Father's will,
I'll teach the world his ways:
My thankful lips, inspired with zeal,
Shall loud pronounce his praise.]

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C. M. TENTH PART. *Swanwick.* [b]

Pleading the Promises.

Ver. 38, 49.

1 BEHOLD thy waiting servant, Lord,
Devoted to thy fear;
Remember, and confirm thy word,
For all my hopes are there.

Ver. 41, 58, 107.

e 2 Hast thou not sent salvation down,
And promised quickening grace?
Does not my heart address thy throne?—
And yet thy love delays.

Ver. 123, 42.

p 3 Mine eyes for thy salvation fail;
O bear thy servant up!
Nor let the scoffing lips prevail,
Which dare reproach my hope.

Ver. 49, 74.

e 4 Didst thou not raise my faith, O Lord?
— Then let thy truth appear;
e Saints shall rejoice in my reward,
And trust as well as fear.

C. M. ELEVENTH PART. *Hymn 2d.* [b]

Breathing after Holiness.

Ver. 5, 33.

1 O THAT the Lord would guide my ways,
To keep his statutes still!
O that my God would grant me grace,
To know and do his will.

Ver. 29.

2 O send thy Spirit down—to write
Thy law upon my heart!
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

Ver. 37, 36.

3 From vanity turn off my eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires, arise
Within this soul of mine.

Ver. 133.

4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere:
Let sin have no dominion, Lord;
But keep my conscience clear.

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Ver. 176.

e 5 My soul hath gone too far astray,
My feet too often slip;
Yet since I've not forgot thy way,
Restore thy wandering sheep.

Ver. 35.

o 6 Make me to walk in thy commands;
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

C. M. Twelfth Part, *Wantage.* [*]

Breathing after Comfort and Deliverance.

Ver. 153.

e 1 MY God, consider my distress,
Let mercy plead my cause;
Though I have sinned against thy grace,
I can't forget thy laws.

Ver. 39, 116.

p 2 Forbid, forbid the sharp reproach,
Which I so justly fear;
Uphold my life, uphold my hopes,
Nor let my shame appear.

Ver. 122, 135.

—3 Be thou a surety, Lord, for me,
Nor let the proud oppress;
But make thy waiting servant see
The shinings of thy face.

Ver. 82.

e 4 Mine eyes with expectation fail;
My heart within me cries,
"When will the Lord his truth fulfill,
"And make my comforts rise?"

Ver. 132.

—5 Look down upon my sorrows, Lord,
And show thy grace the same,
o As thou art ever wont t' afford
To those who love thy name.

C. M. Thirteenth Part. *Colchester.* [*]

Holy Fear and Tenderness of Conscience.

Ver. 10.

1 WITH my whole heart I've sought thy face
O let me never stray,
From thy commands, O God of grace,
Nor tread the sinner's way.

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Ver. 11.

2 Thy word I've hid within my heart,
To keep my conscience clean;
And be an everlasting guard
From every rising sin.

Ver. 63, 53, 158.

3 I'm a companion of the saints,
Who fear and love the Lord;
a My sorrows rise, my nature faints,
When men transgress thy word.

Ver. 161, 163.

e 4 While sinners do thy gospel wrong,
My spirit stands in awe;
My soul abhors a lying tongue,
But loves thy righteous law.

Ver. 161, 120.

p 5 My heart with sacred reverence hears
The threatenings of thy word;
My flesh, with holy trembling, fears
The judgments of the Lord.

Ver. 166, 174.

—6 My God, I long, I hope, I wait
For thy salvation still;
o While thy whole law is my delight,
And I obey thy will.

C. M. Fourteenth Part. *Reading.* [b *]

Benefit of Afflictions, and Support under them.

Ver. 153, 81, 82.

1 CONSIDER all my sorrows, Lord;
And thy deliverance send;
My soul for thy salvation faints,
When will my troubles end?

Ver. 71.

2 Yet have I found 'tis good for me
To bear my Father's rod;
Afflictions make me learn thy law,
And live upon my God.

Ver. 50.

3 This is the comfort I enjoy,
When new distress begins;
I read thy word, I run thy way,
And hate my former sins.

Ver. 92.

4 Had not thy word been my delight,
When earthly joys were fled,

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My soul, oppressed with sorrow's weight,
Had sunk amongst the dead.
Ver. 75.
5 I know thy judgments, Lord, are right,
Though they may seem severe;
The sharpest sufferings I endure
Flow from thy faithful care.
Ver. 67.
6 Before I knew thy chastening rod,
My feet were apt to stray:
But now I learn to keep thy word,
Nor wander from thy way.

C. M. Fifteenth Part. *Bethlehem.* [*]

Holy Resolutions.

Ver. 93.
1 O THAT thy statutes, every hour,
Might dwell upon my mind!
Thence I derive a quickening power,
And daily peace I find.
Ver. 15, 16.
2 To meditate thy precepts, Lord,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My soul shall ne'er forget thy word;
ℓ Thy word is all my joy.
Ver. 32.
—3 How would I run in thy commands,
If thou my heart discharge
From sin's and Satan's hateful chains,
And set my feet at large.
Ver. 13, 46.
o 4 My lips with courage shall declare
Thy statutes and thy name;
I'll speak thy word, though kings should hear,
Nor yield to sinful shame.
Ver. 61, 69, 70.
—5 Let bands of persecutors rise,
To rob me of my right,—
Let pride and malice forge their lies,
Thy law is my delight.
Ver. 115.
o 6 Depart from me, ye wicked race,
Whose hands and hearts are ill;
ℓ I love my God, I love his ways,
And must obey his will.

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C. M. SIXTEENTH PART. *Plymouth.* [b]

Prayer for Quickening Grace.

Ver. 25, 37.

p 1 MY soul lies cleaving to the dust;
Lord, give me life divine;
From vain desires and every lust,
Turn off these eyes of mine.

e 2 I need the influence of thy grace,
To speed me in thy way;
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.

Ver. 107.

3 When sore afflictions press me down,
I need thy quickening powers;
Thy word that I have rested on
Shall help my heaviest hours.

Ver. 156, 40.

e 4 Are not thy mercies sovereign still?
And thou a faithful God?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal,
To run the heavenly road?

Ver. 159, 40.

5 Does not my heart thy precepts love,
And long to see thy face?

e And yet how slow my spirits move,
Without enlivening grace!

—6 Then shall I love thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word;
When I have felt its quickening power
To draw me near the Lord.

L. M. FIRST PART. *Babylon.* [b]

Courage and Perseverance under Trials.

Ver. 143, 28.

1 WHEN pain and anguish seize me, Lord,
All my support is from thy word:
My soul dissolves for heaviness;
Uphold me with thy strengthening grace.

Ver. 51, 69, 110.

2 The proud have framed their scoffs and lies,
They watch my feet with envious eyes,
And tempt my soul to snares and sin:
Yet thy commands I ne'er decline.

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Ver. 161, 78.

3 They hate me, Lord, without a cause,
They hate to see me love thy laws;
But I will trust, and fear thy name,
Till pride and malice die with shame.

L. M. Second Part. *Quercy.* [*]

Afflictions sanctified.

Ver. 67, 59.

1 FATHER, I bless thy gentle hand—
How kind was thy chastising rod!
That forced my conscience to a stand,
And brought my wandering soul to God!

e 2 Foolish and vain, I went astray,
Ere I had felt thy scourges, Lord;
p I left my guide, and lost my way,
—But now I love, and keep thy word.

Ver. 71.

3 'Tis good for me to bear the yoke,
For pride is apt to rise and swell;
'Tis good to bear my Father's stroke,
That I might learn his statutes well.

Ver. 72.

o 4 The law, that issues from thy mouth,
Shall raise my cheerful passions more
Than all the treasures of the south,
Or western hills of golden ore.

Ver. 73.

—5 Thy hands have made my mortal frame,
Thy Spirit formed my soul within;
Teach me to know thy wondrous name,
And guard me safe from death and sin.

Ver. 74.

o 6 Then all who love and fear the Lord,
In my salvation shall rejoice;
For I have hoped in thy word,
And made thy grace my only choice.

PSALM 120. C. M. *Dorset.* [* b]

Complaint of Strife, and Desire for Peace.

1 THOU God of love, thou ever blest,
Pity my suffering state;
When wilt thou set my soul at rest,
From lips that love deceit!

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2 Hard lot of mine! my days are cast
Among the sons of strife,
Whose never-ceasing brawlings waste
My golden hours of life.

3 O might I fly to change my place,
How would I choose to dwell
In some wide, lonesome wilderness,
And leave these gates of hell!

4 Peace is the blessing that I seek,
How lovely are its charms!
I am for peace; but when I speak,
They all declare for arms.

5 New passions still their souls engage,
And keep their malice strong;
What shall be done to curb thy rage,
O thou devouring tongue!

6 Should burning arrows smite thee through,
Strict justice would approve;
But I had rather spare my foe,
And melt his heart with love.

PSALM 121. L. M. *Sheffield. Truro.* [*]

Divine Protection.

1 [UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
Th' eternal hills beyond the skies;
Thence all her help my soul derives:
There my almighty refuge lives.]

g 2 He lives! the everlasting God,
Who built the world, who spread the flood;
The heavens with all their hosts he made,
And the dark regions of the dead!

—3 He guides our feet, he guards our way;
His morning smiles bless all the day;
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

o 4 Israel, a name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest;
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber or surprise.

—5 No sun shall smite thy head by day
Nor the pale moon, with sickly ray,
Shall blast thy couch; no baleful star
Dart his malignant fire so far.

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o 6 Should earth and hell with malice burn,
Still thou shalt go, and still return,
Safe in the Lord; his heavenly care
Defends thy life from every snare.

—7 On thee foul spirits have no power;
e And, in thy last, departing hour,
o Angels, who trace the airy road,
Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

C. M. *Mear.* [*]

Preservation by Day and Night.

1 [TO heaven I lift my waiting eyes,
There all my hopes are laid;
The Lord, who built the earth and skies,
Is my perpetual aid.

2 Their feet shall never slide to fall,
Whom he designs to keep:
His ear attends the softest call;
His eyes can never sleep.

3 He will sustain our weakest powers,
With his almighty arm;
And watch our most unguarded hours,
Against surprising harm.

4 Israel, rejoice, and rest secure,
Thy keeper is the Lord;
His wakeful eyes employ his power
For thine eternal guard.

5 Nor scorching sun, nor sickly moon
Shall have his leave to smite;
He shields thy head from burning noon,
From blasting damps at night.

6 He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath,
Where thickest dangers come;
Go and return, secure from death,
Till God commands thee home.]

P. M. *Allerton.* [*]

God our Preserver.

1 UPWARD I lift mine eyes,
From God is all my aid;
The God who built the skies,
And earth and nature made:

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God is the tower
To which I fly;
His grace is nigh
In every hour.

— 2 My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares;
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears.
o Those wakeful eyes
That never sleep,
Shall Israel keep
When dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there:
o Thou art my sun,
And thou my shade,
To guard my head,
By night or noon.

o 4 Hast thou not given thy word,
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath:
e I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high,
Thou call me home.

PSALM 122. C. M. *Hymn 2d. Bethlehem.* [*]

Going to Church.

o 1 HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
o "In Zion let us all appear,
"And keep the solemn day!"

—2 I love her gates, I love the road!
g The church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show his milder face.

o 3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair;
e The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there

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—4 He hears our praises, and complaints;
e And while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble, and rejoice!

b 5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest!
With holy gifts and heavenly grace,
Be her attendants blest.

—6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
Here my best friends, my kindred dwell,
g Here God, my Saviour, reigns.

P. M. *Dalston.* [*]

Joy in the Worship and Blessedness of Zion.

b 1 HOW pleased and blest was I,
To hear the people cry,
e "Come, let us seek our God to-day!"
o Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We'll haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honours pay.

— 2 Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorned with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round:
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 Here David's greater Son
Has fixed his royal throne;
He sits for grace and judgment here:
o He bids the saints be glad;
e He makes the sinner sad;
—And humble souls rejoice with fear.

b 4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest;
The man who seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
e A thousand blessings on him rest.

—. 5 My tongue repeats her vows—
e "Peace to this sacred house!"
—For here my friends and kindred dwell;

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And since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

Repeat the 4th stanza, if necessary.

PSALM 123. C. M. *China.* [*]

Pleading with Submission.

1 O THOU, whose grace and justice reign,
Enthroned above the skies,
To thee our hearts would tell their pain,
To thee we lift our eyes.

2 As servants watch their master's hand,
And fear the angry stroke;
Or maids before their mistress stand,
And wait a peaceful look;—

3 So for our sins we justly feel
Thy discipline, O God;
Yet wait the gracious moment still,
Till thou remove thy rod.

4 Those, who in wealth and pleasure live,
Our daily groans deride;
And thy delays of mercy give
Fresh courage to their pride.

5 Our foes insult us, but our hope
In thy compassion lies;
This thought shall bear our spirits up,
That God will not despise.

PSALM 124. L. M. *Nantwich. Truro.* [*]

Song for Deliverance.

1 HAD not the Lord, may Israel say,
Had not the Lord maintained our side,
When men to make our lives a prey,
Rose like the swelling of the tide;—

2 The swelling tide had stopped our breath:
So fiercely did the waters roll,
We had been swallowed deep in death—
Proud waters had o'erwhelmed our soul!

3 We leap for joy, we shout and sing,
Who just escaped the fatal stroke;
So flies the bird, with cheerful wing,
When once the fowler's snare is broke.

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4 Forever blessed be the Lord,
Who broke the fowler's cursed snare;
Who saved us from the murdering sword,
And made our lives and souls his care.

5 Our help is in Jehovah's name,
Who formed the earth and built the skies;
He, who upholds that wondrous frame,
Guards his own church with watchful eyes.

PSALM 125. C. M. *Mear.* [*]

The Saint's Trial and Safety.

1 [UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
And firm as mountains be;—
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest,
That leans, O Lord, on thee.

2 Not walls, nor hills, could guard so well
Old Salem's happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love,
That every saint surround.

3 While tyrants are a smarting scourge,
To drive them near to God;
Divine compassion does allay
The fury of the rod.

4 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
And lead them safely on,
To the bright gates of Paradise,
Where Christ their Lord is gone.

5 But, if we trace those crooked ways,
That the old serpent drew;
The wrath, that drove him first to hell,
Shall smite his followers too.]

S. M. *Watchman.* [*]

The Saint's Trial and Safety.

1 FIRM and unmoved are they,
Who rest their souls on God;
Firm as the mount where David dwelt,
Or where the ark abode.

2 As mountains stood to guard
The city's sacred ground;
So God and his almighty love
Embrace his saints around.

3 What though the Father's rod
Drop a chastising stroke

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Yet, lest it wound their souls too deep,
Its fury shall be broke.

p 4 Deal gently, Lord, with those,
Whose faith and pious fear—
Whose hope, and love, and every grace,
Proclaim their hearts sincere.

— 5 Nor shall the tyrant's rage
Too long oppress the saint;
o The God of Israel will support
His children, lest they faint.

e 6 But if our slavish fear
Will choose the road to hell,
a We must expect our portion there,
Where bolder sinners dwell.

PSALM 126. L. M. *Green's.* [*]

Surprising Deliverance.

1 [WHEN God restored our captive state,
Joy was our song, and grace our theme;
The grace, beyond our hope so great,
That joy appeared a painted dream.

2 The scoffer owns thy hand, and pays
Unwilling honours to thy name;
While we, with pleasure, shout thy praise—
With cheerful notes, thy love proclaim.

3 When we review our dismal fears,
'Twas hard to think they'd vanish so:
With God we left our flowing tears;
He makes our joys like rivers flow.

4 The man that in his furrowed field
His scattered seed with sadness leaves,
Will shout to see the harvest yield
A welcome load of joyful sheaves.]

C. M. *Sunday. Swanwick.* [*]

A remarkable Display of Divine Grace.

1 WHEN God revealed his gracious name,
And changed my mournful state,
u My rapture seemed a pleasing dream,
The grace appeared so great.

—2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess;
o My tongue broke out in unknown strains
e And sung surprising grace.

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d 3 "Great is the work!" my neighbours cried
And owned thy power divine;
"Great is the work!" my heart replied,
• "And be the glory thine."

o 4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

—5 Let those, who sow in sadness, wait
Till the fair harvest come;
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
• And shout the blessings home.

—6 Though seed lie buried long in dust,
It shan't deceive their hope;
• The precious grain can ne'er be lost,
For grace insures the crop.

PSALM 127. L. M. *Portugal.* [*]

Success and Happiness from God.

1 IF God succeed not, all the cost,
And pains, to build the house, are lost;
If God the city will not keep,
The watchful guards as well may sleep.

2 What if you rise before the sun,
And work and toil when day is done;
Careful and sparing eat your bread,
To shun that poverty you dread;—

3 'Tis all in vain, till God hath blest:
He can make rich, yet give us rest;
Children and friends are blessings too,
If God our Sovereign make them so.

4 Happy the man, to whom he sends
Obedient children, faithful friends:
How sweet our daily comforts prove,
When they are seasoned with his love!

C. M. *Plymouth.* [b]

God all in all.

1 [IF God to build the house deny,
The builders work in vain;
And towns, without his wakeful eye,
A useless watch maintain.

2 Before the morning beams arise,
Your painful work renew,

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And, till the stars ascend the skies,
Your tiresome toil pursue.

3 Short be your sleep, and coarse your fare,
In vain, till God has blest;
But if his smiles attend your care,
You shall have food and rest.

4 Nor children, relatives, nor friends,
Shall real blessings prove,
Nor all the earthly joys he sends,
If sent without his love.]

PSALM 128. C. M. *Devizes.* [*]

Family Blessings.

1 O HAPPY man, whose soul is filled
With zeal and reverend awe!
His lips to God their honours yield,
His life adorns the law.

2 A careful providence shall stand,
And ever guard thy head;
Shall on the labours of thy hand
Its kindly blessings shed.

3 Thy wife shall be a fruitful vine;
Thy children round thy board,
Each like a plant of honour shine,
And learn to fear the Lord.

4 The Lord shall thy best hopes fulfil,
For months and years to come;
The Lord, who dwells on Zion's hill,
Shall send the blessings home.

5 This is the man, whose happy eyes
Shall see his house increase;
Shall see the sinking church arise,
Then leave the world in peace.

PSALM 129. C. M. *Mear.* [*]

Persecutors punished.

1 UP from my youth, may Israel say,
Have I been nursed in tears;
My griefs were constant as the day,
And tedious as the years.

2 Up from my youth, I bore the rage
Of all the sons of strife;
Oft they assailed my riper age,
But not destroyed my life.

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3 Their cruel plough hath torn my flesh,
With furrows long and deep;
Hourly they vexed my wounds afresh;
Nor let my sorrows sleep.

4 The Lord grew angry on his throne,
And with impartial eye,
Measured the mischiefs they had done,
And let his arrows fly.

5 How was their insolence surprised
To hear his thunders roll!
And all the foes of Zion seized
With horror to the soul.

6 Thus shall the men, who hate the saints,
Be blasted from the sky;
Their glory fades, their courage faints,
And all their projects die.

7 [What though they flourish tall and fair,
They have no root beneath:
Their growth shall perish in despair,
And lie despised in death.

8 So corn that on the house-top stands,
No hope of harvest gives;
The reaper ne'er shall fill his hands,
Nor binder fold the sheaves.

9 It springs and withers on the place:
No traveller bestows
A word of blessing on the grass,
Nor minds it as he goes.]

PSALM 130. C. M. *Abridge. Sunday.* [*]

Pardoning Grace.

e 1 OUT of the deeps of long distress,
The borders of despair,
I sent my cries to seek thy grace,
My groans to move thine ear.

a 2 Great God, should thy severer eye,
And thine impartial hand,
Mark and revenge iniquity,
No mortal flesh could stand.

—3 But there are pardons with my God,
For crimes of high degree;
Thy Son has bought them with his blood,
To draw us near to thee.

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4 [I wait for thy salvation, Lord,
With strong desires I wait;
My soul, invited by thy word,
Stands watching at thy gate.]

e 5 (Just as the guards that keep the night
Long for the morning skies,
Watch the first beams of breaking light,
And meet them with their eyes;—

6 So waits my soul to see thy grace,
And more intent than they,
Meets the first openings of thy face,
And finds a brighter day.)

o 7 Then in the Lord let Israel trust,
Let Israel seek his face;
The Lord is good as well as just,
And plenteous is his grace.

o 8 There's full redemption at his throne,
For sinners long enslaved;
The great Redeemer is his Son;
And Israel shall be saved.

L. M. *Bath. Armley.* [*]

Pardoning Grace.

a 1 FROM deep distress, and troubled thoughts,
To thee, my God, I raise my cries:
If thou severely mark our faults,
No flesh can stand before thine eyes.

—2 But thou hast built thy throne of grace,
Free to dispense thy pardons there;
That sinners may approach thy face,
And hope and love, as well as fear.

e 3 As the benighted pilgrims wait,
And long and wish for breaking day,
So waits my soul before thy gate;
When will my God his face display?

o 4 My trust is fixed upon thy word,
Nor shall I trust thy word in vain;
Let mourning souls address the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.

g 5 Great is his love, and large his grace,
Through the redemption of his Son;
He turns our feet from sinful ways,
And pardons what our hands have done.

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PSALM 131. C. M. *York.* [b]

Humility and Submission.

e 1 IS there ambition in my heart?
Search, gracious God, and see;
Or do I act a haughty part?
Lord, I appeal to thee.

a 2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
And all my carriage mild;
Content, my Father, with thy will,
And quiet as a child.

—3 The patient soul, the lowly mind,
Shall have a large reward;
Let saints in sorrow lie resigned,
And trust a faithful Lord.

PSALM 132. L. M. *Leeds.* [*]

Ver. 5, 13—18. *The House of God.*

1 WHERE shall we go, to seek and find
A habitation for our God?
A dwelling for th' Eternal Mind,
Among the sons of flesh and blood?

o 2 The God of Jacob chose the hill
Of Zion for his ancient rest;
And Zion is his dwelling still;
His church is with his presence blest.

—3 Here will I fix my gracious throne,
And reign forever, saith the Lord;
o Here shall my power and love be known,
And blessings shall attend my word.

e 4 Here will I meet the hungry poor,
And fill their souls with living bread:
Sinners who wait before my door,
With sweet provision shall be fed.

—5 Girded with truth, and clothed with grace
My priests, my ministers shall shine:
Not Aaron in his costly dress,
Made an appearance so divine.

e 6 The saints, unable to contain
Their inward joys, shall shout and sing;
The Son of David here shall reign,
And Zion triumph in her King.

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7 [Jesus shall see a numerous seed,
Born here t' uphold his glorious name;
His crown shall flourish on his head,
While all his foes are clothed with shame.]

C. M. *Christmas. Swanwick.* [*]

V. 4, 5, 7, 8, 15—17. *God's Presence the Glory of His House.*

1 [NO sleep nor slumber to his eyes
Good David would afford,
Till he had found below the skies,
A dwelling for the Lord.

2 The Lord in Zion placed his name,
His ark was settled there:
To Zion the whole nation came,
To worship thrice a year.

3 But we have no such lengths to go,
Nor wander far abroad;
Where'er thy saints assemble now,
There is a house for God.]

PAUSE.

o 4 Arise, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest;
e Lo! thy church waits with longing eyes,
Thus to be owned and blessed.

e 5 Enter, with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain,
Could no such grace afford.

—6 Here, mighty God, accept our vows;
Here let thy praise be spread:
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

o 7 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and power divine.

g 8 Here let him hold a lasting throne;
And, as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honours shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

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PSALM 133. C. M. *Hymn 2d. St. Ann's.* [*]

Brotherly Love.

1 LO, what an entertaining sight,
Are brethren who agree!
Brethren whose cheerful hearts unite,
In bands of piety!

b 2 When streams of love from Christ the spring,
Descend to every soul,
And heavenly peace, with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole.

3 'Tis like the oil, divinely sweet,
On Aaron's reverend head;
The trickling drops perfumed his feet,
And o'er his garments spread.

o 4 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews,
That fall on Zion's hill;
Where God his mildest glory shews,
And makes his grace distil.

S. M. *Peckham.* [*]

Union and Peace.

b 1 BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one;
Whose kind designs to serve and please,
Through all their actions run.

o 2 Blest is the pious house,
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus, when on Aaron's head,
They poured the rich perfume,
The oil through all his raiment spread,
And pleasure filled the room.

e 4 Thus on the heavenly hills,
The saints are blest above;
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

P. M. *Dalston.* [*]

The Blessings of Friendship.

b 1 HOW pleasant 'tis to see
Kindred and friends agree!
Each in their proper station move;—
And each fulfill their part,

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With sympathizing heart,
In all the cares of life and love!

2 'Tis like the ointment, shed
On Aaron's sacred head,
Divinely rich, divinely sweet!
The oil through all the room
Diffused a choice perfume,
Ran through his robes, and blest his feet.

o 3 Like fruitful showers of rain,
That water all the plain,
Descending from the neighbouring hills;
Such streams of pleasure roll
Through every friendly soul,
Where love like heavenly dew distils.

PSALM 134. C. M. *Devizes.* [*]

Daily and Nightly Devotion.

1 YE who obey th' immortal King,
Attend his holy place;
e Bow to the glories of his power,
And bless his wondrous grace.

o 2 Lift up your hands by morning light,
And send your souls on high;
o Raise your admiring thoughts by night,
Above the starry sky.

o 3 The God of Zion cheers our hearts,
With rays of quickening grace;
g The God who spread the heavens abroad,
And rules the swelling seas.

PSALM 135. L.M. First Part. *All-Saints.* [*]

V. 1—4, 14, 19—21. *The Church God's House and Care*

1 PRAISE ye the Lord; exalt his name,
While in his holy courts ye wait,
Ye saints, who to his house belong,
Or stand attending at his gate.

2 Praise ye the Lord; the Lord is good;
To praise his name is sweet employ;
Israel he chose of old, and still
His church is his peculiar joy.

e 3 The Lord himself will judge his saints;
He treats his servants as his friends:

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And, when he hears their sore complaints,
Repents the sorrows that he sends.

o 4 Through every age, the Lord declares
His name, and breaks th' oppressor's rod;
He gives his suffering servants rest,
g And will be known th' Almighty God.

o 5 Bless him, all ye who taste his love;
People and priests, exalt his name:
Amongst his saints he ever dwells;
His church is his Jerusalem.

L. M. Second Part. *Psalm 97th. Blendon.* [*]

V. 5—12. *Creation, Providence, and Redemption.*

1 GREAT is the Lord, exalted high,
Above all powers and every throne;
Whate'er he please, in earth or sea,
Or heaven or hell, his hand hath done.

2 At his command the vapours rise,
The lightnings flash, the thunders roar!
He pours the rain, he brings the wind
And tempest from his airy store!

a 3 'Twas he those dreadful tokens sent,
O Egypt, through thy stubborn land!
When all thy first-born, beasts and men,
Fell dead by his avenging hand!

e 4 What mighty nations, mighty kings,
He slew, and their whole country gave
To Israel, whom his hand redeemed,
No more to be proud Pharaoh's slave!

g 5 His power the same, the same his grace,
That saves us from the hosts of hell;
And heaven he gives us to possess,
Whence those apostate angels fell.

C. M. *Hartford.* [*]

Praise due to God, not to Idols.

1 AWAKE, ye saints, to praise your King,
Your sweetest passions raise;
Your pious pleasure, while you sing,
Increasing with the praise.

e 2 Great is the Lord; and works unknown
Are his divine employ:

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e But still his saints are near his throne,
His treasure and his joy.

g 3 Heaven, earth, and sea confess his hand;
He bids the vapours rise;
Lightning and storm, at his command,
Sweep through the sounding skies.

—4 All power, that kings or gods have claimed,
Is found with him alone:

e But heathen gods should ne'er be named,
Where our JEHOVAH'S known.

e 5 Which of the stocks or stones they trust,
Can give them showers of rain?
In vain they worship glittering dust,
And pray to gold in vain.

d 6 [Their gods have tongues that cannot talk,
Such as their makers gave;
Their feet were ne'er designed to walk,
Nor hands have power to save.

7 Blind are their eyes; their ears are deaf,
Nor hear when mortals pray:
Mortals that wait for their relief,
Are blind and deaf as they.]

—8 Ye saints, adore the living God,
Serve him with faith and fear;

e He makes the churches his abode,
And claims your honours there.

PSALM 136. C. M. *Mear.* [*]

Wondrous Works of God.

1 [GIVE thanks to God, the sovereign Lord:
His mercies still endure;
And be the King of kings adored;
His truth is ever sure.

2 What wonders hath his wisdom done!
How mighty is his hand!
Heaven, earth, and sea he framed alone:
How wide is his command!

3 The sun supplies the day with light:
How bright his counsels shine!
The moon and stars adorn the night·
His works are all divine.

4 (He struck the sons of Egypt dead
How mighty is his rod!

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And thence with joy his people led:
How gracious is our God!

5 He cleft the swelling sea in two;
His arm is great in might:
And gave the tribes a passage through;
His power and grace unite.

6 But Pharaoh's army there he drowned;
How glorious are his ways!
And brought his saints through desert ground;
Eternal be his praise.

7 Great monarchs fell beneath his hand;
Victorious is his sword;
While Israel took the promised land:
How faithful is his word!)

8 He saw the nations dead in sin;
He felt his pity move;
How sad the state the world was in!
How boundless was his love!

9 He sent to save us from our woe;
(His goodness never fails;)
From death and hell, and every foe;
And still his grace prevails.

10 Give thanks to God, the heavenly King;
His mercies still endure:
Let the whole earth his praises sing;
His truth is ever sure.]

PSALM 136. P. M. *Allerton.* [*]

Praise for Divine Perfections and Works.

1 GIVE thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord;
The sovereign King of kings;
And be his grace adored.
d His power and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

—2 How mighty is his hand!
What wonders he hath done!
He formed the earth and seas,
And spread the heavens alone.
d Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure

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And ever sure
Abides thy word.

—3 His wisdom framed the sun,
To crown the day with light:
The moon and twinkling stars,
To cheer the darksome night.
d His power and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

—4 [He smote the first-born sons,
The flower of Egypt, dead;
And thence his chosen tribes
With joy and glory led.
d Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

—5 His power, and lifted rod,
Cleft the Red Sea in two;
And for his people made
A wondrous passage through.
d His power and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

o 6 But cruel Pharaoh there,
With all his host he drowned;
And brought his Israel safe,
Through a long desert ground
e Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

PAUSE.

—7 The kings of Canaan fell
Beneath his dreadful hand;
While his own servants took
Possession of their land.
d His power and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.]

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a 8 He saw the nations lie
All perishing in sin;
And pitied the sad state
The ruined world was in
d Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

o 9 He sent his only Son,
To save us from our woe;
From Satan, sin, and death,
And every hurtful foe.
d His power and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

s 10 Give thanks aloud to God,
To God the heavenly King;
And let the spacious earth
His works and glories sing.
d Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

L. M. *Truro.* [*]

Creation, Providence, and Grace.

1 GIVE to our God immortal praise:
Mercy and truth are all his ways:
d Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your song.

—2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown;
d His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more

—3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fixed the starry lights on high.
d Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your song.

—4 He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night:
d His mercies ever shall endure,
When suns and moons shall shine no more.

—5 (The Jews he freed from Pharaoh's hand,
And brought them to the promised land;

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d Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your song.)

e 6 (He saw the Gentiles dead in sin,
And felt his pity work within;
d His mercies ever shall endure,
When death and sin shall reign no more.)

o 7 He sent his Son with power to save,
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave;
d Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your song.

—8 Through this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heavenly seat:
d His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

PSALM 138. L. M. *Quercy.* [*]

Restoring and Preserving Grace.

1 WITH all my powers of heart and tongue,
I'll praise my Maker in my song;
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.

e 2 Angels, who make the church their care,
Shall witness my devotion there;
While holy zeal directs my eyes
To thy fair temple in the skies.

—3 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord;
I'll sing the wonders of thy word;
Not all the works and names below,
So much thy power and glory show.

e 4 [To God I cried when troubles rose:
He heard me and subdued my foes:
o He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffused through all my soul.

g 5 The God of heaven maintains his state,
Frowns on the proud, and scorns the great·
e But from his throne descends to see
The sons of humble poverty.]

e 6 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand;
—Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

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e 7 Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrow or from sins;
The work that wisdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

PSALM 139. L. M. 1st Pt. *Bath. Geneva.*[*]

The All-seeing God.

c 1 LORD, thou hast searched and seen me through·
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh with all their powers.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

p 3 Within thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find thy hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 [Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5 "O may these thoughts possess my breast,
"Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
"Nor let my weaker passions dare
"Consent to sin; for God is there."

PAUSE 1.

6 Could I so false, so faithless prove,
To quit thy service and thy love;
Where, Lord, could I thy presence shun,
Or from thy dreadful glory run?]

—7 If up to heaven I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthroned in light;
a Or dive to hell, there vengeance reigns,
And Satan groans beneath thy chains.

—8 If, mounted on a morning ray,
I fly beyond the Western sea;
o Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.

—9 Or should I try to shun thy sight,
Beneath the spreading veil of night;
One glance of thine, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day

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10 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin; for God is there!

PAUSE II.

11 [The veil of night is no disguise;—
No screen from thy all-searching eyes:
Thy hand can seize thy foes as soon,
Through midnight shades, as blazing noon.

12 Midnight and noon in this agree,—
Great God, they're both alike to thee:
Not death can hide what God will spy;
And hell lies naked to his eye.

13 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin; for God is there!]

L. M. SECOND PART. *Portugal.* [*]

The wonderful Formation of Man.

1 'TWAS from thy hand, my God, I came,
A work of such a curious frame;
In me thy fearful wonders shine,
And each proclaims thy skill divine.

2 Thine eyes did all my limbs survey,
Which yet in dark confusion lay;
Thou saw'st the daily growth they took,
Formed by the model of thy book.

3 [By thee my growing parts were named,
And what thy sovereign counsel framed,
(The breathing lungs, the beating heart,)
Was copied with unerring art.]

4 At last to show my Maker's name,
God stamped his image on my frame!
And in some unknown moment joined
The finished members to the mind.

5 [There the young seeds of thought began,
And all the passions of the man:
Great God, our infant nature pays
Immortal tribute to thy praise.]

PAUSE.

6 Lord, since, in my advancing age,
I've acted on life's busy stage,

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Thy thoughts of love to me surmount
The power of numbers to recount.

7 I could survey the ocean o'er,
And count each sand that makes the shore
Before my swiftest thoughts could trace
The numerous wonders of thy grace.

8 These on my heart are still impressed;
With these I give my eyes to rest;
And at my waking hour I find
God and his love possess my mind.

L. M. Third Part. *Bath.* [*]

Sincerity professed, and Grace tried.

1 [MY God, what inward grief I feel,
When impious men transgress thy will!
I mourn to hear their lips profane
Take thy tremendous name in vain.

2 Does not my soul detest and hate
The sons of malice and deceit?
Those that oppose thy laws and thee,
I count them enemies to me.

e 3 Lord, search my soul, try every thought:
Though my own heart accuse me not
Of walking in a false disguise,
I beg the trial of thine eyes.

4 Doth secret mischief lurk within?
Do I indulge some unknown sin?
—O turn my feet, whene'er I stray,
And lead me in thy perfect way.]

C. M. First Part. *Wantage.* [b]

God's Omnipresence and Omniscience

e 1 IN all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest;
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

—3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean

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4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide!
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

o 5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

PAUSE. *Windsor.*

a 6 Lord, where shall guilty souls retire,
Forgotten and unknown?
In hell they meet thy dreadful fire,—
In heaven thy glorious throne.

e 7 Should I suppress my vital breath,
To 'scape the wrath divine;
o Thy voice could break the bars of death,
And make the grave resign.

—8 If, winged with beams of morning light,
I fly beyond the West;
Thy hand, which must support my flight,
Would soon betray my rest.

9 If o'er my sins I think to draw
The curtains of the night;
o Those flaming eyes that guard thy law,
Would turn the shades to light.

g 10 The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
Are both alike to thee:
e O may I ne'er provoke that Power,
From which I cannot flee.

C. M. SECOND PART. *Colchester.* [*]

Wisdom of God in the Formation of Man.

1 WHEN I, with pleasing wonder, stand,
And all my frame survey,
Lord, 'tis thy work! I own thy hand
Thus built my humble clay.

2 Thy hand my heart and reins possessed,
Where unborn nature grew;
Thy wisdom all my features traced,
And all my members drew

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3 Thine eye with nicest care surveyed
The growth of every part;
Till the whole scheme thy thoughts had laid,
Was copied by thy art.

o 4 Heaven, earth, and sea, and fire, and wind,
Show me thy wondrous skill;
But I review myself, and find
e Diviner wonders still.

g 5 Thy awful glories round me shine;
My flesh proclaims thy praise:
Lord, to thy works of nature join
Thy miracles of grace.

C. M. Third Part. *York.* [*]

The Mercies of God innumerable.

1 LORD, when I count thy mercies o'er,
They strike me with surprise;
o Not all the sands that spread the shore
To equal numbers rise.

e 2 My flesh with fear and wonder stands—
The product of thy skill;
o And hourly blessings from thy hands
Thy thoughts of love reveal.

—3 These on my heart by night I keep;
e How kind, how dear to me!
o O may the hour that ends my sleep,
Still find my thoughts with thee.

PSALM 141. L. M. *Worship. Dresden.* [*]

Ver. 2, 3, 4, 5. *Watchfulness and Brotherly Love.*

1 MY God, accept my early vows,
Like morning incense in thy house;
And let my nightly worship rise,
Sweet as the evening sacrifice.

e 2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
From every rash and heedless word:
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty path where sinners lead.

3 O may the righteous, when I stray,
Smite and reprove my wandering way!
o Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head

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e 4 When I behold them pressed with grief,
I'll cry to heaven for their relief;
—And, by my warm petitions, prove
How much I prize their faithful love.

PSALM 142. C. M. *Isle of Wight.* [b]

God the Hope of the Helpless.

1 TO God I made my sorrows known,
From God I sought relief;
In long complaints, before his throne,
I poured out all my grief.

p 2 My soul was overwhelmed with woes,
My heart began to break;
My God, who all my burden knows,
He knows the way I take.

3 On every side I cast mine eye,
And found my helpers gone;
While friends and strangers passed me by,
Neglected and unknown.

o 4 Then did I raise a louder cry,
And called thy mercy near;
d "Thou art my portion when I die,—
"Be thou my refuge here."

e 5 Lord, I am brought exceeding low,
— Now let thine ear attend;
And make my foes, who vex me, know
I've an Almighty Friend.

6 From my sad prison set me free,
o Then shall I praise thy name;
And holy men shall join with me,
Thy kindness to proclaim.

PSALM 143. L. M. *Geneva.* [b]

Complaint and Hope.

a 1 MY righteous Judge, my gracious God,
Hear, when I spread my hands abroad,
And cry for succour from thy throne;
O make thy truth and mercy known.

e 2 [Let judgment not against me pass;
Behold thy servant pleads thy grace.
Should justice call us to thy bar,
No man alive is guiltless there.

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3 Look down in pity, Lord, and see
The mighty woes that burden me;
Down to the dust my life is brought,
Like one long buried and forgot.]

p 4 I dwell in darkness and unseen;
My heart is desolate within:
My thoughts in musing silence trace
The ancient wonders of thy grace.

—5 Thence I derive a glimpse of hope,
To bear my sinking spirits up;
I stretch my hand to God again,
And thirst, like parched lands for rain.

c 6 [For thee I thirst, I pray, I mourn;
When will thy smiling face return?
Shall all my joys on earth remove?
And God forever hide his love?]

p 7 My God, thy long delay to save
Will sink thy prisoner to the grave:
My heart grows faint, and dim mine eye;
—Make haste to help—before I die.

p 8 [The night is witness to my tears;
Distressing pains, distressing fears!
—O might I hear thy morning voice,
How would my weary soul rejoice!]

9 In thee I trust, to thee I sigh,—
And lift my weary soul on high:
For thee sit waiting all the day,—
And wear the tiresome hours away.

10 Break off my fetters, Lord, and show,
Which is the path my feet should go;
If snares and foes beset the road,
p I flee to hide me near my God.

—11 Teach me to do thy holy will,
And lead me to thy heavenly hill,
Let the good Spirit of thy love
Conduct me to thy courts above.

12 [Then shall my soul no more complain;
The tempter then shall rage in vain:
And flesh, that was my foe before,
Shall never vex my spirit more.]

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PSALM 144. C. M. First Part. *Bedford.* [*]

V. 1, 2. *Aid and Victory in Spiritual Warfare.*

1 FOREVER blessed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my Shield;
He sends his Spirit with his word,
To arm me for the field.

2 When sin and hell their force unite,
He makes my soul his care;
Instructs me to the heavenly fight,
And guards me through the war.

3 A Friend and Helper, so divine,
Doth my weak courage raise:
He makes the glorious victory mine;
And his shall be the praise.

C. M. Second Part. *Reading.* [b]

V. 3, 4, 5, 6. *Vanity of Man, and Condescension of God.*

p 1 LORD, what is man, poor feeble man,
Born of the earth at first!
His life a shadow, light and vain,
Still hasting to the dust!

2 O what is feeble, dying man,
Or any of his race,
—That God should make it his concern,
To visit him with grace!

g 3 That God, who darts his lightnings down!
Who shakes the worlds above!
And mountains tremble at his frown—
How wondrous is his love!

L. M. *Shoel.* [*]

V. 12—15. *The happy City and Nation.*

1 HAPPY the city where their sons,
Like pillars round a palace set,
And daughters, bright as polished stones,
Give strength and beauty to the state.

2 Happy the country, where the sheep,
Cattle, and corn, have large increase;
Where men securely work or sleep,
Nor sons of plunder break their peace.

3 Happy the nation thus endowed;
But more divinely blest are those,

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On whom the all-sufficient God
Himself, with all his grace, bestows.

PSALM 145. L. M. *Green's. Nantwich.* [*]

The Greatness of God.

1 MY God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.

u 2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty, done for thee.

—3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim;
Thy bounty flows, an endless stream:
Thy mercy swift; thine anger slow,—
e But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

g 4 Thy works with sovereign glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine;
Let every realm with joy proclaim
The sound and honour of thy name.

o 5 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise;
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and labour of their tongue.

e 6 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
—Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds:
g Vast—and unsearchable thy ways,
Vast—and immortal be thy praise.

C. M. First Part. *Barby. Mitcham.* [*]

Ver. 1—7, 11—13. *The Greatness of God.*

o 1 LONG as I live I'll bless thy name,
My King, my God of love;
My work and joy shall be the same,
In the bright world above.

—2 Great is the Lord; his power unknown;
And let his praise be great:
I'll sing the honours of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.

o 3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue;
And while my lips rejoice,

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The men, who hear my sacred song,
Shall join their cheerful voice.

—4 Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways;
e Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.

u 5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
Shall through the world be known;
Thine arm of power, thy heavenly state,
With public splendour shown.

g 6 The world is managed by thy hands;
Thy saints are ruled by love;
And thine eternal kingdom stands,—
Though rocks and hills remove.

C. M. Second Part. *Swanwick.* [*]

Ver. 7, &c. *The Goodness of God.*

o 1 SWEET is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King;
Let age to age thy righteousness,
In sounds of glory sing.

—2 God reigns on high; but ne'er confines
His goodness to the skies:
e Through the whole earth his bounty shines,
And every want supplies.

e 3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food;
o Thy liberal hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouth with good.

e 4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
e How slow thine anger moves!
o But soon he sends his pardoning word,
To cheer the souls he loves.

e 5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy power and praise proclaim;
But saints, who taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

C. M. Third Part. *Sunday.* [*]

Ver. 14—17, &c. *Mercy to Sufferers.*

1 LET every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sovereign Lord of all!

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Thy strengthening hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor who fall.

2 When sorrow bows the spirit down,—
Or virtue lies distressed,
Beneath some proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourners rest.

3 The Lord supports our tottering days,
And guides our giddy youth;
Holy and just are all his ways,
And all his words are truth.

4 He knows the pain his servants feel;
He hears his children cry:
And, their best wishes to fulfill,
His grace is ever nigh.

5 His mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere:
He saves the souls, whose humble love
Is joined with holy fear.

6 [His stubborn foes his sword shall slay,
And pierce their hearts with pain;
But none, who serve the Lord, shall say,
They sought the Lord in vain.

7 My lips shall dwell upon his praise,
And spread his fame abroad;
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honours of their God.]

PSALM 146. L. M. *Old Hundred.* [*]

Praise for Divine Goodness and Truth.

1 [PRAISE ye the Lord; my heart shall join
In work so pleasant, so divine,
Now, while the flesh is mine abode,
And when my soul ascends to God.

2 Praise shall employ my noblest powers,
While immortality endures;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last.

3 Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die, and turn to dust:
Their breath departs, their pomp and power,
And thoughts all vanish in an hour.]

4 Happy the man, whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: He made the sky,

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And earth and seas, with all their train;
And none shall find his promise vain.

5 His truth forever stands secure;
He saves th' oppressed, he feeds the poor;
He sends the labouring conscience peace,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

6 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless.

—7 He loves his saints; he knows them well
But turns the wicked down to hell:
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

P. M. *St. Helen's.* [*]

Praise for Divine Goodness and Truth.

1 I'LL praise my Maker with my breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
—My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die, and turn to dust:
Vain is the help of flesh and blood:
Their breath departs, their pomp and power,
And thoughts all vanish in an hour;
Nor can they make their promise good.

3 Happy the man, whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: He made the sky,
And earth and seas, with all their train
—His truth forever stands secure;
He saves th' oppressed, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

4 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He sends the labouring conscience peace:
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

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—5 He loves his saints; he knows them well;
e But turns the wicked down to hell:
o Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns:
o Let every tongue, let every age,
In this exalted work engage:
Praise him in everlasting strains.

s 6 I'll praise him while he lends me breath;
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.

PSALM 147. L. M. 1st Pt. *Old Hundred.* [*]

Divine Nature, Providence, and Grace.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord: 'tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in his praise;
His nature and his works invite,
To make this duty our delight.

2 The Lord builds up Jerusalem,
And gathers nations to his name;
His mercy melts the stubborn soul,
And makes the broken spirit whole.

3 He formed the stars, those heavenly flames!
He counts their numbers, calls their names!
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,—
A deep where all our thoughts are drowned!

4 Great is the Lord, and great his might,
And all his glories infinite:
He crowns the meek, rewards the just,
And treads the wicked to the dust.

PAUSE *Castle Street.*

5 Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
Who spreads his clouds all round the sky;
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

6 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens, when they cry.

7 What is the creature's skill or force,
The sprightly man, the warlike horse,

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The nimble wit, the active limb!
All are too mean delights for him.

8 But saints are lovely in his sight;
He views his children with delight:
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
And looks, and loves his image there.

L. M. Second Part. *Portugal.* [*]

Summer and Winter.

1 [LET Zion praise the mighty God,
And make his honours known abroad:
For sweet the joy—our songs to raise;
And glorious is the work of praise.

2 Our children are secure and blest;
Our shores have peace, our cities rest;
He feeds our sons with finest wheat,
And adds his blessing to their meat.

3 The changing seasons he ordains,
The early and the latter rains:
The flakes of snow, like wool, he sends,
And thus the springing corn defends.

4 With hoary frost he strews the ground;
His hail descends with clattering sound
Where is the man so vainly bold,
As dare defy his dreadful cold!

5 He bids the southern breezes blow;
The ice dissolves, the waters flow:
But he hath nobler works and ways,
To call his people to his praise.

6 To all our land his laws are shown,
His gospel through the nation known:
He hath not thus revealed his word
To every land:—Praise ye the Lord.]

C. M. *Hartford.* [*]

Ver. 7—9, 13—18. *The Seasons of the Year.*

o 1 WITH songs and honours, sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high:
Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.

b 2 He sends his showers of blessings down,
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.

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o 3 He gives the grazing ox his meat;
He hears the ravens cry:
But man, who tastes his finest wheat,
Should raise his honours high.

e 4 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.

5 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground:
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

o 6 When from his dreadful stores on high
He pours the rattling hail,
The wretch who dares his God defy,
Shall find his courage fail.

b 7 He sends his word and melts the snow;
The fields no longer mourn:
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

o 8 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word:
g With songs and honours sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

PSALM 148. P. M. *Triumph.* [*]

Praise to God from all Creatures.

o 1 YE tribes of Adam join
With heaven and earth and seas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praise.
Ye holy throng
Of angels bright,
In worlds of light,
Begin the song.

— 2 [Thou sun, with dazzling rays,
And moon, that rul'st the night,
Shine to your Maker's praise,—
With stars of twinkling light.
His power declare,
Ye floods on high,
And clouds that fly
In empty air.]

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— 3 The shining worlds above
In glorious order stand,
Or in swift courses move,
By his supreme command.
o He spake the word,—
And all their frame
From nothing came,
To praise the Lord.

g 4 He moved their mighty wheels,
In unknown ages past;
And each his word fulfills,
While time and nature last.
In different ways,
His works proclaim
His wondrous name,
And speak his praise.

PAUSE.

— 5 [Let all the earth-born race,
And monsters of the deep,—
And fish that cleave the seas,
Or in their bosom sleep,—
From sea and shore
Their tribute pay;
And still display
Their Maker's power.

6 Ye vapours, hail and snow,
Praise ye th' Almighty Lord,
And stormy winds, that blow
To execute his word.
When lightnings shine,
And thunders roar,
Let earth adore
His hand divine.

7 Ye mountains near the skies,
With lofty cedars there,
And trees of humbler size,
That fruit in plenty bear;—
Beasts wild and tame,
Birds, flies, and worms,
In various forms,—
Exalt his name.]

s 8 Ye kings and judges, fear
The Lord, the sovereign King;

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And while you rule us here,
His heavenly honours sing:
Nor let the dream
Of power and state,
Make you forget
His power supreme.

o 9 Virgins and youths, engage
To sound his praise divine;
e While infancy and age
Their feebler voices join:
o Wide as he reigns
His name be sung,
By every tongue,
In endless strains:

g 10 Let all the nations fear
The God who rules above;
He brings his people near,
And makes them taste his love:
While earth and sky
Attempt his praise,
His saints shall raise
His honours high.

L. M. Paraphrased. *Old Hundred.* [*]

Universal Praise to God.

g 1 LOUD hallelujahs to the Lord,
From distant worlds where creatures dwell;
Let heaven begin the solemn word,
And sound it dreadful—down to hell.

[Note. *This Psalm may be sung to a different metre by adding the two following lines to every stanza, viz.*

Each of his works his name displays,
But they can ne'er fulfill his praise.]

2 [The Lord—how absolute he reigns!
Let every angel bend the knee:
Sing of his love in heavenly strains;
And speak how fierce his terrors be.

3 High on a throne his glories dwell,—
An awful throne of shining bliss;
e Fly through the world, O sun, and tell
How dark thy beams compared to his

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4 [Awake, ye tempests, and his fame,
In sounds of dreadful praise declare;
And the sweet whisper of his name,
Fill every gentler breeze of air.

5 Let clouds, and winds, and waves agree
To join their praise with blazing fire;
Let the firm earth, and rolling sea,
In this eternal song conspire.

6 Ye flowery plains, proclaim his skill;
Valleys, lie low before his eye;
And let his praise, from every hill,
Rise tuneful to the neighbouring sky.

7 Ye stubborn oaks, and stately pines,
Bend your high branches, and adore;
Praise him, ye beasts, in different strains;
The lamb must bleat, the lion roar.

8 Birds, ye must make his praise your theme;
Nature demands a song from you;
While the dumb fish, that cut the stream,
Leap up and mean his praises too.]

9 Mortals, can you refrain your tongue,
When nature all around you sings;
O for a shout—from old and young,—
From humble swains, and lofty kings.

10 Wide—as his vast dominion lies—
Make the Creator's name be known:
Loud—as his thunder—shout his praise,
And sound it lofty—as his throne.

11 JEHOVAH—'tis a glorious word—
O may it dwell on every tongue!
But saints, who best have known the Lord,
Are bound to raise the noblest song.

12 Speak of the wonders of that love,
Which Gabriel plays on every chord!
From all below and all above,
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord.

S. M. *St. Thomas's.* [*]

Universal Praise.

1 LET every creature join,
To praise th' eternal God;
Ye heavenly hosts, the song begin,
And sound his name abroad

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2 Thou sun, with golden beams,
And moon, with paler rays,
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praise.

3 He built those worlds above,
And fixed their wondrous frame;
By his command they stand or move,
And ever speak his name.

4 Ye vapours, when you rise,
Or fall in showers, or snow,—
Ye thunders, murmuring round the skies,
His power and glory show.

5 Wind, hail, and flashing fire,
Agree to praise the Lord,—
When ye in dreadful storms conspire,
To execute his word.

6 By all his works above
His honours be expressed;
But saints, who taste his saving love,
Should sing his praises best.

PAUSE 1.

7 Let earth and ocean know,
They owe their Maker praise:
Praise him, ye watery worlds below,
And monsters of the seas.

8 From mountains near the sky,
Let his high praise resound;
From humble shrubs, and cedars high,
And vales and fields around.

9 Ye lions of the wood,
And tamer beasts that graze,—
Ye live upon his daily food,
And he expects your praise.

10 Ye birds of lofty wing,
On high his praises bear;
Or sit on flowery boughs, and sing
Your Maker's glory there.

11 Ye creeping ants and worms,
His various wisdom show;
And flies in all your shining swarms,
Praise him who dressed you so.

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12 By all the earth-born race,
His honours be expressed:—
But saints, who know his heavenly grace,
Should learn to praise him best.

PAUSE II.

13 Monarchs of wide command,
Praise ye th' eternal King:
Judges, adore that sovereign hand,
Whence all your honours spring.

14 Let vigorous youth engage,
To sound his praises high:
While growing babes, and withering age,
Their feebler voices try.

15 United zeal be shown
His wondrous fame to raise:
God is the Lord: his name alone
Deserves our endless praise.

16 Let nature join with art,
And all pronounce him blest:
But saints, who dwell so near his heart,
Should sing his praises best.]

PSALM 149. C. M. *Arundel.* [*]

The Saints judging the World.

1 ALL ye who love the Lord, rejoice,
And let your songs be new;
Amidst the church, with cheerful voice,
His later wonders shew.

2 The Jews, the people of his grace,
Shall their Redeemer sing;
And Gentile nations join the praise,
While Zion owns her King.

3 The Lord takes pleasure in the just,
Whom sinners treat with scorn:
The meek, who lie despised in dust,
Salvation shall adorn.

4 Saints should be joyful in their King,
Ev'n on a dying bed;
And, like the souls in glory, sing
For God shall raise the dead.

5 Then his high praise shall fill their tongues,
Their hands shall wield the sword

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And vengeance shall attend their songs,—
The vengeance of the Lord.

6 When Christ his judgment seat ascends,
And bids the world appear,
Thrones are prepared for all his friends,
Who humbly loved him here.

7 [Then shall they rule, with iron rod,
Nations that dared rebel:
And join the sentence of their God,
On tyrants doomed to hell.

8 The royal sinners, bound in chains,
New triumphs shall afford:
Such honour for the saints remains:—
Praise ye and love the Lord.]

PSALM 150. C. M. *Doxology.* [*]

Ver. 1, 2, 6. *A Song of Praise.*

1 IN God's own house pronounce his praise;
His grace he there reveals:
To heaven your joy and wonder raise;
For there his glory dwells.

2 Let all your sacred passions move,
While you rehearse his deeds:
But the great work of saving love
Your highest praise exceeds.

3 All that have motion, life, and breath,
Proclaim your Maker blest;
Yet when my voice expires in death,
My soul shall praise him best.

THE CHRISTIAN DOXOLOGY.

L. M.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth and all in heaven.

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C. M.

LET God,—the Father and the Son
And Spirit,—be adored;
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

C. M.

Where the tune includes two stanzas.

I.

THE God of mercy be adored,
Who calls our souls from death;
Who saves by his redeeming word,
And new creating breath.

II.

To praise the Father and the Son,
And Spirit all divine,—
The One in Three, and Three in One,—
Let saints and angels join.

S. M.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints who dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

P. M.

NOW to the great and sacred Three
The Father, Sor, and Spirit, be
Eternal praise and glory given—
Through all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heaven.

P. M.

TO God the Father's throne
Perpetual honours raise;
Glory to God the Son!
To God the Spirit praise!
With all our powers,
Eternal King,
Thy name we sing,
While faith adores.

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HYMNS

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

BOOK I.

COLLECTED FROM THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

HYMN 1. C. M. *Devizes. St. Asaph's.* [*]

A New Song to the Lamb that was slain

Rev. v. 6, 8, 9, 10, 12.

1 BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb
Amidst his Father's throne:
Prepare new honours for his name,
And songs, before unknown.

e 2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around;
With vials full of odours sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

—3 Those are the prayers of all the saints,
And these the hymns they raise:
e Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.

4 [Eternal Father, who shall look,
Into thy secret will?
Who but the Son shall take that book,
And open every seal?

—5 He shall fulfill thy great decrees;
The Son deserves it well:
Lo, in his hand the sovereign keys
Of heaven, and death, and hell!]

s 6 Now to the Lamb, that once was slain
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain,
Forever, on thy head.

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d 7 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood;
Hast set the prisoners free:
Hast made us kings and priests to God;
And we shall reign with thee!

g 8 The worlds of nature and of grace
Are put beneath thy power:
Then shorten these delaying days,
And bring the promised hour.

HYMN 2. L. M. *Castle Street.* [*]

The Deity and Humanity of Christ. John i. 1, 3, 14, Col. i. 16; and Eph. iii. 9, 10.

1 ERE the blue heavens were stretched abroad
From everlasting was the Word;
With God he was; the Word was God!
And must divinely be adored.

2 By his own power were all things made;
By him supported, all things stand:
He is the whole creation's head,
And angels fly at his command.

3 [Ere sin was born, or Satan fell,
He led the host of morning stars:
Thy generation who can tell,
Or count the number of thy years?]

p 4 But lo, he leaves those heavenly forms —
The Word descends and dwells in clay:
That he may hold converse with worms,
Dressed in such feeble flesh as they.

o 5 Mortals with joy beheld his face,
Th' eternal Father's only Son;
e How full of truth! how full of grace!
When through his eyes the Godhead shone!

g 6 Archangels leave their high abode,
To learn new mysteries here, and tell
The love of our descending God,—
The glories of Immanuel.

HYMN 3. S. M. *St. Thomas's.* [*]

The Nativity of Christ. Luke i. 30, &c. Luke ii. 10.

1 BEHOLD, the grace appears!
The promise is fulfilled!
Mary, the wondrous virgin, bears,
And Jesus is the child!

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2 [The Lord, the highest God,
Calls him his only Son:
He bids him rule the lands abroad,
And gives him David's throne.

3 O'er Jacob shall he reign,
With a peculiar sway:
The nations shall his grace obtain,
His kingdom ne'er decay.]

4 To bring the glorious news,
A heavenly form appears;
He tells the shepherds of their joys,
And banishes their fears.

5 "Go, humble swains," said he,
"To David's city fly;
"The promised Infant, born to-day,
"Does in a manger lie.

6 "With looks and hearts serene,
"Go visit Christ, your King:"
—And straight a flaming troop was seen;
The shepherds heard them sing:—

o 7 "Glory to God on high!
"And heavenly peace on earth;
"Good will to men, to angels joy,
"At the Redeemer's birth."

— 8 [In worship so divine,
Let saints employ their tongues;
With the celestial host we join,
And loud repeat their songs;—

g 9 "Glory to God on high!
"And heavenly peace on earth;
"Good will to men, to angels joy,
"At our Redeemer's birth."]

HYMN 4. *Referred to 2d Psalm.*

HYMN 5. C.M. *Canterbury. Isle of Wight.*[b]

Submission to afflictive Providence. Job i. 21.

1 NAKED, as from the earth we came,
And crept to life at first,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with our dust.

e 2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,

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Are but short favours borrowed now,
To be repaid anon.

—3 'Tis God, who lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave;
He gives—and (blessed be his name!)
He takes but what he gave.

a 4 Peace, all our angry passions, then,
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at his sovereign will,
And every murmur die.

o 5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread;
e And we'll adore the justice too,
That strikes our comforts dead.

HYMN 6. C. M. *Sunday.* [*]

Triumph over Death. Job xix. 25, 27.

e 1 [GREAT God, I own the sentence just,
And nature must decay;
p I yield my body to the dust,
To dwell with fellow clay.

—2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs;
o My Jesus, my Redeemer, lives,
My God, my Saviour comes.

o 3 The mighty Conqueror shall appear,
High on a royal seat;
And Death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquished at his feet.

e 4 Though greedy worms devour my skin,
And gnaw my wasting flesh;
—When God shall build my bones again,
He'll clothe them all afresh

o 5 Then shall I see thy lovely face,
With strong, immortal eyes;
And feast upon thy unknown grace,
With pleasure and surprise.]

HYMN 7. C. M *Sunday.* [*]

Invitation of the Gospel. Isa. lv. 1, 2, &c.

1 LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice!

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The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
With an inviting voice:

o 2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
Who feed upon the wind,—
e And vainly strive, with earthly toys,
To fill an empty mind:—

o 3 Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast;
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

o 4 Ho! ye who pant for living streams,
e And pine away, and die;
o Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

o 5 Rivers of love, and mercy here,
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation, in abundance, flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

d 6 (Ye perishing and naked poor,
Who work with mighty pain,
To weave a garment of your own,
That will not hide your sin;—

7 Come naked—and adorn your souls
In robes prepared by God;
Wrought by the labours of his Son,
And dyed in his own blood.)

e 8 (Dear God! the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines;
Deep as our helpless miseries are,
And boundless as our sins!)

o 9 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day:
—Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

HYMN 8. C. M. *Mear.* [*]

The Safety of the Church. Isa. xxvi. 1, 6.

1 [HOW honourable is the place,
Where we adoring stand;
Zion, the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land!

a 2 Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
The city where we dwell;

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The walls, of strong salvation made,
Defy th' assaults of hell.

s 3 Lift up the everlasting gates,
The doors wide open fling;
d Enter, ye nations, that obey
The statutes of our King.

o 4 Here shall you taste unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace;
You who have known Jehovah's name,
And ventured on his grace.

o 5 Trust in the Lord, forever trust,
And banish all your fears:
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as his years.

d 6 What though the rebels dwell on high?
His arm shall bring them low:
Low as the caverns of the grave,
Their lofty heads shall bow.

7 On Babylon our feet shall tread,
In that rejoicing hour;
The ruins of her walls shall spread
A pavement for the poor.]

HYMN 9. C. M. *Zion.* [*]

Proffered Grace. Isa. lv. 1, 2; Zech. xiii. 1; Mic. vii. 19; Ezek. xxxvi. 25, &c.

e 1 IN vain we lavish out our lives,
To gather empty wind;
The choicest blessings earth can yield,
Will starve a hungry mind.

o 2 Come—and the Lord shall feed our souls
With more substantial meat;
With such as saints in glory love,
With such as angels eat.

—3 Our God will every want supply,
And fill our hearts with peace;
He gives, by covenant and by oath,
The riches of his grace.

o 4 Come, and he'll cleanse our spotted souls,
And wash away our stains—
e In the dear fountain, that his Son—
Poured from his dying veins.

5 [Our guilt shall vanish all away,
Though black as hell before;

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Our sins shall sink beneath the sea,
And shall be found no more.

6 And lest pollution should o'erspread
Our inward powers again,
His Spirit shall bedew our souls
Like purifying rain.]

d 7 Our heart, that flinty, stubborn thing,
That terrors cannot move,—
That fears no threatenings of his wrath—
Shall be dissolved by love.

—8 Or he can take the flint away,
That would not be refined;
And, from the treasures of his grace,
Bestow a softer mind.

9 There shall his sacred Spirit dwell,
And deep engrave his law;
And every motion of our souls
To swift obedience draw.

o 10 Thus will he pour salvation down,
And we shall render praise;
d We—the dear people of his love,
And He—our God of grace.

HYMN 10. S. M. *Newton. St. Thomas's.*[*]

The Blessedness of Gospel Times. Isa. v. 2, 7, 8, 9 10; Matt. xiii. 16, 17.

1 HOW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

b 2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
o "Zion, behold thy Saviour—King,
"He reigns and triumphs here!"

o 3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound!—
—Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought but never found!

o 4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
e Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight!

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o 5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
o Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

g 6 The Lord makes bare his arm,
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

HYMN 11. L. M. *Old Hundred.* [*]

The Sovereignty of Grace. Luke x. 21, 22.

1 THERE was an hour when Christ rejoiced,
And spoke his joy in words of praise:
"Father, I thank thee, mighty God,
"Lord of the earth, and heavens, and seas.

2 "I thank thy sovereign power and love,
"That crowns my doctrine with success;
"And makes the babes in knowledge learn
"The heights, and breadths, and lengths of grace.

3 "But all this glory lies concealed
"From men of prudence and of might;
"The prince of darkness blinds their eyes,
"And their own pride resists the light.

4 "Father, 'tis thus, because thy will
"Chose and ordained it should be so;
"'Tis thy delight t' abase the proud,
"And lay the haughty scorner low.

5 "There's none can know the Father right,
"But those who learn it from the Son;
"Nor can the Son be well received,
"But where the Father makes him known."

6 Then let our souls adore our God,
Who deals his graces as he please;
Nor gives to mortals an account,
Or of his actions, or decrees.

HYMN 12. C. M. *St. Ann's.* [*]

Free Grace in revealing Christ. Luke x. 21.

1 [JESUS the man of constant grief,
A mourner all his days,—
His spirit once rejoiced aloud,
And turned his joy to praise.

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d 2 "Father, I thank thy wondrous love,
"That hath revealed thy Son
"To men unlearned; and to babes
"Has made thy gospel known.

3 "The mysteries of redeeming grace
"Are hidden from the wise;
"While pride and carnal reasonings join
"To swell and blind their eyes."

—4 Thus does the Lord of heaven and earth
His great decrees fulfill;
And orders all his works of grace,
By his own sovereign will.]

HYMN 13. L. M. *Castle Street.* [*]

The Son of God incarnate. Isa. ix. 2, 6, 7.

1 [THE lands, that long in darkness lay,
Now have beheld a heavenly light;
Nations that sat in death's cold shade,
Are blessed with beams divinely bright.

o 2 The virgin's promised Son is born;
Behold the expected child appear!
What shall his names, or titles, be?
THE WONDERFUL, THE COUNSELLOR.

d 3 (This infant is the mighty God,
Come to be suckled and adored:
Th' eternal Father, Prince of peace,
The son of David, and his Lord.)

—4 The government of earth and sea
Upon his shoulders shall be laid:
g His wide dominions shall increase,
And honours to his name be paid.

e 5 Jesus, the holy Child, shall sit,
High on his father David's throne;—
Shall crush his foes beneath his feet,
And reign to ages yet unknown.]

HYMN 14. L. M. *Gloucester. Newcourt.* [*]

Christ's unchangeable Love. Rom. viii. 33, &c.

1 WHO shall the Lord's elect condemn?
'Tis God who justifies their souls;
And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

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2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
'Tis Christ who suffered in their stead;
And the salvation to fulfill,
Behold him rising from the dead

3 He lives! he lives! and sits above,
Forever interceding there:
Who shall divide us from his love,
Or what should tempt us to despair?

4 Shall persecution, or distress,
Famine, or sword, or nakedness?
He, who hath loved us, bears us through,
And makes us more than conquerors too.

5 Faith has an overcoming power;
It triumphs in a dying hour:
Christ is our life, our joy, our hope;
Nor can we sink with such a prop.

6 Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor powers on high, nor powers below,
Shall cause his mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Christ, our love.

HYMN 15. L. M. *Islington.* [*]

Christ our Strength. 2 Cor. xii. 7, 9, 10.

1 [LET me but hear my Saviour say,
"Strength shall be equal to the day:"
Then I rejoice in deep distress;
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.

2 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me;
When I am weak, then am I strong,
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

3 I can do all things, or can bear
All sufferings, if my Lord be there;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While his left hand my head sustains.

4 But if the Lord be once withdrawn,
And we attempt the work alone;
When new temptations spring and rise,
We find how great our weakness is.

5 So Samson, when his hair was lost,
Met the Philistines to his cost·

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Shook his vain limbs, with sad surprise,
Made feeble fight, and lost his eyes.]

HYMN 16. C. M. *Devizes.* [*]

Hosanna to Christ. Matt. xxi. 9; Luke xix. 38, 40.

1 HOSANNA to the royal Son,
Of David's ancient line!
e His natures two, his person one,
Mysterious and divine.
—2 The Root of David, here we find,
And Offspring, is the same;
e Eternity and time are joined
In our Emmanuel's name.
o 3 Blessed He, who comes to wretched men
With peaceful news from heaven!
u Hosannas of the highest strain
To Christ the Lord be given!
—4 Let mortals ne'er refuse to take
Th' Hosanna on their tongues;
o Lest rocks and stones should rise, and break
Their silence into songs.

HYMN 17. C. M. *Zion.* [*]

Victory over Death. 1 Cor. xv. 55, &c.

1 [O FOR an overcoming faith,
To cheer my dying hours;
To triumph o'er the monster death,
And all his frightful powers!
o 2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quivering lips should sing,—
"Where is thy boasted victory, grave?
"And where the monster's sting?"
—3 If sin be pardoned, I'm secure;
Death has no sting beside:
The law gives sin its damning power;
But Christ my ransom died.
o 4 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid;—
Who makes us conquerors, while we die,
Through Christ our living head.]

HYMN 18. C. M. *Canterbury.* [*]

Blessed—who die in the Lord. Rev. xiv. 13.

1 HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead!

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a Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

—2 They die in Jesus, and are blessed;
e How kind their slumbers are!
—From sufferings, and from sins released,
And freed from every snare.

o 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
g The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

HYMN 19. C. M. *Barby. Zion.* [*]

Simeon; or, Happy Death. Luke i. 27, &c.

1 LORD, at thy temple we appear,
As happy Simeon came;
And hope to meet our Saviour here—
O make our joys the same!

o 2 With what divine, and vast delight,
The good old man was filled;
When, fondly, in his withered arms
He clasped the holy Child.

e 3 "Now I can leave this world," he cried;
"Behold thy servant dies:
"I've seen thy great salvation, Lord;
"And close my peaceful eyes.

o 4 "This is the Light, prepared to shine
"Upon the Gentile lands;
"Thine Israel's glory, and their hope,
"To break their slavish bands."

—5 Jesus, the vision of thy face
Hath overpowering charms!
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms.

6 Then, while ye hear my heart-strings break.
How sweet my minutes roll!
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
And glory in my soul.

HYMN 20. C. M. *York.* [*]

Spiritual Apparel. Isa. lxi. 10

[AWAKE, my heart, arise, my tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice;

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In God, the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.

—2 'Tis he adorned my naked soul,
And made salvation mine;
Upon a poor, polluted worm,
He makes his graces shine.

3 And, lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around.

d 4 How far the heavenly robe exceeds
What earthly princes wear!
These ornaments, how bright they shine!
How white the garments are!

—5 The Spirit wrought by faith and love,
And hope, and every grace;
—But Jesus spent his life, to work
The robe of righteousness.

e 6 Strangely, my soul, art thou arrayed
By the great Sacred Three!
In sweetest harmony of praise,
Let all thy powers agree.]

HYMN 21. C. M. *York.* [*]

Kingdom of Christ among Men. Rev. xxi. 1, 2, 3, 4.

o 1 LO, what a glorious sight appears,
To our believing eyes!
g The earth and seas are passed away,
And the old rolling skies!

o 2 From the third heaven, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The New Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.

—3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,—
o "Mortals, behold the sacred seat
"Of your descending King.

—4 "The God of glory, down to men,
"Removes his blessed abode;
e "Men, the dear objects of his grace,
"And he their loving God.

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5 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
"From every weeping eye;
"And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
"And death itself shall die."

—6 How long, dear Saviour, O how long,
Shall this bright hour delay?
u Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

HYMN 22, 23. *Referred to the 125th Psalm.*

HYMN 24. L. M. *Bath.* [b]

The Rich Sinner dying. Ps. xlix. 6, 9. Ec. viii. 8. Job iii. 14, 15.

1 [IN vain the wealthy mortals toil,
And heap their shining dust in vain;
Look down, and scorn the humble poor,
And boast their lofty hills of gain.

2 Their golden cordials cannot ease
Their pained hearts, or aching heads;
Nor fright, nor bribe approaching death,
From glittering roofs, and downy beds.

3 The lingering, the unwilling soul,
The dismal summons must obey;
And bid a long, a sad farewell,
To the pale lump of lifeless clay.

4 Thence they are huddled to the grave,
Where kings and slaves have equal thrones;
Their bones, without distinction, lie
Among the heaps of meaner bones.]

The rest referred to the 49th Psalm.

HYMN 25. L. M. *Oporto.* [*]

A Vision of the Lamb. Rev. v. 6, 7, 8, 9.

o 1 ALL mortal vanities, be gone!
Nor tempt my eyes, nor tire my ears;
e Behold, amidst th' eternal throne,
A vision of the Lamb appears!

—2 [Glory his fleecy robe adorns,
Marked with the bloody death he bore;
Seven are his eyes, and seven his horns,
To speak his wisdom, and his power.

e 3 Lo, he receives a sealed book
From Him who sits upon the throne

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Jesus, my Lord, prevails to look
On dark decrees, and things unknown.]

—4 All the assembling saints around
Fall worshipping before the Lamb;
And, in new songs of gospel sound,
Address their honours to his name.

5 The joy, the shout, the harmony—
o Flies o'er the everlasting hills;
o "Worthy art Thou alone," they cry,
"To read the book, to loose the seals."

o 6 Our voices join the heavenly strain;
And with transporting pleasure sing,
u *Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain,*
To be our Teacher and our King!

7 [His words of prophecy reveal
Eternal counsels—deep designs:
His grace and vengeance shall fulfill
The peaceful and the dreadful lines:—]

o 8 Thou hast redeemed our souls from hell,
With thine invaluable blood;
And wretches, who did once rebel,
Are now made favourites of their God.

g 9 Worthy forever is the Lord,
Who died for treasons not his own;
By every tongue to be adored,
And dwell upon his Father's throne.

HYMN 26. C. M. *St. Martin's. Bedford.* [*]

Hope of Heaven, by Christ. 1 Pet. i. 3, 4, 5.

1 BLEST be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord:
Be his abounding mercy praised,
His majesty adored.

e 2 When from the dead he raised his Son,
And called him to the sky,
o He gave our souls a lively hope,
That they should never die.

e 3 What though our inbred sins require
Our flesh to see the dust;
o Yet, as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all his followers must.

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o 4 There's an inheritance divine,
Reserved against that day;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,
And cannot waste away.

g 5 Saints by the power of God are kept,
Till the salvation come:
e We walk by faith, as strangers here,
o Till Christ shall call us home.

HYMN 27. C. M. *St. Paul's.* [*]

A Saint prepared to die. 2 Tim. iv. 6, 7, 8, 18.

1 (DEATH may dissolve my body now,
And bear my spirit home!
Why do my minutes move so slow,
Nor my salvation come?

o 2 With heavenly weapons, I have fought
The battles of the Lord;
Finished my course, and kept the faith,—
And wait the sure reward.)

—3 God has laid up in heaven, for me,
A crown which cannot fade;
e The righteous Judge, at that great day,
Shall place it on my head.

—4 Nor has the King of grace decreed
This prize for me alone;
But all who love, and long to see
Th' appearance of his Son.

o 5 Jesus the Lord shall guard me safe,
From every ill design;
And to his heavenly kingdom take
This feeble soul of mine.

g 6 God is my everlasting aid,
And hell shall rage in vain;
To him be highest glory paid,
And endless praise. AMEN.

HYMN 28. C. M. *Arundel.* [*]

The Triumph of Christ. Isa. lxiii. 1, 2, 3, &c.

1 [WHAT mighty man, or mighty God,
Comes travelling in state,
Along the Idumean road,
Away from Bozrah's gate!

2 The glory of his robes proclaim,
'Tis some victorious king·

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"'Tis I, the Just, th' Almighty One,
"Who your salvation bring."

3 Why, mighty Lord, thy saints inquire,
Why thine apparel red?
And all thy vesture stained like those,
Who in the wine-press tread?

4 "I by myself have trod the press,
"And crushed my foes alone;
"My wrath has struck the rebels dead,
"My fury stamped them down.

5 "'Tis Edom's blood that dyes my robes,
"With joyful scarlet stains;
"The triumph that my raiment wears
"Sprung from their bleeding veins.

6 "Thus shall the nations be destroyed,
"That dare insult my saints;
"I have an arm t' avenge their wrongs,
"An ear for their complaints."]

HYMN 29. C. M. *Tunbridge.* [*]

The Ruin of Antichrist. Ver. 4, 5, 6, 7.

1 ["I LIFT my banner," saith the Lord,
"Where Antichrist has stood;
"The city of my gospel foes
"Shall be a field of blood.

2 "My heart has studied just revenge,
"And now the day appears;
"The day of my redeemed is come,
"To wipe away their tears.

3 "Quite weary is my patience grown,
"And bids my fury go:
'Swift as the lightning it shall move,
"And be as fatal too.

4 "I call for helpers, but in vain:
"Then has my gospel none?
"Well, mine own arm has might enough,
"To crush my foes alone.

5 "Slaughter, and my devouring sword,
"Shall walk the streets around;
"Babel shall reel beneath my stroke,
"And stagger to the ground."

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6 Thy honours, O victorious King!
Thy own right hand shall raise;
While we thy awful vengeance sing,
And our Deliverer praise.]

HYMN 30. L. M. *Blendon.* [b *]

Prayer for Deliverance heard. Isa. xxvi. 8—20

1 IN thine own ways, O God of love,
We wait the visits of thy grace;
Our souls' desire is to thy name,
And the remembrance of thy face.

e 2 My thoughts are searching, Lord, for thee,
'Mongst the black shades of lonesome night;
My earnest cries salute the skies,
Before the dawn restores the light.

o 3 Look how rebellious men deride
The tender patience of my God;
But they shall see thy lifted hand,
And feel the scourges of thy rod.

d 4 Hark! the Eternal rends the sky,
A mighty voice before him goes:
b A voice of music to his friends;
u But threatening thunder to his foes.

e 5 "Come, children, to your Father's arms,
o "Hide in the chambers of my grace;
"Till the fierce storms be overblown,
"And my revenging fury cease."

d 6 ["My sword shall boast its thousands slain,
"And drink the blood of haughty kings;
"While heavenly peace around my flock
"Stretches its soft and shady wings."]

HYMN 31. *Referred to the 1st Psalm.*

HYMN 32. C. M. *Tunbridge.* [*]

Strength from Heaven. Isa. xl. 27, 28, 29, 30.

e 1 [WHENCE do our mournful thoughts arise
And where's our courage fled?
Has restless sin, and raging hell,
Struck all our comforts dead?

2 Have we forgot th' Almighty Name
That formed the earth and sea?
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary, or decay?

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—3 Treasures of everlasting might
In our Jehovah dwell;
o He gives the conquest to the weak,
And treads their foes to hell.

e 4 Mere mortal powers shall fade and die,
And youthful vigor cease;
o But we who wait upon the Lord,
Shall feel our strength increase.

5 The saints shall mount on eagles' wings,
And taste the promised bliss;
Till their unwearied feet arrive,
Where perfect pleasure is.]

Hymns 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38. *Referred to Psalms* 121, 124, 67, 73, 90, *and* 84.

HYMN 39. C. M. *Zion.* [*]

God's tender Care of his Church. Isa. xlix. 13, 14, &c.

o 1 NOW shall my inward joys arise,
And burst into a song;
Almighty Love inspires my heart,
And pleasures tune my tongue.

—2 God on his thirsty Zion's hill
Some mercy-drops has thrown;
o And solemn oaths have bound his love
To shower salvation down.

e 3 Why do we then indulge our fears,
Suspicions, and complaints?
—Is he a God? and shall his grace
Grow weary of his saints?

a 4 Can a kind woman e'er forget
The infant of her womb?
And, 'mongst a thousand tender thoughts,
Her suckling have no room?

—5 'Yet," saith the Lord, "should nature change,
"And mothers monsters prove,
o "Zion still dwells upon the heart
"Of everlasting Love.

g 6 "Deep on the palms of both my hands,
"I have engraved her name:
"My hands shall raise her ruined walls,
"And build her broken frame"

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HYMN 40. L. M. *Newcourt.* [*]

Saints in Heaven. Rev. vii. 13—15, &c.

b 1 WHAT happy men, or angels, these—
That all their robes are spotless white!
Whence did this glorious troop arrive
At the pure realms of heavenly light?

e 2 From torturing racks, and burning fires,
And seas of their own blood, they came:
But nobler blood has washed their robes,
Flowing from Christ the dying Lamb.

g 3 Now they approach th' Almighty Throne,
With loud hosannas night and day;
Sweet anthems to the great Three-One
Measure their blessed eternity.

o 4 No more shall hunger pain their souls;
He bids their parching thirst be gone;
And spreads the shadow of his wings,
To screen them from the scorching sun.

5 The Lamb, who fills the middle throne,
Shall shed around his milder beams;
There shall they feast on his rich love,
And drink full joys from living streams.

g 6 Thus shall their mighty bliss renew,
Through the vast round of endless years;
e And the soft hand of sovereign grace
Heals all their wounds, and wipes their tears.

HYMN 41. C. M. *Zion.* [*]

The Martyrs glorified. Rev. vii. 13, &c.

e 1 ["THESE glorious minds, how bright they shine!
"Whence all their white array?
"How came they to the happy seats
"Of everlasting day?"

d 2 From torturing pains to endless joys,
On fiery wheels they rode;
And strangely washed their raiment white,
In Jesus' dying blood.

—3 Now they approach a spotless God,
And bow before his throne;
Their warbling harps, and sacred songs,
Adore the Holy One.

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g 4 The unveiled glories of his face
Amongst his saints reside;
While the rich treasures of his grace
See all their wants supplied.

—5 Tormenting thirst shall leave their souls,
And hunger flee as fast;
The fruit of life's immortal tree
Shall be their sweet repast.

o 6 The Lamb shall lead his heavenly flock,
Where living fountains rise;
And love divine shall wipe away
The sorrows of their eyes.]

HYMN 42. C. M. *Colchester.* [*]

Divine Wrath and Mercy. Nahum i. 1, 2, 3, &c.

1 [ADORE and tremble, for our God
Is a **consuming fire!*
His jealous eyes with wrath inflame,
And raise his vengeance higher.

2 Almighty vengeance, how it burns;
How bright his fury glows!
Vast magazines of plagues and storms,
Lie treasured for his foes.

3 Those heaps of wrath, by slow degrees,
Are forced into a flame;
But kindled, O! how fierce they blaze!
And rend all nature's frame.

4 At his approach the mountains flee,
And seek a watery grave;
The frighted sea makes haste away,
And shrinks up every wave.

5 Through the wide air the weighty rocks
Are swift as hail-stones hurled:
Who dares engage his fiery rage,
That shakes the solid world?

6 Yet, mighty God! thy sovereign grace
Sits regent on the throne;
The refuge of thy chosen race,
When wrath comes rushing down.

7 Thy hand shall on rebellious kings
A fiery tempest pour;
While we, beneath thy sheltering wings,
Thy just revenge adore.]

* Heb. xii. 29.

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HYMN 43. *Referred to the* 100*th Psalm.*
HYMN 44. *Referred to the* 133*d Psalm.*

HYMN 45. C. M. *Windsor.* [*]

The Last Judgment. Rev. xx. 5, 6, 7, 8.

1 [SEE where the great incarnate God
Fills a majestic throne;
While, from the skies, his awful voice
Bears the last judgment down.

2 ("I am the First,—and I the Last,—
"Through endless years the same;
"I AM—is my memorial still,
"And my eternal name.

3 "Such favours as a God can give,
"My royal grace bestows;
"Ye thirsty souls, come taste the streams,
"Where life and pleasure flows.)

4 ("The saint who triumphs o'er his sins,
"I'll own him for a son;
"The whole creation shall reward
"The conquests he has won.

5 "But bloody hands, and hearts unclean,
"And all the lying race,—
"The faithless and the scoffing crew,
"That spurn at offered grace;—

6 "They shall be taken from my sight,
"Bound fast in iron chains,
"And headlong plunged into the lake,
"Where fire and darkness reigns.")

7 O may I stand before the Lamb,
When earth and seas are fled!
And hear the Judge pronounce my name,
With blessings on my head.

8 May I with those forever dwell,
Who here were my delight;
While sinners, banished down to hell,
No more offend my sight.]

HYMNS 46, 47. *Referred to Psalm* 148, *and Psalm* 3.

HYMN 48. L. M. *Nantwich. Leeds.* [*]

The Christian Race. Isa. xl. 28—31.

1 AWAKE, our souls! (away our fears,
Let every trembling thought be gone;)

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e Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

e 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
—But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint—

g 3 The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new, and ever young;
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

ɔ 4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a full supply;
e While such as trust their native strength,
a Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

o 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

HYMN 49. C. M. *Arundel.* [*]

Works of Moses, and of the Lamb. Rev. xv. 3.

1 [HOW strong thine arm is, mighty God!
Who would not fear thy name?
Jesus, how sweet thy graces are!
Who would not love the Lamb?]

2 Christ has done more than Moses did,
Our Prophet, and our King:
From bonds of hell he freed our souls,
And taught our lips to sing.

3 In the Red Sea, by Moses' hand,
The Egyptian host was drowned:
But his own blood hides all our sins,
And guilt no more is found.

4 When through the desert Israel went,
With manna they were fed:
Our Lord invites us to his flesh,
And calls it living bread.

e 5 Moses beheld the promised land,
Yet never reached the place:
o But Christ shall bring his followers home,
To see his Father's face.

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s 6 Then shall our love and joy be full,
And feel a warmer flame;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

HYMN 50. C. M. *Bethlehem.* [*]

Song of Zacharias. Luke i. 68, &c. John i. 29, 32.

1 NOW be the God of Israel blessed,
Who makes his truth appear;
His mighty hand fulfills his word,
And all the oaths he sware.

2 Now he bedews old David's root,
With blessings from the skies:
o He makes the Branch of promise grow,
The promised Horn arise.

3 [John was the prophet of the Lord,
To go before his face;
The herald, whom our Saviour God
Sent to prepare his ways.

4 He makes the great salvation known,
He speaks of pardoned sins;
While grace divine, and heavenly love,
In its own glory shines.

5 "Behold the Lamb of God," he cries,
"Who takes our guilt away:
"I saw the Spirit o'er his head,
"On his baptizing day."]

o 6 Be every vale exalted high;
Sink, every mountain, low:
e The proud must stoop, and humble souls
Shall his salvation know.

o 7 The heathen realms, with Israel's land,
Shall join in sweet accord;
And all that's born of man shall see
The glory of the Lord.

o 8 Behold the morning Star arise,
Ye that in darkness sit:
—He marks the path that leads to peace,
And guides our doubtful feet.

HYMN 51. S. M. *Dover.* [*]

Preserving Grace. Jude 24, 25.

1 TO God, the only wise,
Our Saviour, and our King,

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Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

o 4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne;
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

o 5 To our Redeemer God
Wisdom with power belongs;
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

HYMN 52. L. M. *Bath.* [*]

Baptism. Matt. xxviii. 19. Acts ii. 38.

1 'TWAS the commission of our Lord,
Go, teach the nations, and baptize:
The nations have received the word,
Since he ascended to the skies.

2 He sits upon th' eternal hills,
With grace and pardon in his hands;
And sends his covenant, with the seals,
To bless the distant Christian lands.

3 "Repent, and be baptized," he saith,
"For the remission of your sins;"
And thus our sense assists our faith,
And shows us what his gospel means.

4 Our souls he washes in his blood,
As water makes the body clean;
And the good Spirit from our God
Descends, like purifying rain.

5 Thus we engage ourselves to thee,
And seal our covenant with the Lord;
O may the great Eternal Three
In heaven our solemn vows record!

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HYMN 53. L. M. *Green's.* [*]

The Holy Scriptures. Heb. i. 1. 2 Tim. iii. 15, 16. Ps. cxlvii. 19, 20.

1 [GOD, who in various methods told
His mind and will to saints of old,
Sent his own Son, with truth and grace,
To teach us in these latter days.

o 2 Our nation reads the written word,
That book of life, that sure record;
The bright inheritance of heaven
Is by the sweet conveyance given.

e 3 God's kindest thoughts are here expressed,
Able to make us wise and blessed;
The doctrines are divinely true,
Fit for reproof and comfort too.

—4 Ye people all, who read his love
In long epistles from above,—
(He hath not sent his sacred word
• To every land) praise ye the Lord.]

HYMN 54. L. M. *Quercy. Leeds.* [*]

Saints beloved in Christ. Eph. i. 3, &c.

1 JESUS, we bless thy Father's name;
Thy God and ours is one, the same;
What heavenly blessings, from his throne,
Flow down to sinners through his Son!

2 "Christ be my first Elect," he said;
Then chose our souls in Christ our Head;
Before he gave the mountains birth,
Or laid foundations for the earth.

3 Thus did eternal love begin
To raise us up from death and sin;
Our characters were then decreed,—
Blameless in love, a holy seed.

4 Predestinated to be sons,
Born by degrees, but chose at once;
A new regenerated race,
To praise the glory of his grace.

o 5 With Christ, our Lord, we share a part
In the affections of his heart;
Nor shall our souls be thence removed,
Till he forgets his First Beloved.

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HYMN 55. C. M. *Hymn* 2. [*]

Sickness and Recovery. Isa. xxxviii. 9, &c.

1 [WHEN we are raised from deep distress,
Our God deserves a song;
We take a pattern of our praise,
From Hezekiah's tongue.

2 The gates of the devouring grave
Are opened wide in vain;
If he that holds the keys of death,
Commands them fast again.

3 Pains of the flesh are wont to abuse
Our minds with slavish fears;—
"Our days are past, and we shall lose
"The remnant of our years."

4 We chatter, with a swallow's voice,
Or like a dove we mourn;
With bitterness, instead of joys,
Afflicted and forlorn.

5 Jehovah speaks the healing word,
And no disease withstands;
Fevers and plagues obey the Lord,
And fly at his commands.

6 If half the strings of life should break,
He can our frame restore;
He casts our sins behind his back,
And they are found no more.]

HYMN 56. C. M. *Bedford.* [*]

The Song of Moses and the Lamb. Rev. xv. 3, *and* xvi. 19, *and* xvii. 6.

1 WE sing the glories of thy love,
We sound thy dreadful name;
The Christian church unites the songs
Of Moses and the Lamb.

2 Great God, how wondrous are thy works,
Of vengeance, and of grace!
Thou King of saints, Almighty Lord,
How just and true thy ways!

3 Who dares refuse to fear thy name,
Or worship at thy throne!
Thy judgments speak thy holiness,
Through all the nations known.

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4 Great Babylon, that rules the earth,
Drunk with the martyrs' blood,—
Her crimes shall speedily awake
The fury of our God.

e 5 The cup of wrath is ready mixed,
And she must drink the dregs;
Strong is the Lord, her sovereign Judge,
And shall fulfill the plagues.

HYMN 57. C. M. *Plymouth.* [b]

Adam, First and Second. Rom. v. 12, &c. Psalm li 5. Job xiv. 4.

e 1 BACKWARD, with humble shame we look
On our original;
p How is our nature dashed, and broke,
In our first father's fall!

e 2 To all that's good, averse and blind,
And prone to all that's ill;
What dreadful darkness veils our mind!
How obstinate our will!

p 3 Conceived in sin, (O wretched state,)
Before we draw our breath,
The first young pulse begins to beat
Iniquity and death.

4 How strong in our degenerate blood
The old corruption reigns!
And mingling with the crooked flood,
Wanders through all our veins!

5 [Wild and unwholesome, as the root,
Will all the branches be:
How can we hope for living fruit,
From such a deadly tree?

6 What mortal power, from things unclean,
Can pure productions bring?
Who can command a vital stream,
From an infected spring?]

—7 Yet, mighty God, thy wondrous love,
Can make our nature clean;
While Christ, and grace, prevail above
The tempter, death, and sin.

o 8 The second Adam shall restore
The ruins of the first.

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o Hosanna to that sovereign power,
That new creates our dust.

HYMN 58. L. M. *Leeds.* [*]

Michael's War with the Dragon. Rev. xii. 7.

1 LET mortal tongues attempt to sing
The wars of heaven, when Michael stood
Chief general of th' eternal King,
And fought the battles of our God.

2 Against the Dragon and his host,
The armies of the Lord prevail;
In vain they rage, in vain they boast;
Their courage sinks, their weapons fail.

3 Down to the earth was Satan thrown;
Down to the earth his legions fell:
Then was the trump of triumph blown,
And shook the dreadful deeps of hell.

4 Now is the hour of darkness past,
Christ has assumed his reigning power:
Behold the great accuser cast
Down from the skies, to rise no more.

5 'Twas by thy blood, Immortal Lamb,
Thine armies trod the tempter down;
'Twas by thy word, and powerful name,
They gained the battle, and renown.

6 Rejoice, ye heavens; let every star
Shine with new glories round the sky:
Saints, while ye sing the heavenly war,
Raise your Deliverer's name on high.]

HYMN 59. L. M. *Blendon.* [*]

Babylon fallen. Rev. xviii. 20, 21.

1 IN Gabriel's hand, a mighty stone
Lies—a fair type of Babylon:
e "Prophets rejoice, and all ye saints;
"God shall avenge your long complaints."

2 He said,—and dreadful as he stood,
o He sunk the mill-stone in the flood:
o "Thus terribly shall Babel fall,
e "Thus—and no more be found at all."

HYMN 60. L. M. *Truro.* [*]

Mary's Song; or, Messiah born. Luke i. 46, &c.

1 OUR souls shall magnify the Lord,
In God the Saviour we rejoice;

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While we repeat the Virgin's song,
May the same Spirit tune our voice.

2 [The Highest saw her low estate,
And mighty things his hand hath done;
His overshadowing power and grace
Make her the mother of his Son.

3 Let every nation call her blessed,
And endless years prolong her fame:
But God alone must be adored;
Holy and reverend is his name.]

4 To those who fear and trust the Lord,
His mercy stands forever sure:
From age to age his promise lives,
And the performance is secure.

5 He spake to Abraham and his seed,
"In thee shall all the earth be blessed:"
The memory of that ancient word,
Lay long in his eternal breast.

o 6 But now no more shall Israel wait;
No more the Gentiles lie forlorn:
e Lo, the Desire of nations comes;
Behold, the promised Seed is born!

HYMN 61. L. M. *Leeds.* [*]

Christ, our Priest and King. Rev. i. 5—7.

1 NOW to the Lord, who makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honours paid below,
o And strains of nobler praise above.

—2 'Twas he, who cleansed our foulest sins,
And washed us in his richest blood;
'Tis he, who makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.

o 3 To Jesus, our atoning Priest,
To Jesus, our superior King,
Be everlasting power confessed,
And every tongue his glory sing.

e 4 Behold, on flying clouds he comes,
And every eye shall see him move!
e Though with our sins we pierced him once,
o Then he displays his pardoning love.

e 5 The unbelieving world shall wail,
o While we rejoice to see the day·

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Come, Lord, nor let thy promise fail,
Nor let thy chariot long delay.

HYMN 62. C. M. *Christmas. Devizes* [*]

The Lamb of God worshipped. Rev. v. 11—13.

1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus:"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 Let all who dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

HYMN 63. L. M. *Oporto.* [*]

Christ's Humiliation and Exaltation. Rev. v. 12.

1 WHAT equal honours shall we bring,
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb;
When all the notes that angels sing,
Are far inferior to thy name?

2 Worthy is He, who once was slain,
The Prince of Life, who groaned and died,
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At his Almighty Father's side.

3 Power and dominion are his due,
Who stood condemned at Pilate's bar;
—*Wisdom* belongs to Jesus too,
Though he was charged with *madness* there.

4 All riches are his native right,
Yet he sustained amazing loss;

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o To him ascribe eternal might,
Who left his weakness on the cross.

o 5 Honour immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.

o 6 Blessings forever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men!
g Let angels sound his sacred name,
And every creature say, AMEN.

HYMN 64. S. M. *Dover. Newton.* [*]

Adoption. 1 John iii. 1, &c. Gal. vi. 6

1 BEHOLD! what wondrous grace
The Father hath bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,—
To call them sons of God!

2 'Tis no surprising thing,
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.

3 Nor does it yet appear,
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our head.

4 A hope, so much divine,
May trials well endure;
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

5 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

6 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
My faith shall *Abba*, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own.

HYMN 65. L. M. *Wells.* [*]

The World subjected to Christ. Rev. xi. 15.

1 LET the seventh angel sound on high!
Let shouts be heard, through all the sky!

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Kings of the earth, with glad accord,
Give up your kingdoms to the Lord.

g 2 Almighty God, thy power assume,
Who wast, and art, and art to come;
Jesus, the Lamb who once was slain,
Forever live, forever reign!

d 3 The angry nations fret and roar,
That they can slay the saints no more;
e On wings of vengeance flies our God,
To pay the long arrears of blood.

g 4 Now must the rising dead appear;
Now the decisive sentence hear:
o Now the dear martyrs of the Lord
Receive an infinite reward.]

HYMN 66. L. M. *Portugal.* [*]

Christ the King, at his Table. Sol. Song, i. 2—5, 12, 13, 17.

1 [LET him embrace my soul, and prove
Mine interest in his heavenly love;
The voice that tells me thou art mine,
Exceeds the blessings of the vine.

2 On thee th' anointing Spirit came,
And spreads the savour of thy name;
That oil of gladness, and of grace,
Draws virgin souls to meet thy face.

e 3 Jesus, allure me by thy charms,—
My soul shall fly into thine arms!
Our wandering feet thy favours bring
To the fair chambers of the King.

4 (Wonder and pleasure tune our voice,
To speak thy praises, and our joys;
Our memory keeps this love of thine,
Beyond the taste of richest wine.)

5 Though in ourselves deformed we are,
And black as Kedar's tents appear;
Yet when we put thy beauties on,
Fair as the courts of Solomon.

6 (While at his table sits the King,
He loves to see us smile and sing,
Our graces are our best perfume,
And breathe like spikenard round the room.)

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7 As myrrh, new bleeding from the tree,
Such is a dying Christ to me:
And while he makes my soul his guest,
My bosom, Lord, shall be thy rest.

8 No beams of cedar or of fir
Can with thy courts on earth compare:
And here we wait, until thy love
Raise us to nobler seats above.]

HYMN 67. L. M. *Sicilian. Moreton.* [b *]

Seeking the Pastures of Christ. Sol. Song, i. 7.

1 THOU, whom my soul admires above
All earthly joy and earthly love—
c Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know,
Where do thy sweetest pastures grow?

c 2 Where is the shadow of that rock,
That from the sun defends thy flock?
Fain would I feed among thy sheep,
Among them rest, among them sleep.

3 Why should thy bride appear like one,
That turns aside to paths unknown?
c My constant feet would never rove,—
Would never seek another love.

c 4 The footsteps of thy flock I see;
Thy sweetest pastures here they be;
A wondrous feast thy love prepares,
Bought with thy wounds, and groans, and tears.

c 5 His dearest flesh he makes my food,
And bids me drink his richest blood;
c Here, to these hills, my soul would come,
Till my Beloved lead me home.

HYMN 68. L. M. *Oporto.* [*]

Banquet of Love. Sol. Song, ii. 1—7.

1 [BEHOLD the Rose of Sharon here,
The Lily which the valleys bear;
Behold the Tree of Life, that gives
Refreshing fruit, and healing leaves.

2 Amongst the thorns so lilies shine:
Amongst wild gourds, the noble vine:
So in my eyes my Saviour proves,
Amidst a thousand meaner loves.

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3 Beneath his cooling shade I sit,
To shield me from the burning heat
Of heavenly fruit he spreads a feast,
To feed my eyes, and please my taste.

4 (Kindly he brought me to the place,
Where stands the banquet of his grace:
He saw me faint; and o'er my head
The banner of his love he spread.

5 With living bread and generous wine,
He cheers this sinking heart of mine;
And opening his own heart to me,
He shows his thoughts, how kind they be.)

6 O never let my Lord depart!
Lie down, and rest upon my heart;
I charge my sin not once to move,
Nor stir, nor wake, nor grieve my Love.]

HYMN 69. L. M. *Shoel.* [*]

Christ's Love to his Church. Sol. Song, ii. 8—13.

1 THE voice of my Beloved sounds,
Over the rocks and rising grounds;
O'er hills of guilt, and seas of grief,
He leaps, he flies—to my relief.

s 2 Now, through the veil of flesh I see,
With eyes of love he looks on me;
—Now, in the gospel's clearest glass,
He shows the beauties of his face.

b 3 Gently he draws my heart along,
Both with his beauties, and his tongue;
u "Rise," saith my Lord, "make haste away!
"No mortal joys are worth thy stay.

b 4 "The Jewish wintry state is gone,
"The mists are fled, the spring comes on;
—"The sacred turtle dove we hear
o "Proclaim the new, the joyful year.

—5 "The immortal vine of heavenly root
"Blossoms and buds, and gives her fruit;"
e Lo, we are come to taste the wine;
o Our souls rejoice and bless the Vine.

—6 And when we hear our Jesus say,
o "Rise up, my love, make haste away!"
Our hearts would fain outfly the wind,
And leave all earthly loves behind.

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HYMN 70. L. M. *Shoel.* [*]

Christ's Invitation answered. Sol. Song, ii. 14, 16, 17

1 [HARK! the Redeemer, from on high,
Sweetly invites his favourites nigh;
From caves of darkness and of doubt,
He gently speaks and calls us out.

2 "My dove, who hidest in the rock,
"Thine heart almost with sorrow broke,
"Lift up thy face, forget thy fear,
"And let thy voice delight mine ear.

3 "Thy voice to me sounds ever sweet;
"My graces in thy count'nance meet;
"Though the vain world thy face despise,
"'Tis bright and comely in mine eyes."

4 Dear Lord, our thankful heart receives
The hope thy invitation gives;
To thee our joyful lips shall raise
The voice of prayer, and that of praise.

5 I am my Love's, and he is mine;
Our hearts, our hopes, our passions join;
Nor let a motion, nor a word,
Nor thought arise to grieve my Lord.

6 My soul to pastures fair he leads,
Amongst the lilies, where he feeds;
Amongst the saints (whose robes are white,
Washed in his blood) is his delight.

7 Till the day break, and shadows flee,—
Till the sweet dawning light I see,—
Thine eyes to me-ward often turn,
Nor let my soul in darkness mourn.

8 Be like a hart, on mountains green,
Leap o'er the hills of fear and sin;
Nor guilt, nor unbelief, divide
My Love, my Saviour, from my side.]

HYMN 71. L. M. *Sicilian.* [*]

Christ brought to the Church. Sol. Song, iii. 1, 5.

1 [OFTEN I seek my Lord by night,
Jesus, my Love, my soul's delight·
With warm desire, and restless thought,
I seek him oft, but find him not

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2 Then I arise, and search the street,
Till I my Lord, my Saviour meet;
I ask the watchmen of the night,
Where did you see my soul's delight?

3 Sometimes I find him in my way,
Directed by a heavenly ray;
I leap for joy to see his face,
And hold him fast in my embrace.

4 (I bring him to my mother's home,
Nor does my Lord refuse to come;
To Zion's sacred chambers, where
My soul first drew the vital air.

5 He gives me there his bleeding heart,
Pierced for my sake with deadly smart;
I give my soul to him, and there
Our loves their mutual tokens share.)

6 I charge you all, ye earthly toys,
Approach not to disturb my joys;
Nor sin, nor hell, come near my heart,
Nor cause my Saviour to depart.]

HYMN 72. L. M. *Leeds.* *Green's.* [*]

Coronation of Christ, and Espousals of the Church.
Sol. Song iii. 2.

1 DAUGHTERS of Zion, come, behold
The crown of honour and of gold,
Which the glad church, with joys unknown,
Placed on the head of Solomon.

o 2 Jesus, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept the well-deserved renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.

b 3 Let every act of worship be,
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee!
Like the dear hour, when from above
We first received thy pledge of love.

o 4 The gladness of that happy day!
Our hearts would wish it long to stay;
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.

—5 Each following minute as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys;
o Till we are raised to sing thy name,
At the great supper of the Lamb

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o 6 O that the months would roll away,
And bring that coronation-day!
g The King of grace shall fill the throne,
With all his Father's glories on.

HYMN 73. L. M. *Castle Street.*

The Church's Beauty in the Eyes of Christ. Sol. Song iv. 1, 10, 11, 7, 9, 8.

1 [KIND is the speech of Christ our Lord;
Affection sounds in every word:
Lo, thou art fair, my love, he cries;
Not the young doves have sweeter eyes.

2 (Sweet are thy lips; thy pleasing voice
Salutes mine ear, with sacred joys;
No spice so much delights the smell,
Nor milk, nor honey, tastes so well.)

3 Thou art all fair, my bride, to me;
I will behold no spot in thee;
What mighty wonders love performs,
And puts a comeliness on worms!

4 Defiled and loathsome as we are,
He makes us white, and calls us fair;
Adorns us with that heavenly dress,
His graces and his righteousness.

5 My sister and my spouse, he cries,
Bound to my heart by various ties,
Thy powerful love my heart detains,
In strong delight and pleasing chains.

6 He calls me from the leopard's den,
From this wide world of beasts and men,
To Zion, where his glories are;
Not Lebanon is half so fair.

7 Nor dens of prey, nor flowery plains,
Nor earthly joys, nor earthly pains,
Shall hold my feet, or force my stay,
When Christ invites my soul away.]

HYMN 74. L. M. *Portugal.* [*]

The Garden of Christ. Sol. Song iv. 12—15; v. 1.

b 1 WE are a garden, walled around,
Chosen, and made peculiar ground;
A little spot—enclosed by grace,
Out of the world's wide wilderness.

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—2 Like trees of myrrh and spice we stand,
Planted by God the Father's hand;
And all his springs in Zion flow,
To make the young plantations grow.

• 3 Awake, O heavenly wind, and come,
Blow on this garden of perfume;
Spirit divine, descend and breathe
A gracious gale on plants beneath.

—4 Make our best spices flow abroad,
To entertain our Saviour God:
And faith, and love, and joy appear,
And every grace be active here.

5 [Let my beloved come, and taste
His pleasant fruits at his own feast;
I come, my spouse, I come, he cries,
With love and pleasure in his eyes.

6 Our Lord into his garden comes,
Well pleased to smell our poor perfumes;
And calls us to a feast divine,
Sweeter than honey, milk or wine.

d 7 Eat of the tree of life, my friends,
The blessings that my Father sends;
Your taste shall all my dainties prove,
And drink abundance of my love.]

o 8 Jesus, we will frequent thy board,
And sing the bounties of our Lord:
e But the rich food, on which we live,
Demands more praise than tongue can give.

HYMN 75. L. M. *Moreton.* [*]

Description of Christ the Beloved. Sol. Song v. 9, 10, 11, 12, 14, 15, 16.

1 [THE wondering world inquires to know
Why I should love my Jesus so;
What are his charms, say they, above
The objects of a mortal love?

2 Yes, my Beloved, to my sight,
Shows a sweet mixture, red and white:
All human beauties, all divine,
In my Beloved meet and shine.

3 White is his soul, from blemish free;
Red with the blood he shed for me:

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The fairest of ten thousand fairs;
A sun amongst ten thousand stars.

4 (His head the finest gold excels;
There wisdom in perfection dwells,
And glory, like a crown, adorns
Those temples once beset with thorns.

s 5 Compassions in his heart are found,
Close by the signals of his wound:
His sacred side no more shall bear
The cruel scourge, the piercing spear.)

—6 (His hands are fairer to behold,
Than diamonds, set in rings of gold;
Those heavenly hands, that on the tree
Were nailed, and torn, and bled for me.

p 7 Though once he bowed his feeble knees,
Loaded with sins and agonies,
—Now on the throne of his command,
His legs like marble pillars stand.)

8 (His eyes are majesty and love,
The eagle, tempered with the dove;
No more shall trickling sorrows roll,
Through those dear windows of his soul.

9 His mouth, that poured out long complaints,
Now smiles, and cheers his fainting saints;
His countenance more graceful is,
Than Lebanon with all its trees.)

10 All over glorious is my Lord,
Must be beloved, and yet adored;
His worth, if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love him too.]

HYMN 76. L. M. *Islington.* [*]

Christ in Heaven and on Earth. Sol. Song vi. 1—3, 12.

1 WHEN strangers stand and hear me tell
What beauties in my Saviour dwell,
Where he is gone, they fain would know,
That they might seek and love him too.

2 My best Beloved keeps his throne
On hills of light, in worlds unknown;
But he descends, and shows his face
In the young gardens of his grace.

3 [In vineyards, planted by his hand,
Where fruitful trees in order stand,

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He feeds among the spicy beds,
Where lilies show their spotless heads.

4 He has engrossed my warmest love;
No earthly charms my soul can move:
I have a mansion in his heart,
Nor death, nor hell can make us part.]

5 He takes my soul e'er I'm aware,
And shows me where his glories are;
No chariot of Amminadib
The heavenly rapture can describe.

o 6 O may my spirit daily rise,
On wings of faith above the skies;
e Till death shall make my last remove,
To dwell forever with my Love.

HYMN 77. L. M. *Wells.* [*]

Love of Christ to the Church. Sol. Song vii. 5, 6, 9, 12, 13.

1 [NOW in the galleries of his grace
Appears the King, and thus he says,
"How fair my saints are in my sight,
"My love, how pleasant for delight!"

2 Kind is thy language, sovereign Lord,
There's heavenly grace in every word;
From that dear mouth a stream, divine,
Flows sweeter than the choicest wine.

3 Such wondrous love awakes the lip
Of saints that were almost asleep,
To speak the praises of thy name,
And make our cold affections flame.

—4 These are the joys he lets us know,
In fields and villages below:
Gives us a relish of his love,
But keeps his noblest feast above.

e 5 In Paradise, within the gates,
A higher entertainment waits;
Fruits new and old laid up in store,
Where we shall feed, but thirst no more.]

HYMN 78. L. M. *Bicester.* [*]

The Strength of Christ's Love. Sol. Song viii. 5, 6, 7 13, 14.

1 [WHO is this fair one in distress,
That travels from the wilderness?
And pressed with sorrows, and with sins,
On her beloved Lord she leans.

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2 This is the spouse of Christ our God,
Bought with the treasures of his blood:
And her request, and her complaint,
Is but the voice of every saint.

3 "O let my name engraven stand,
"Both on thy heart, and on thy hand;
"Seal me upon thine arm, and wear
"That pledge of love forever there.

4 "Stronger than death thy love is known,
"Which floods of wrath could never drown;
"And hell and earth in vain combine,
"To quench a fire so much divine.

5 "But I am jealous of my heart,
"Lest it should once from thee depart;
"Then let thy name be well impressed,
"As a fair signet, on my breast.

6 "Till thou hast brought me to thy home,
"Where fears and doubts can never come,
"Thy countenance let me often see,
"And often thou shalt hear from me.

o 7 "Come, my Beloved, haste away,
"Cut short the hours of thy delay;
g "Fly like a youthful hart or roe,
"Over the hills where spices grow."]

HYMN 79. L. M. *Shoel.* [*]

A Morning Hymn. Psalm xix. 5, 8, and lxxiii. 24, 25.

1 [GOD of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice,
To run his journey through the skies;—

2 From the fair chambers of the east,
The circuit of his race begins,
And without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies, and shines.

o 3 Oh, like the sun may I fulfill
Th' appointed duties of the day;
With ready mind, and active will,
March on and keep my heavenly way.

e 4 (But I shall rove, and lose the race,
If God my Sun should disappear,

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And leave me in this world's wide maze,
To follow every wandering star.)

—5 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes;
Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure,
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

6 Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss:
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint, and cold, compared with this.]

HYMN 80. L. M. *Bethel.* [b *]

An Evening Hymn. Ps. iv. 8; iii. 5, 6; cxlii. 8.

1 THUS far the Lord hath led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening should make known
Some fresh memorials of his grace.

e 2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home;
—But he forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.

e 3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head:
—While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 [In vain the sons of earth or hell
Tell me a thousand frightful things;
My God in safety makes me dwell,
Beneath the shadow of his wings.

5 Faith in his name forbids my fear;
O may thy presence ne'er depart;
And, in the morning, make me hear
The love and kindness of thy heart.]

e 6 Thus when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground;
ρ And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

HYMN 81. L. M. *Nantwich. Sicilian.* [*]

A Song for Morning and Evening. Lam. iii. 23; Isa. xlv. 7.

1 MY God, how endless is thy love
Thy gifts are every evening new;

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And morning mercies from above,
Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

HYMN 82. L. M. *Geneva.* [b]

God far above Creatures; or, Man vain and mortal. Job iv. 17—21.

e 1 SHALL the vile race of flesh and blood
Contend with their Creator God?
u Shall mortal worms presume to be
More holy, wise, or just than he?

—2 Behold, he puts his trust in none
Of all the spirits round his throne;
Their natures, when compared with his,
Are neither holy, just, nor wise.

e 3 But how much meaner things are they,
Who spring from dust, and dwell in clay!
Touched by the finger of thy wrath,
We faint, and vanish like the moth.

4 From night to day, from day to night,
We die by thousands in thy sight;
Buried in dust whole nations lie,
Like a forgotten vanity.

p 5 Almighty Power, to thee we bow;
How frail are we! how glorious thou!
No more the sons of earth shall dare
With an eternal God compare.

HYMN 83. C. M. *Isle of Wight. Bangor.* [b]

Affliction and Death under Providence. Job v. 6, 7, 8.

1 NOT from the dust affliction grows,
Nor troubles rise by chance:
p Yet we are born to cares and woes;
A sad inheritance!

—2 As sparks break out from burning coals
And still are upwards borne;

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g So grief is rooted in our souls,
And man grows up to mourn.

—3 Yet with my God I leave my cause,
And trust his promised grace;
He rules me by his well-known laws
Of love and righteousness.

o 4 Not all the pains that e'er I bore
Shall spoil my future peace;
For death and hell can do no more,
Than what my Father please.

HYMN 84. L. M. *Old Hundred.* [*]

Christ the Saviour. Isa. xlv. 21—25.

e 1 JEHOVAH speaks, let Israel hear!
Let all the earth rejoice, and fear!
While God's eternal Son proclaims
His sovereign honours, and his names.

d 2 "I am the last, and I the first,
"The Saviour God, and God the just;
"There's none besides pretends to shew
"Such justice and salvation too.

3 ("Ye that in shades of darkness dwell,
"Just on the verge of death and hell,
"Look up to me from distant lands;
"Light, life, and heaven are in my hands.

g 4 "I by my holy Name have sworn,
"Nor shall the word in vain return;
"To me shall all things bend the knee,
"And every tongue shall swear to me.)

5 "In me, alone, shall men confess,
"Lies all their strength and righteousness:

e "But such as dare despise my Name,
"I'll clothe them with eternal shame.

—6 "In me, the Lord, shall all the seed
"Of Israel from their sins be freed;
"And by their shining graces prove
"Their interest in my pardoning love."

HYMN 85. S. M. *St. Thomas's.* [*]

The same.

1 [THE Lord on high proclaims
His Godhead from his throne

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" Mercy and justice are the names,
" By which I will be known.

a 2 " Ye dying souls, that sit
" In darkness and distress,
" Look from the borders of the pit,
" To my recovering grace."

— 3 Sinners shall hear the sound;
Their thankful tongues shall own,
d " Our righteousness and strength is found
" In thee, the Lord alone."

— 4 In thee shall Israel trust,
And see their guilt forgiven;
v God will pronounce the sinners just,
And take the saints to heaven.]

HYMN 86. C. M. *Reading.* [b]

God holy, just, and sovereign. Job ix. 2—10.

1 [HOW shall the sons of Adam's race
Be pure before their God!
If he contend in righteousness,
We fall beneath his rod.

2 To vindicate my words and thoughts,
I'll make no more pretence;
Not one of all my thousand faults
Can bear a just defence.

3 Strong is his arm, his heart is wise;
What vain presumers dare
Against their Maker's hand to rise,
Or tempt th' unequal war.

4 Mountains, by his almighty wrath,
From their old seats are torn:
He shakes the earth, from south to north,
And all her pillars mourn.

5 He bids the sun forbear to rise,—
Th' obedient sun forbears;
His hand with sackcloth spreads the skies,
And seals up all the stars.

6 He walks upon the stormy sea;
Flies on the stormy wind:
There's none can trace his wondrous way,
Or his dark footsteps find.]

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HYMN 87. L. M. *Green's. Castle Street.* [*]

God dwells with the Humble and Penitent. Isa. lvii 15, 16.

1 THUS saith the high and lofty One,
"I sit upon my holy throne;
"My name is God; I dwell on high;
"Dwell in my own eternity.

—2 "But I descend to worlds below;
"On earth, I have a mansion too:
e "The humble spirit and contrite
"Is an abode of my delight.

—3 "The humble soul my words revive;
"I bid the mourning sinner live;
"Heal all the broken hearts I find,
"And ease the sorrows of the mind.

e 4 ("When I contend against their sin,
"I make them know how vile they've been;
a "But should my wrath forever smoke,
"Their souls would sink beneath my stroke."

o 5 O may thy pardoning grace be nigh,
Lest we should faint, despair and die!
—Thus shall our better thoughts approve
The methods of thy chastening love.)

HYMN 88. L. M. *Armley. Bath.* [b]

Life, the Day of Grace and Hope. Eccl. ix. 4, 5, 6, 10

1 LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time to insure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

2 (Life is the hour that God has given,
To 'scape from hell and fly to heaven;
The day of grace;—and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.)

p 3 The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie:
Their memory, and their sense is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

e 4 (Their hatred, and their love is lost,
Their envy buried in the dust;
They have no share in all that's done,
Beneath the circuit of the sun.)

—5 Then, what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might, pursue;

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s Since no device, nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

e 6 There are no acts of pardon past,
In the cold grave to which we haste;
a But darkness, death, and long despair,
Reign in eternal silence there.

HYMN 89. L. M. *Babylon.* [b]

Youth and Judgment. Eccl. xi. 9.

o 1 YE sons of Adam, vain and young,
Indulge your eyes, indulge your tongue·
Taste the delights your souls desire,
And give a loose to all your fire.

2 Pursue the pleasures you design,
And cheer your hearts with songs and wine;
Enjoy the day of mirth;—but know,
a There is a day of judgment too!

e 3 God from on high beholds your thoughts;
His book records your secret faults;
The works of darkness, you have done,
Must all appear before the sun.

4 The vengeance to your follies due
Should strike your hearts with terror through:
p How will you stand before his face,
Or answer for his injured grace?

—5 Almighty God, turn off their eyes
From these alluring vanities;
o And let the thunder of thy word
Awake their souls to fear the Lord.

HYMN 90. C. M. *Windsor.* [b]

The same.

1 [LO the young tribes of Adam rise,
And through all nature rove;
Fulfill the wishes of their eyes,
And taste the joys they love.

2 They give a loose to wild desires;
a But let the sinners know
The strict account that God requires,
Of all the works they do.

e 3 The Judge prepares his throne on high;
o The frighted earth and seas
Avoid the fury of his eye,
And flee before his face.

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p 4 How shall I bear that dreadful day,
And stand the fiery test?
I'd give all mortal joys away,
To be forever blest.]

HYMN 91. L. M. *Geneva.* [b]

Advice to Youth. Eccl. xii. 1, 7; Isa. lxv. 20.

1 NOW in the heat of youthful blood,
Remember your Creator God;
e Behold the months come hastening on,
When you shall say—*My joys are gone.*

a 2 Behold the aged sinner goes,
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead,
With endless curses on his head.

p 3 The dust returns to dust again;
The soul, in agonies of pain,
Ascends to God; not there to dwell,—
a But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.

e 4 Eternal King, I fear thy name!
Teach me to know how frail I am;
—And when my soul must hence remove,
Give me a mansion in thy love.

HYMN 92. S. M. *Dover.* [*]

Christ the Wisdom of God. Prov. viii. 1, 22—32.

1 [SHALL Wisdom cry aloud,
And not her speech be heard?
The voice of God's eternal Word,
Deserves it no regard?

d 2 "I was his chief delight,
"His everlasting Son,
"Before the first of all his works,—
"Creation,—was begun.

– 3 ("Before the flying clouds,
"Before the solid land,
"Before the fields, before the floods,
"I dwelt at his right hand.

4 "When he adorned the skies,
"And built them, I was there,
"To order when the sun should rise,
"And marshal every star.

5 "When he poured out the sea,
"And spread the flowing deep,

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"I gave the flood a firm decree,
"In its own bounds to keep.)

6 "Upon the empty air,
"The earth was balanced well;
"With joy I saw the mansion, where
"The sons of men should dwell.

7 "My busy thoughts at first,
"On their salvation ran,
"Ere sin was born, or Adam's dust
"Was fashioned to a man.

o 8 "Then come, receive my grace,
"Ye children, and be wise;
o 'Happy the man who keeps my ways,
"The man, who shuns them, dies."]

HYMN 93. L. M. *Islington.* [* b]

Christ obeyed or resisted. Prov. viii. 34—36.

1 THUS saith the Wisdom of the Lord,
"Blest is the man, who hears my word;
"Keeps daily watch before my gates,
"And at my feet for mercy waits.

o 2 "The soul that seeks me shall obtain
"Immortal wealth, and heavenly gain;
"Immortal life is his reward,
"Life, and the favour of the Lord.

e 3 "But the vile wretch who flies from me,
"Does his own soul an injury;
a "Fools, who against my grace rebel,
"Seek death, and love the road to hell."

HYMN 94. C. M. *Reading.* [b *]

Justification; or, Law and Grace. Rom. iii. 19—22.

1 VAIN are the hopes, the sons of men
On their own works have built;
Their hearts by nature are unclean,
And all their actions guilt.

e 2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,
Without a murmuring word;
And the whole race of Adam stand
Guilty before the Lord.

—3 In vain we ask God's righteous law,
To justify us now;
Since to convince, and to condemn,
Is all the law can do.

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o 4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace,
When in thy name we trust!
Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just.

HYMN 95. C. M. *St. Martin's.* [*]

Regeneration. John i. 13, and iii. 3, &c.

1 NOT all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.

2 The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace;
Born in the image of his Son,
A new, peculiar race.

b 3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Blows on the sons of flesh;
New models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.

o 4 Our quickened souls awake, and rise
From the long sleep of death;
o On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

HYMN 96. C. M. *York.* [b *]

Election excludes Boasting. 1 Cor. i. 26—31.

1 [BUT few among the carnal wise,
But few of noble race,
Obtain the favour of thine eyes,
Almighty King of grace.

2 He takes the men of meanest name,
For sons and heirs of God;
And thus he pours abundant shame
On honourable blood.

3 He calls the fool, and makes him know
The mysteries of his grace;
To bring aspiring wisdom low,
And all its pride abase.

4 Nature has all its glories lost,
When brought before his throne;
No flesh shall in his presence boast,
But in the Lord alone.]

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HYMN 97. L. M. *Brentford.* [*]

Christ our Wisdom, Righteousness, &c. 1 Cor. i. 30.

1 BURIED in shadows of the night,
We lie—till Christ restores the light;
o Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.

p 2 Our guilty souls are drowned in tears,
Till his atoning blood appears:
Then we awake from deep distress,
o And sing, THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

e 3 Our very frame is mixed with sin;
—His Spirit makes our natures clean;
Such virtues from his sufferings flow,
At once to cleanse, and pardon too.

e 4 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his slaves in heavy chains:
He sets the prisoners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.

e 5 Poor, helpless worms in thee possess
Grace, wisdom, power, and righteousness;
Thou art our mighty All—and we
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

HYMN 98. S. M. *Aylesbury.* [b]

The same.

1 [HOW heavy is the night,
That hangs upon our eyes;
—Till Christ, with his reviving light,
Over our souls arise!

e 2 Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of Heaven;
But in his righteousness arrayed,
We see our sins forgiven.

e 3 Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways;
—His hands infected nature cure,
With sanctifying grace.

4 The powers of hell agree
To hold our souls in vain;
o He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the cursed chain.

e 5 Lord, we adore thy ways,
To bring us near to God;

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Thy sovereign power, thy healing grace,
And thine atoning blood.]

HYMN 99. C. M. *York.* [*]

Stones made Children of Abraham. Matt. iii. 9.

1 VAIN are the hopes, that rebels place
Upon their birth and blood;
Descended from a pious race,
Their fathers now with God.

2 He from the caves of earth and hell,
Can take the hardest stones,
And fill the house of Abraham well
With new-created sons.

3 Such wondrous power does he possess,
Who formed our mortal frame;
Who called the world from emptiness—
The world obeyed, and came.

HYMN 100. L. M. *Bath.* [*]

Believe, and be saved. John iii. 16, 17, 18.

1 [NOT to condemn the sons of men,
Did Christ the Son of God appear:
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No flaming sword, nor thunder there.

e 2 Such was the pity of our God,
He loved the race of man so well,
He sent his Son, to bear our load
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.

—3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word,
Trust in his mighty name, and live;
o A thousand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thousand blessings give.

e 4 But vengeance and damnation lies
On rebels who refuse his grace;
Who God's eternal Son despise,
The hottest hell shall be their place.]

HYMN 101. L. M. *Oporto. Moreton.* [*]

Joy in Heaven for a repenting Sinner. Luke xv. 7, 10

e 1 WHO can describe the joys that rise,
Through all the courts of Paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born?

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—2 With joy the Father does approve
The fruit of his eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down, and sees
The purchase of his agonies.

3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he formed anew;
o And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

HYMN 102. L. M. *Green's.* [*]

The Beatitudes. Matt. v. 2—12.

1 BLEST are the humble souls, who see
Their emptiness and poverty;
o Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

a 2 Blest are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
—The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.

e 3 Blest are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war;
o God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.

e 4 Blest are the souls who thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness;
o They shall be well supplied and fed,
With living streams and living bread.

a 5 Blest are the men, whose bowels move,
And melt with sympathy and love;
—From Christ the Lord shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.

e 6 Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling power of sin;
o With endless pleasure, they shall see
A God of spotless purity.

e 7 Blest are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife;
o They shall be called the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.

—8 Blest are the sufferers, who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake;
u Their souls shall triumph in the Lord;
g Glory and joy are their reward.

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HYMN 103. C. M. *St. Ann's.* [*]

Not ashamed of the Gospel. 2 Tim. i. 12.

o 1 I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Nor to defend his cause;
Maintain the honour of his word,
The glory of his cross.

e 2 Jesus, my God, I know his name,—
His name is all my trust:
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

g 3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

o 4 Then will he own my worthless name,
Before his Father's face;
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

HYMN 104. C. M. *York.* [*]

State of Nature and Grace. 1 Cor. vi. 10, 11.

1 NOT the malicious, nor profane,
The wanton, nor the proud,
Nor thieves, nor slanderers, shall obtain
The kingdom of our God.

b 2 Surprising grace! and such were we,
By nature and by sin!
Heirs of immortal misery,
Unholy and unclean.

o 3 But we are washed in Jesus' blood,
We're pardoned through his name;
And the good Spirit of our God
Has sanctified our frame.

—4 O for a persevering power,
To keep thy just commands!
We would defile our hearts no more,
No more pollute our hands.

HYMN 105. C. M. *Zion.* [*]

Heaven. 1 Cor. ii. 9, 10. Rev. xxi. 27.

1 NOR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father has prepared
For those who love the Son.

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o 2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come:
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.

b 3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace;
No wanton lip, nor envious eye,
Can see or taste the bliss.

—4 Those holy gates forever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there,
But followers of the Lamb.

o 5 He keeps the Father's book of life;
There all their names are found;
e The hypocrite in vain shall strive
To tread the heavenly ground.

HYMN 106. S. M. *Aylesbury.* [b]

Dead to Sin by the Cross of Christ. Rom. vi. 1—6.

e 1 SHALL we go on to sin,
Because free grace abounds?
Or crucify the Lord again,
And open all his wounds?

— 2 Forbid it, mighty God!
Nor let it e'er be said,
That we, whose sins are crucified,
Should raise them from the dead.

e 3 We will be slaves no more,
Since Christ has made us free;
Has nailed our tyrants to the cross,
And bought our liberty.

HYMN 107. L. M. *Armley.* [b *]

Fall and Recovery of Man. Gen. iii. 1, 15, 17. Gal. iv. 4. Col. ii. 15.

1 DECEIVED by subtle snares of hell,
Adam our head, our father fell!
When Satan, in the serpent hid,
Proposed the fruit that God forbid.

e 2 Death was the threatening; death began
To take possession of the man;
His unborn race received the wound,
And heavy curses smote the ground.

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—3 But Satan found a worse reward:
Thus saith the vengeance of the Lord,
o "Let everlasting hatred be
"Betwixt the woman's Seed and thee.

4 "The woman's Seed shall be my Son,
"He shall destroy what thou hast done:
"Shall break thy head, and only feel
"Thy malice raging at his heel."

—5 He spake—and bade four thousand years
Roll on; at length his Son appears:
s Angels with joy descend to earth,
And sing the young Redeemer's birth.

p 6 Lo! by the sons of hell he dies;
—But as he hung 'twixt earth and skies,
o He gave their prince a fatal blow,
u And triumphed o'er the powers below.

HYMN 108. S. M. *Dover.* [*]

Christ unseen, yet beloved. 1 Pet. i. 8.

1 NOT with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord;
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love him in his word.

2 On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face;
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.

3 And when we taste thy love,
Our joys divinely grow
Unspeakable, like those above,
And heaven begins below.

HYMN 109. L. M. *Portugal. Armley.* [*

The Value of Christ and his Righteousness. Phil. iii. 7,8

1 NO more, my God,—I boast no more,
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.

2 Now for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain, I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.

3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake;

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O may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake!

4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

HYMN 110. C. M. *St. Paul's. Canterbury.* [*]

Death and immediate Glory. 2 Cor. v. 1, 5, 8.

o 1 THERE is a house, not made with hands,
Eternal, and on high;
e And here my spirit waiting stands,
Till God shall bid it fly.

e 2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolved and fall;
s Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.

—3 'Tis He by his almighty grace,
Who forms thee fit for heaven;
And as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit given.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come;
Faith lives upon his word;
e But while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.

—5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather see;
o We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

HYMN 111. C. M. *Reading.* [*]

Salvation by Grace. Titus iii. 3, 7.

e 1 LORD, we confess our numerous faults
How great our guilt has been!
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were sin.

o 2 But, O my soul, forever praise,
Forever love his name,
Who turns thy feet from dangerous ways
Of folly, sin, and shame.)

—3 'Tis not by works of righteousness,
Which our own hands have done;
o But we are saved by sovereign grace
Abounding through his Son.

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—4 'Tis from the mercy of our God,
That all our hopes begin;
'Tis by the water and the blood,
Our souls are washed from sin.

p 5 'Tis through the purchase of His death,
Who hung upon the tree,
The Spirit is sent down to breathe
On such dry bones as we.

o 6 Raised from the dead, we live anew:
And, justified by grace,
s We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

HYMN 112. C. M. *Bedford.* [*]

The Brazen Serpent. 2 John, ver. 14—16.

1 SO did the Hebrew prophet raise
The brazen serpent high;
The wounded felt immediate ease,
The camp forbore to die.

d 2 "Look upward in the dying hour,
"And live!" the prophet cries!
e But Christ performs a nobler cure,
When faith lifts up her eyes.

—3 High on the cross the Saviour hung!
High in the heavens he reigns!
Here sinners, by th' old serpent stung,
Look, and forget their pains.

g 4 When God's own Son is lifted up,
A dying world revives;
The Jew beholds the glorious hope,
Th' expiring Gentile lives.

HYMN 113. C. M. *Wareham.* [*]

Abraham's Blessing on the Gentiles. Gen. xvii. 7. Rom. xv. 8. Mark x. 14.

1 HOW large the promise—how divine—
To Abra'am and his seed;
d "I'll be a God to thee and thine,
"Supplying all their need."

—2 The words of his extensive love
From age to age endure;
The Angel of the covenant proves,
And seals the blessing sure.

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b 3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
To our great fathers given;
He takes young children to his arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

o 4 Our God, how faithful are his ways!
His love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of his grace
Blots out the children's name.

HYMN 114. C. M. *Sunday.* [*]

The same. Rom. xi. 16, 17.

e 1 GENTILES by nature, we belong
To the wild olive wood;
o Grace took us from the barren tree,
And grafts us in the good.

—2 With the same blessings grace endows
The Gentile and the Jew;
If pure and holy be the root,
Such are the branches too.

o 3 Then let the children of the saints
Be dedicate to God;
e Pour out thy Spirit on them, Lord,
And wash them in thy blood.

o 4 Thus to the parents, and their seed,
Shall thy salvation come;
o And numerous households meet at last,
In one eternal home.

HYMN 115. C. M. *Plymouth.* [b]

Conviction by the Law. Rom. vii. 8, 9, 14, 24.

1 LORD, how secure my conscience was,
And felt no inward dread!
I was alive without the law,
And thought my sins were dead.

2 My hopes of heaven were firm and bright;
e But since the precept came,
With a convincing power and light,
I find how vile I am.

3 (My guilt appeared but small before,
Till terribly I saw,
How perfect, holy, just, and pure,
Is thine eternal law.

e 4 Then felt my soul the heavy load,
My sins revived again;

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I had provoked a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were slain.)
p 5 I'm like a helpless captive, sold
Under the power of sin;
I cannot do the good I would,
Nor keep my conscience clean.
—6 My God, I cry with every breath,
For some kind power to save;
To break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave.

HYMN 116. L. M. *Bath.* [*]

Love to God and our Neighbour. Matt. xxii. 37—40.

1 THUS saith the first, the great command,
"Let all thy inward powers unite,
"To love thy Maker, and thy God,
"With utmost vigor and delight.

2 "Then shall thy neighbour, next in place,
"Share thine affection and esteem;
"And let thy kindness to thyself,
"Measure and rule thy love to him."

3 This is the sense that Moses spoke;
This did the prophets preach and prove;
For want of this the law is broke,
And the whole law's fulfilled by love.

a 4 But O! how base our passions are!
How cold our charity and zeal!
—Lord, fill our souls with heavenly fire,
Or we shall ne'er perform thy will.

HYMN 117. L. M. *Blendon. Bath.* [* b]

Election sovereign and free. Rom. ix. 21—24.

1 BEHOLD the potter and the clay!
He forms his vessels as he please;
Such is our God, and such are we,
The subjects of his just decrees.

2 [Doth not the workman's power extend
O'er all the mass, which part to choose,
And mould it for a nobler end,
And which to leave for viler use?]

e 3 May not the sovereign Lord on high
Dispense his favours as he will,
Choose some to life, while others die,
And yet be just, and gracious still?

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d 4 [What if, to make his terror known,
He lets his patience long endure,
Suffering vile rebels to go on,
And seal their own destruction sure?

5 What if he means to show his grace,
And his electing love employs,
To mark out some of mortal race,
And form them fit for heavenly joys?]

—6 Shall man reply against the Lord,
And call his Maker's ways unjust?—
e The thunder of whose dreadful word
Can crush a thousand worlds to dust.

p 7 But, O my soul, if truth so bright,
Should dazzle and confound thy sight;
Yet still, his written will obey,
And wait the great decisive day.

g 8 Then he shall make his justice known;
And the whole world before his throne,
With joy or terror shall confess
The glory of his righteousness.

HYMN 118. S. M. *St. Bridge's.* [*]

Sin against the Law and Gospel. John i. 17. Heb. iii. 3, 5, 6; x. 28, 29.

1 THE law by Moses came;
But peace and truth and love,
Were brought by *Christ*, a nobler name,
Descending from above.

2 Amidst the house of God,
Their different works were done;
Moses a faithful servant stood,
But Christ a faithful Son.

e 3 Then to his new commands
Be strict obedience paid;
O'er all his Father's house he stands,
The Sovereign and the Head.

e 4 The man who durst despise
The law that Moses brought—
p Behold! how terribly he dies—
For his presumptuous fault.

e 5 But sorer vengeance falls
On that rebellious race,
Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,
And dare resist his grace.

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HYMN 119. C. M. *Abridge.* [*]

Various Success of the Gospel. 1 Cor. i. 23, 24; 2 Cor. ii. 16; 1 Cor. iii. 6, 7.

1 CHRIST and his cross is all our theme;
The mysteries that we speak
Are scandal in the Jews' esteem,
And folly to the Greek.

o 2 But souls, enlightened from above,
With joy receive the word;
They see what wisdom, power, and love,
Shine in their dying Lord.

—3 The vital savour of his name
Restores their fainting breath:
e But unbelief perverts the same
a To guilt, despair, and death.

—4 Till God diffuse his graces down,
Like showers of heavenly rain,
In vain Apollos sows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain.

HYMN 120. C. M. *Mear.* [*]

Faith of Things unseen. Heb. xi. 1, 3, 8, 10.

1 FAITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight;
Breaks through the clouds of flesh and sense,
And dwells in heavenly light.

2 It sets times past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home—
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.

3 By faith, we know the worlds were made,
By God's almighty word;
Abra'am to unknown countries led,
By faith obeyed the Lord.

4 He sought a city fair and high,
Built by th' eternal hands;
o And faith assures us, though we die,
That heavenly building stands.

HYMN 121. C. M. *St. Martin's.* [*]

Children devoted to God. Gen. xvii. 7, 10. Acts xvi. 14, 15, 33.

1 THUS saith the mercy of the Lord,
"I'll be a God to thee·

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"I'll bless thy numerous race, and they
"Shall be a seed for me."

2 Abra'am believed the promised grace,
And gave his sons to God;
But water seals the blessing now,
That once was sealed with blood.

3 Thus Lydia sanctified her house,
When she received the word;
Thus the believing jailer gave
His household to the Lord.

4 Thus later saints, eternal King,
Thine ancient truth embrace:
To thee their infant offspring bring,
And humbly claim the grace.

HYMN 122. L. M. *Quercy.* [*]

Believers buried with Christ. Rom. vi. 3, 4, &c.

e 1 DO we not know that solemn word,
That we are buried with the Lord?
Baptized into his death, and then
Put off the body of our sin?

o 2 Our souls receive diviner breath,
Raised from corruption, guilt, and death,
o So from the grave did Christ arise,
And lives to God above the skies.

—3 No more let sin or Satan reign
Over our mortal flesh again;
The various lusts, we served before,
Shall have dominion now no more.

HYMN 123. C. M. *Reading.* [b *]

The Repenting Prodigal. Luke xv. 13, &c.

1 BEHOLD the wretch, whose lust and wine
Have wasted his estate!
He begs a share among the swine,
To taste the husks they eat.

p 2 "I die with hunger here," he cries,
"I starve in foreign lands;
"My father's house has large supplies,
"And bounteous are his hands.

—3 "I'll go, and with a mournful tongue,
"Fall down before his face;

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p " Father, I've done thy justice wrong,
" Nor can deserve thy grace."
o 4 He said,—and hastened to his home,
To seek his father's love;
—The father saw the rebel come,
e And all his bowels move.
u 5 He ran and fell upon his neck,
Embraced and kissed his son;
p The rebel's heart with sorrow brake,
For follies he had done.
o 6 " Take off his clothes of shame and sin,"
o (The father gives command)
o " Dress him in garments white and clean,
" With rings adorn his hand.
7 " A day of feasting I ordain;
" Let mirth and joy abound!
s " My son was dead,—and lives again;
" Was lost—and now is found."

HYMN 124. L. M. *Armley.* [b *]

The First and Second Adam. Rom. v. 12, &c.

e 1 DEEP in the dust, before thy throne,
Our guilt and our disgrace we own;
a Great God, we own th' unhappy name,
Whence sprung our nature, and our shame!
2 Adam the sinner: at his fall
Death, like a conqueror, seized us all:
A thousand new-born babes are dead,
By fatal union to their head.
e 3 But whilst our spirits, filled with awe,
Behold the terrors of thy law,
o We sing the honours of thy grace,
That sent to save our ruined race.
4 We sing thine everlasting Son,
Who joined our nature to his own:
g Adam the Second, from the dust,
Raises the ruins of the first.
s 5 [By the rebellion of one man,
Through all his seed the mischief ran;
- And by one man's obedience now,
Are all his seed made righteous too.
o 6 Where sin did reign and death abound,
There have the sons of Adam found

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o Abounding life; there glorious grace
Reigns through the Lord our righteousness.]

HYMN 125. C. M. *Barby.* [*]

Christ's Compassion to the Weak and Tempted. Heb iv. 16; v. 7. Matt. xii. 20.

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
e His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.
p 2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.
—3 But spotless, innocent, and pure,
The great Redeemer stood;
e While Satan's fiery darts he bore,
And did resist to blood.
p 4 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out his cries and tears;
e And, in his measure, feels afresh
What every member bears.
b 5 (He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.)
o 6 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
o We shall obtain delivering grace,
In the distressing hour.

HYMN 126. L. M. *Islington.* [*]

Charity and Uncharitableness. Rom. xiv. 17, 19. 1 Cor. x. 32.

1 NOT different food, nor different dress,
Compose the kingdom of our Lord;
But peace, and joy, and righteousness,
Faith, and obedience to his word.

2 When weaker Christians we despise,
We do the gospel mighty wrong;
For God, the gracious and the wise,
Receives the feeble with the strong.

3 Let pride and wrath be banished hence,
Meekness and love our souls pure

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Nor shall our practice give offence
To saints, the Gentile, or the Jew.

HYMN 127. L. M. *Portugal.* [*]

Christ's Invitation to Sinners. Matt. xi. 28—30.

1 "COME hither, all ye weary souls,
"Ye heavy laden sinners, come;
"I'll give you rest from all your toils,
"And raise you to my heavenly home.

2 "They shall find rest, who learn of me;
"I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
"But passion rages like the sea,
"And pride is restless as the wind.

3 "Blest is the man, whose shoulders take
"My yoke, and bear it with delight;
"My yoke is easy to his neck,
"My grace shall make the burden light."

4 Jesus, we come at thy command,
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal;
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

HYMN 128. L. M. *Green's.* [*]

The Apostles' Commission. Mark xvi. 15, &c. Matt. xxviii. 18, &c.

1 "GO, preach my gospel," saith the Lord;
"Bid the whole earth my grace receive

"He shall be saved, who trusts my word;
"He shall be damned, who won't believe.

2 "I'll make your great commission known,
"And ye shall prove my gospel true;
"By all the works that I have done,
"By all the wonders ye shall do.

3 "Go heal the sick; go raise the dead;
"Go cast out devils in my name:
"Nor let my prophets be afraid,
"Though Greeks reproach, and Jews blaspheme.

4 "Teach all the nations my commands;
"I'm with you till the world shall end:
"All power is trusted in my hands;
"I can destroy, and I defend."

5 He spake,—and light shone round his head;
On a bright cloud to heaven he rode·

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g They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended God.

HYMN 129. L. M. *Armley.* [b *]

Abraham offering his Son. Gen. xxii. 6, &c.

1 SAINTS, at your heavenly Father's word,
Give up your comforts to the Lord;
He shall restore what you resign,
Or grant you blessings more divine.

2 So Abra'am, with obedient hand,
Led forth his son, at God's command;
The wood, the fire, the knife he took;
His arm prepared the dreadful stroke.

d 3 "Abra'am, forbear," the angel cried,
"Thy faith is known, thy love is tried;
"Thy son shall live, and in thy seed,
"Shall the whole earth be blest indeed."

o 4 Just in the last distressing hour,
The Lord displays delivering power;
The mount of danger is the place,
Where we shall see surprising grace.

HYMN 130. L. M. *Sicilian.* [b *]

Love and Hatred. Phil. ii. 2. Eph. iv. 30, &c

e 1 NOW by the bowels of my God,
His sharp distress, his sore complaints,
By his last groans, his dying blood,—
I charge my soul to love the saints.

—2 Clamour and wrath and war begone,
Envy and spite forever cease;
Let bitter words no more be known,
Amongst the saints, the sons of peace.

e 3 The Spirit, like a peaceful dove,
Flies from the realms of noise and strife;
Why should we vex and grieve His love,
Who seals our souls to heavenly life?

4 Tender and kind be all our thoughts,
Through all our lives let mercy run:
—So God forgives our numerous faults,
For the dear sake of Christ his Son.

HYMN 131. L. M. *Islington.* [b *]

The Pharisee and Publican. Luke xviii. 10, &c

1 BEHOLD, how sinners disagree,—
The Publican and Pharisee!

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o One doth his righteousness proclaim,
e The other owns his guilt and shame.

p 2 This man at humble distance stands,
And cries for grace with lifted hands;
o That boldly rises near the throne,
And talks of duties he has done.

—3 The Lord their different language knows,
And different answers he bestows:
o The humble soul with grace he crowns,
e Whilst on the proud his anger frowns.

—4 Dear Father, let me never be
Joined with the boasting Pharisee;
e I have no merits of my own,
But plead the sufferings of thy Son.

HYMN 132. L. M. *Brentford. Oporto.* [*]

Holiness and Grace. Titus ii. 10, 13.

1 SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel, we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God;
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

e 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
o Whilst justice, temperance, truth and love,
Our inward piety approve.

—4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,—
o The bright appearance of the Lord;—
—And faith stands leaning on his word.

HYMN 133. C. M. *York.* [*]

Love and Charity. 1 Cor. xiii. 2—7, 13.

1 LET Pharisees of high esteem
Their faith and zeal declare;
All their religion is a dream,
If love be wanting there.

2 Love suffers long with patient eye,
Nor is provoked in haste;
She lets the present injury die,
And long forgets the past.

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3 (Malice and rage, those fires of hell,
She quenches with her tongue;
Hopes, and believes, and thinks no ill,
Though she endures the wrong.)

4 (She ne'er desires, nor seeks to know
The scandals of the time;
Nor looks with pride on those below,
Nor envies those who climb.)

5 She lays her own advantage by,
To seek her neighbour's good:—
So God's own Son came down to die,
And bought our lives with blood.

6 Love is the grace, that keeps her power,
In all the realms above;
There faith and hope are known no more,
But saints forever love.

HYMN 134. L. M. *Islington.* *Quercy.* [b *]

Religion vain without Love. 1 Cor. xiii. 1, 2, 3.

1 HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use;
If love be absent, I am found,
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

2 Were I inspired to preach, and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell;
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still—I am nothing without love.

3 Should I distribute all my store,
To feed the bowels of the poor;
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name;—

4 If love to God, and love to men,
Be absent—all my hopes are vain:
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The works of love can e'er fulfill.

HYMN 135. L. M. *Sicilian.* *Green's.* [*]

Love of Christ in the Heart. Eph. iii. 16, &c.

1 COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell,
By faith and love, in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,
The joys that cannot be expressed.

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2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength;
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length,
Of thine unmeasurable grace.

3 Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know;
Be everlasting honours done,
By all the church—through Christ his Son.

HYMN 136. C. M. *Abridge. Plymouth.* [þ *]

Sincerity and Hypocrisy. John iv. 24. Psalm cxxxix. 23, 24.

1 GOD is a Spirit, just and wise;
He sees our inmost mind:
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.

2 Nothing but truth, before his throne,
With honour can appear:
The painted hypocrites are known,
Through the disguise they wear.

3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bending knees the ground;
But God abhors the sacrifice,
Where not the heart is found.

4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways,
And make my soul sincere;
Then shall I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

HYMN 137. L. M. *Leeds. Castle Street.* [*]

Salvation by Grace in Christ. 2 Tim. i. 9, 10.

1 NOW, to the power of God supreme
Be everlasting honours given;
He saves from hell—(we bless his name,)
He calls our wandering feet to heaven.

2 Not for our duties, or deserts,
But of his own abundant grace,
He works salvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for his praise.

3 'Twas his own purpose that begun
To rescue rebels, doomed to die;
He gave us grace in Christ his Son,
Before he spread the starry sky.

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o 4 Jesus the Lord appears at last,
And makes his Father's counsels known;
o Declares the great transactions passed,
And brings immortal blessings down.

e 5 He dies!—and in that dreadful night
Did all the powers of hell destroy;
o Rising—he brought our heaven to light,
And took possession of the joy.

HYMN 138. C. M. *Colchester.* [*]

Saints in the Hands of Christ. John x. 28, 29.

1 FIRM as the earth, thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust;
If I am found in Jesus' hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.

2 His honour is engaged to save
The meanest of his sheep;
All, whom his heavenly Father gave,
His hands securely keep.

3 Nor death, nor hell shall e'er remove
His favourites from his breast;
In the dear bosom of his love
They must forever rest.

HYMN 139. L. M. *Green's.* [b *]

Hope in the Covenant. Heb. vi. 17—19.

e 1 HOW oft have sin and Satan strove
To rend my soul from thee, my God!
o But everlasting is thy love,
And Jesus seals it with his blood.

—2 The oath and promise of the Lord
Join to confirm the wondrous grace;
g Eternal power performs the word,
And fills all heaven with endless praise.

e 3 Amidst temptations, sharp and long,
My soul to this dear refuge flies;
—Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,
While tempests blow, and billows rise.

o 4 The gospel bears my spirit up;
g A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation for my hope,
In oaths, and promises, and blood

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HYMN 140. C. M. *York. Reading.* [b *]

A living and a dead Faith.

e 1 MISTAKEN souls! that dream of heaven,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,
While they are slaves to lust.

2 Vain are our fancies' airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead;
—None but a living power unites
To Christ the living head.

o 3 'Tis faith, that changes all the heart;
'Tis faith, that works by love;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

o 4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell
By a celestial power;
This is the grace that shall prevail,
In the decisive hour.

e 5 (Faith must obey her Father's will,
As well as trust his grace;
A pardoning God is jealous still,
For his own holiness.

—6 When from the curse he sets us free,
He makes our natures clean;
Nor would he send his Son to be
The Minister of sin.

o 7 His Spirit purifies our frame,
And seals our peace with God:
—Jesus, and his salvation, came
By water and by blood.)

HYMN 141. S. M *Aylesbury.* [b]

The Humiliation and Exaltation of Christ. Isa. liii. 1—5, 10—12.

e 1 WHO has believed thy word,
Or thy salvation known?
o Reveal thine arm, Almighty Lord,
And glorify thy Son.

e 2 The Jews esteemed him here
Too mean for their belief;
p Sorrows his chief acquaintance were,
And his companion grief.

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— 3 They turned their eyes away,
And treated him with scorn;
p But 'twas their grief upon him lay;
Their sorrows he has borne.

a 4 'Twas for the stubborn Jews,
And Gentiles, then unknown,
The God of justice pleased to bruise
His best beloved Son.

— 5 "But I'll prolong his days,
"And make his kingdom stand;
o "My pleasure," saith the God of grace,
"Shall prosper in his hand.

o 6 ("His joyful soul shall see
"The purchase of his pain;
"And by his knowledge justify
"The guilty sons of men.)

o 7 ("Thousands of captive slaves,
"Released from death and sin,
"Shall quit their prisons, and their graves,
"And own his power divine.)

u 8 "Heaven shall advance my Son
"To joys that earth denied;
e "Who saw the follies men had done,
a "And bore their sins, and died."

HYMN 142. S. M. *Bingham.* [b]

The same. Isa. liii. 6—9—12.

e 1 LIKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God;
Each wandering in a different way,
But all the downward road.

p 2 How dreadful was the hour,
When God our wanderings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour,
Upon the Shepherd's head.

o 3 How glorious was the grace,
When Christ sustained the stroke
His life and blood the Shepherd pays,
A ransom for the flock.

a 4 His honour and his breath
Were taken both away;
Joined with the wicked in his death,
And made as vile as they.

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o 5 But God shall raise his head,
O'er all the sons of men;
And make him see a numerous seed,
To recompense his pain.

g 6 "I'll give him," saith the Lord,
"A portion with the strong;
"He shall possess a large reward,
"And hold his honours long."

HYMN 143. C. M. *Barby.* [*]

Characters of the Children of God, from several Scriptures

b 1 AS new-born babes desire the breast,
To feed, and grow, and thrive;
So saints with joy the gospel taste,
And by the gospel live.

2 [With inward gust, their heart approves
All that the word relates;
They love the men their Father loves,
And hate the work he hates.

3 Not all the flattering baits on earth,
Can make them slaves to lust;
They can't forget their heavenly birth,
Nor grovel in the dust.

4 Not all the chains that tyrants use,
Shall bind their souls to vice:
Faith, like a conqueror, can produce
A thousand victories.]

—5 Grace, like an uncorrupted seed,
Abides and reigns within;
Immortal principles forbid
The sons of God to sin.

e 6 Not by the terrors of a slave,
Do they perform his will;
o But with the noblest powers they have,
His sweet commands fulfill.

—7 They find access at every hour
To God, within the vail;
Hence they derive a quickening power,
And joys that never fail.

o 8 O happy souls! O glorious state
Of ever-flowing grace!
To dwell so near their Father's seat,
And see his lovely face!

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e 9 Lord, I address thy heavenly throne;
Call me a child of thine;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son,
To form my heart divine.
—10 There shed thy choicest love abroad,
And make my comforts strong;
d Then shall I say, *My Father, God,*
With an unwavering tongue.

HYMN 144. C. M. *Canterbury. York.* [b *]

The witnessing and sealing Spirit. Rom. viii. 14, 16. Eph. i. 13, 14.

e 1 WHY should the children of a king
Go mourning all their days?
o Great Comforter, descend, and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.
e 2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?
—3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.
o 4 Thou art the earnest of his love,—
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

HYMN 145. C. M. *Sunday. Christmas.* [*]

Christ and Aaron. Heb. vii. and ix.

1 JESUS, in thee our eyes behold
A thousand glories more,
Than the rich gems, and polished gold,
The sons of Aaron wore
e 2 They first their own burnt-offerings brought
To purge themselves from sin;
o Thy life was pure without a spot,
And all thy nature clean.
—3 [Fresh blood, as constant as the day,
Was on their altars spilt;
But thy one offering takes away
Forever, all our guilt.
4 Their priesthood ran through several hands,
For mortal was their race;

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Thy never-changing office stands,
Eternal as thy days.]

e 5 Once in the circuit of a year,
With blood—but not his own,
Aaron within the vail appears,
Before the golden throne.

o 6 But Christ, by his own powerful blood,
Ascends above the skies;
And, in the presence of our God,
Shows his own sacrifice.

o 7 Jesus, the King of glory, reigns
On Zion's heavenly hill;
Looks like a lamb that has been slain,
And wears his priesthood still.

—8 He ever lives—to intercede
Before his Father's face:
Give him, my soul, thy cause to plead,
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

HYMN 146. L. M. *Oporto. Nantwich.* [*]

The Excellences of Christ.

1 GO worship at Emmanuel's feet,
See in his face what wonders meet;
Earth is too narrow to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.

2 The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of my Lord;
Nature, to make his beauties known,
Must mingle colours, not her own.

3 [*Is* HE *compared to wine or bread?*
Dear Lord, our souls would thus be fed:
That flesh, that dying blood of thine,
Is bread of life, is heavenly wine.

4 *Is* HE *a Tree?* The world receives
Salvation from his healing leaves:
That righteous Branch, that fruitful Bough,
Is David's root and offspring too.

5 *Is* HE *a Rose?* Not Sharon yields
Such fragrancy in all her fields:
Or if the Lily he assume,
The valleys bless the rich perfume.

6 *Is* HE *a Vine?* His heavenly root
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit;

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O let a lasting union join
My soul to Christ, the living vine.

7 *Is* HE *the Head?* Each member lives,
And owns the vital power he gives;
The saints below and saints above,
Joined by his Spirit and his love.

8 *Is* HE *a Fountain?* There I bathe,
And heal the plague of sin and death:
These waters all my soul renew,
And cleanse my spotted garments too.

9 *Is* HE *a Fire?* He'll purge my dross:
But the true gold sustains no loss;
Like a refiner shall he sit,
And tread the refuse with his feet.

10 *Is* HE *a Rock?* How firm he proves!
The Rock of Ages never moves:
Yet the sweet streams, that from him flow
Attend us all the desert through.

11 *Is* HE *a Way?* He leads to God;
The path is drawn in lines of blood:
There would I walk, with hope and zeal,
Till I arrive at Sion's hill.

12 *Is* HE *a Door?* I'll enter in;
Behold the pastures large and green:
A Paradise divinely fair;
None but the sheep have freedom there.

13 *Is* HE *designed a Corner-Stone,—*
For men to build their heaven upon?
I'll make him my foundation too;
Nor fear the plots of hell below.

14 *Is* HE *a Temple?* I adore
Th' indwelling Majesty and Power:
And still, to his most holy place,
Whene'er I pray, I turn my face.

15 *Is* HE *a Star?* He breaks the night,
Piercing the shades with dawning light:
I know his glories from afar;
I know the bright, the Morning-Star.

16 *Is* HE *a Sun?* His beams are grace,
His course is joy and righteousness:
Nations rejoice, when he appears,
To chase the clouds and dry their tears]

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e 17 O let me climb those higher skies,
Where storms and darkness never rise!
o There he displays his powers abroad,
And shines and reigns th' incarnate God.

g 18 Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heaven his full resemblance bears;
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold him face to face.

HYMN 147. L. M. *Green's.* [*]

Names and Titles of Christ.

1 ['TIS from the treasure of his word,
I borrow titles for my Lord;
Nor art, nor nature, can supply
Sufficient forms of majesty.

2 Bright image of the Father's face,
Shining with undiminished rays;
Th' eternal God's eternal Son,
The heir and partner of his throne.

3 The King of kings, the Lord most high,
Writes his own name upon his thigh;
He wears a garment dipped in blood,
And breaks the nations with his rod.

4 Where grace can neither melt, nor move,
The Lamb resents his injured love;
Awakes his wrath, without delay,
And Judah's Lion tears the prey.

5 But when for works of peace he comes,
What winning titles he assumes!
Light of the world, and Life of men;
Nor bears those characters in vain.

6 With tender pity in his heart,
He acts the Mediator's part;
A Friend and Brother he appears,
And well fulfills the names he wears.

7 At length the Judge his throne ascends,
Divides the rebels from his friends;
And saints in full fruition prove
His rich variety of love.]

HYMN 148. P. M. *Allerton.* [*]

Scriptural Titles of Christ.

1 WITH cheerful voice I sing
The titles of my Lord;

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And borrow all the names
Of honour from his word;
Nature and art | Sufficient forms
Can ne'er supply | Of majesty.

e 2 In Jesus we behold
His Father's glorious face,
Shining forever bright,
With mild and lovely rays:
—Th' eternal God's | Inherits and
Eternal Son | Partakes the throne.

g 3 The sovereign *King of kings*,
The Lord of lords most high,
Writes his own name upon
His garment and his thigh:
His name is called | He rules the earth
The Word of God; | With iron rod.

— 4 When promises and grace
Can neither melt nor move,
e The angry *Lamb* resents
The injuries of his love;
u Awakes his wrath | As lions roar,
Without delay, | And tear the prey.

b 5 But, when for works of peace
The great Redeemer comes,
What gentle characters,
What titles he assumes!
Light of the world, | Nor will he bear
And Life of men! | Those names in vain.

o 6 Immense compassion reigns
In our *Emmanuel's* heart,
When he descends to act
A Mediator's part.
He is a Friend, | Divinely kind,
And Brother too; | Divinely true.

g 7 At length the Lord, the *Judge*,
His awful throne ascends,
And drives the rebels far
From favourites and friends:
Then shall the saints | The heights and depths
Completely prove | Of all his love.

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HYMN 149. L. M. *Leeds.* [*]

Offices of Christ.

1 [JOIN all the names of love and power,
That ever men or angels bore:
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Or set EMMANUEL'S glory forth.

2 But O what condescending ways
He takes to teach his heavenly grace!
My eyes, with joy and wonder, see
What forms of love he bears to me.

3 The ANGEL OF THE COVENANT stands,
With his commission in his hands;
Sent from his Father's milder throne,
To make the great salvation known.

4 Great PROPHET! let me bless thy name;
By thee the joyful tidings came,
Of wrath appeased, of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

5 My bright EXAMPLE, and my GUIDE,
I would be walking near thy side;
O let me never run astray,
Nor follow the forbidden way.

6 I love my SHEPHERD; he shall keep
My wandering soul amongst his sheep;
He feeds his flocks, he calls their names,
And in his bosom bears the lambs.

7 My SURETY undertakes my cause,
Answering his Father's broken laws;
Behold my soul at freedom set!
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.

8 Jesus, my great HIGH PRIEST, has died
I seek no sacrifice beside;
His blood did once for all atone,
And now it pleads, before the throne.

9 My ADVOCATE appears on high,
The Father lays his thunder by;
Not all that earth, or hell, can say,
Shall turn my Father's heart away.

10 My LORD, my CONQUEROR, and my KING,
Thy sceptre, and thy sword I sing;
Thine is the victory, and I sit
A joyful subject at thy feet.

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11 Aspire, my soul, to glorious deeds,
The CAPTAIN OF SALVATION leads:
March on, nor fear to win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way.

12 Should death, and hell, and powers unknown,
Put all their forms of mischief on,
I shall be safe; for CHRIST displays
Salvation in more sovereign ways.]

HYMN 150. P. M. *Bethesda.* [*]

Scriptural Characters of Christ.

o 1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore;
e All are too mean | Too mean to set
To speak his worth, | My Saviour forth.

d 2 But O what gentle terms,
What condescending ways,
Does our Redeemer use,
To teach his heavenly grace!
—Mine eyes, with joy | What forms of love
And wonder, see | He bears for me.

e 3 (Arrayed in mortal flesh,
He like an *Angel* stands;
And holds the promises
And pardons in his hands;
o Commissioned from | To make his grace
His Father's throne, | To mortals known.)

— 4 (Great *Prophet* of my God,
My tongue would bless thy name;
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came;
o The joyful news | Of hell subdued,
Of sins forgiven, | And peace with heaven.)

— 5 (Be thou my *Counsellor*,
My *Pattern* and my *Guide*;
And through this desert land,
Still keep me near thy side.
• O let my feet | Nor rove nor seek
Ne'er run astray, | The crooked way!)

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e 6 (I love my *Shepherd's* voice;
His watchful eyes shall keep
My wandering soul, among
The thousands of his sheep:
b He feeds his flock, | His bosom bears
He calls their names; | The tender lambs.)

o 7 (To this dear *Surety's* hand
Will I commit my cause;
He answers and fulfills
His Father's broken laws:
Behold my soul | My *Surety* paid
At freedom set! | The dreadful debt.)

p 8 (*Jesus*, my great *High Priest*,
Offered his blood and died;
— My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside:
o His powerful blood | e And now it pleads
Did once atone, | Before the throne.)

o 9 (My *Advocate* appears
For my defence on high;
The Father bows his ears,
And lays his thunder by.
o Not all that hell | Shall turn his heart,
Or sin can say, | His love away.)

g 10 (My dear Almighty *Lord*,
My *Conqueror* and my *King*,
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing.
Thine is the power; | In willing bonds,
a Behold I sit, | Beneath thy feet.)

u 11 (Now let my soul arise,
And tread the Tempter down;
u My *Captain* leads me forth
To conquest and a crown.
—A feeble saint | o Though death and hell
Shall win the day, | Obstruct the way.)

g 12 Should all the hosts of death,
And powers of hell unknown,
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and mischief on;
I shall be safe— | Superior power,
For *Christ* displays | And guardian grace

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

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HYMNS

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

BOOK II.

COMPOSED ON DIVINE SUBJECTS.

HYMN 1. L. M. *Old Hundred.* [*]

A Song of Praise to God.

1 NATURE, with all her powers, shall sing,
God the Creator, and the King;
Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas,
Deny the tribute of their praise.

2 (Begin to make his glories known,
Ye seraphs, who sit near his throne;
Tune your harps high, and spread the sound,
To the creation's utmost bound.)

3 (All mortal things of meaner frame,
Exert your force, and own his Name;
Whilst with our souls, and with our voice,
We sing his honours, and our joys.)

4 (To him be sacred all we have,
From the young cradle to the grave:
Our lips shall his loud wonders tell,
And every word a miracle.)

5 [These western shores, our native land,
Lie safe in the Almighty's hand!
Our foes of victory dream in vain,
And wear the captivating chain.

6 Raise monumental praises high,
To him who thunders through the sky,
And with an awful nod or frown,
Shakes an aspiring tyrant down.

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7 Pillars of lasting brass proclaim
The triumphs of th' Eternal Name;
While trembling nations read from far,
The honours of the God of war.]

8 Thus let our flaming zeal employ
Our loftiest thoughts, and loudest songs;
Let there be sung, with warmest joy,
HOSANNA—from ten thousand tongues.

9 Yet, mighty God, our feeble frame
Attempts in vain to reach thy name;
The strongest notes that angels raise,
Faint in the worship and the praise.

HYMN 2. C. M. *Bishopsgate.* [b]

The Death of a Sinner.

1 [MY thoughts on awful subjects roll,
Damnation and the dead;
What horrors seize the guilty soul,
Upon a dying bed.

e 2 Lingering about these mortal shores,
a She makes a long delay;
o Till, like a flood with rapid force,
Death sweeps the wretch away.

u 3 Then, swift and dreadful she descends
Down to the fiery coast;
—Amongst abominable fiends,
Herself a frighted ghost.

e 4 There endless crowds of sinners lie,
And darkness makes their chains:
Tortured with keen despair, they cry;
Yet wait for fiercer pains.

p 5 Not all their anguish, and their blood,
For their old guilt atones;
Nor the compassion of a God
Shall hearken to their groans.

o 6 Amazing grace, that kept my breath,
Nor bid my soul remove,
Till I had learned my Saviour's death,
And well insured his love!]

HYMN 3. C.M. *Isle of Wight. Canterbury.* [b*]

The Death and Burial of a Saint.

e 1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?

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—'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

o 2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our Love.

—3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?

o There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

—4 The graves of all the saints he blessed,
And softened every bed:

e Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying Head?

o 5 Thence he arose, ascended high,
And showed our feet the way:

o Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.

s 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

HYMN 4. L. M. *Carthage. Pleyel's.* [b *]

Salvation in the Cross.

p 1 HERE, at thy cross, my dying God,
I lay my soul beneath thy love!
Beneath the droppings of thy blood,
Jesus—nor shall it e'er remove.

-2 Not all that tyrants think or say,
With rage and lightning in their eyes,—
Nor hell shall fright my heart away,
Should hell with all its legions rise.

3 Should worlds conspire to drive me hence,
Moveless and firm this heart should lie;
Resolved, (for that's my last defence,)
If I must perish, here to die.

e 4 But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear;
Am I not safe beneath thy shade?

d Thy vengeance will not strike me here,
Nor Satan dare my soul invade.

o 5 Yes, I'm secure beneath thy blood,
And all my foes shall lose their aim;

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o Hosanna to my dying God,
And my best honours to his name.

HYMN 5. L. M. *Islington.* [*]

Longing to praise Christ better.

1 [LORD, when my thoughts with wonder roll
O'er the sharp sorrows of thy soul,
And read my Maker's broken laws,
Repaired and honoured by the cross :—

2 When I behold death, hell, and sin,
Vanquished by that dear blood of thine;
And see the Man that groaned and died,
Sit glorious by his Father's side :—

o 3 My passions rise and soar above;
u I'm winged with faith, and fired with love:
o Fain would I reach eternal things,
And learn the notes that Gabriel sings

e 4 But my heart fails, my tongue complains,
For want of their immortal strains;
p And, in such humble notes as these,
Must fall below thy victories.

—5 Well, the kind minute must appear,
When we shall leave these bodies here,—
o These clogs of clay;—and mount on high,
o To join the songs above the sky.]

HYMN 6. C. M. *St. Ann's.* [*]

A Morning Song.

1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes:
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To Him who rules the skies.

o 2 Night unto night his Name repeats,
The day renews the sound;
g Wide as the heaven, on which he sits
To turn the seasons round.

—3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame,
o My tongue shall speak his praise;
e My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
— And yet his wrath delays.

e 4 (On a poor worm thy power might tread,
And I could ne'er withstand:
p Thy justice might have crushed me dead
— But mercy held thy hand.

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p 5 A thousand wretched souls are fled,
Since the last setting sun;
—And yet thou lengthen'st out my thread,
And yet my moments run.)
e 6 Dear God, let all my hours be thine,
Whilst I enjoy the light:
o Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

HYMN 7. C. M. *Hymn 2d. Wantage.* [b]

An Evening Song.

e 1 DREAD Sovereign, let my evening song,
Like holy incense rise;
Assist the offerings of my tongue,
To reach the lofty skies.
—2 Through all the dangers of the day,
Thy hand was still my guard;
And still to drive my wants away,
Thy mercy stood prepared.
o 3 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around;
e But O how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found!
d 4 What have I done for Him, who died
To save my wretched soul?
How are my follies multiplied,
Fast as the minutes roll!
e 5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,
To thy dear cross I flee;
—And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renewed by thee.
6 (Sprinkled afresh with pardoning blood,
I lay me down to rest,—
As in th' embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breast.)

HYMN 8. C. M. *St. Martin's. Sunday.* [*]

A Hymn for Morning or Evening.

1 HOSANNA, with a cheerful sound,
To God's upholding hand;
Ten thousand snares attend us round,
And yet secure we stand.
e 2 That was a most amazing power,
That raised us with a word;

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—And every day, and every hour,
We lean upon the Lord.

e 3 The evening rests our weary head,
And angels guard the room;
—We wake, and we admire the bed,
That was not made our tomb.

4 The rising morning can't assure,
That we shall end the day!

e For death stands ready at the door,
To seize our lives away.

e 5 Our breath is forfeited by sin,
To God's avenging law;
—We own thy grace, immortal King,
In every gasp we draw.

o 6 God is our sun, whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings;
Our feeble flesh lies safe at night,
Beneath his shady wings.

HYMN 9. C. M. *Isle of Wight. Bangor.* *]

Godly Sorrow from the Sufferings of Christ.

p 1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head,
For such a worm as I?

2 [Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, thine,—
And bathed in its own blood,
While, all exposed to wrath divine,
The glorious sufferer stood!]

3 Was it for crimes—that I had done—
He groaned upon the tree?—

a Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

e 4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man the creature's sin.

e 5 Thus might I hide my blushing face—
While his dear cross appears;

d Dissolve, my heart, in thankfulness,
And melt, mine eyes, in tears.

—6 But drops of tears can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;

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o Here, Lord, I give myself away—
— 'Tis all that I can do.

HYMN 10. C. M. *Dorset. Canterbury.* [*]

Parting with Carnal Joys.

1 MY soul forsakes her vain delight,
And bids the world farewell;
Base as the dirt beneath my feet,
And mischievous as hell.

2 No longer will I ask your love,
Nor seek your friendship more;
The happiness that I approve,
Lies not within your power.

o 3 There's nothing round this spacious earth,
That suits my large desire;
o To boundless joy and solid mirth
My nobler thoughts aspire:

o 4 (Where pleasure rolls its living flood,
From sin and dross refined;
Still springing from the throne of God,
And fit to cheer the mind.

g 5 Th' Almighty Ruler of the sphere,
The glorious and the great,
Brings his own all-sufficience there,
To make our bliss complete.)

o 6 Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd climb the heavenly road;
o There sits my Saviour dressed in love,
And there my smiling God.

HYMN 11. L. M. *Munich. Carthage.* [b *]

The same.

1 I SEND the joys of earth away;
o Away, ye tempters of the mind,
—False as the smooth deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.

p 2 Your streams were floating me along,
Down to the gulf of black despair;
And whilst I listened to your song,
Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.

—3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warned me of that dark abyss;
That drew me from those treacherous seas
And bade me seek superior bliss.

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o 4 Now, to the shining realms above,
I stretch my hands and glance my eyes:
u O for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies!
g 5 There, from the bosom of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasure roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

HYMN 12. C. M. *Sunday. Christmas.* [*]

Christ is the Substance of the Levitical Priesthood.

1 THE true MESSIAH now appears,
The types are all withdrawn:
o So fly the shadows and the stars,
Before the rising dawn.
b 2 No smoking sweets, nor bleeding lambs,
Nor kids, nor bullocks slain;
Incense and spice, of costly names,
Would all be burnt in vain.
—3 Aaron must lay his robes away,
His mitre and his vest,—
e When God himself comes down to be
The offering and the priest.
—4 He took our mortal flesh, to show
The wonders of his love;
s For us he paid his life below,
And prays for us above.
5 Father, he cries, forgive their sins,
For I myself have died;
d And then—he shows his opened veins,—
And pleads his wounded side.

HYMN 13. L. M. *Old Hundred. Blendon.* [*]

The Creation, Preservation, Dissolution, and Restoration of this World.

1 SING to the Lord, who built the skies,
The Lord, who reared this stately frame:
Let all the nations sound his praise,
And lands unknown repeat his name.
2 He formed the seas, and formed the hills,
Made every drop and every dust;
Nature and time, with all their wheels,
And put them into motion first.
3 Now from his high, imperial throne,
He looks far down upon the spheres;

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o He bids the shining orbs roll on,
And round he turns the hasty years.
e 4 Thus shall this moving engine last,
Till all his saints are gathered in;
o Then for the trumpet's dreadful blast—
To shake it all to dust again!
g 5 Yet when the sound shall tear the skies,
And lightning burn the globe below,
o Saints, you may lift your joyful eyes;
o There's a new heaven and earth for you.

HYMN 14. S. M. *Little Marlboro'.* [*]

The Lord's Day; or, Delight in Ordinances.

o 1 WELCOME—sweet day of rest—
That saw the Lord arise!
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.
— 2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
e Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.
b 3 One day, amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.
— 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,—
o And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

HYMN 15. L. M. *Sicilian. Gloucester.* [*]

Enjoyment of Christ; or, Delight in Worship.

1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world, be gone
Let my religious hours alone:
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see;
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.
o 2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire·
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.
—3 (The trees of life immortal stand
In beauteous rows at thy right hand;
b And in sweet murmurs, by their side,
Rivers of bliss perpetual glide

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o 4 Haste then—but with a smiling face—
And spread the table of thy grace;
Bring down a taste of truth divine,
And cheer my heart with sacred wine.)

b 5 Blest Jesus, what delicious fare!
How sweet thy entertainments are!
—Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

o 6 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine:
—Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One,
That eyes have seen, or angels known.

HYMN 16. L. M. *Oporto. Nantwich.* [*]

Part the Second.

o 1 LORD, what a heaven of saving grace,
Shines through the beautics of thy face—
And lights our passion to a flame!
Lord, how we love thy charming name!

e 2 When I can say, My God is mine,
When I can feel thy glories shine,—
o I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all the earth calls good or great.

b 3 While such a scene of sacred joys
Our raptured eyes and souls employs,
—Here we could sit and gaze away
A long, an everlasting day.

o 4 Well, we shall quickly pass the night,
To the fair coast of perfect light;
—Then shall our joyful senses rove
O'er the dear Object of our love.

o 5 [There shall we drink full draughts of bliss,
And pluck new life from heavenly trees!
—Yet now and then, dear Lord, bestow
A drop of heaven on worms below.

6 Send comforts down from thy right hand,
While we pass through this barren land;
And in thy temple let us see
A glimpse of love—a glimpse of thee.]

HYMN 17. C. M. *Mitcham. Arundel.* [*]

God's Eternity.

o 1 RISE, rise, my soul, and leave the ground,
Stretch all thy thoughts abroad,—

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And rouse up every tuneful sound,
To praise th' eternal God.

g 2 Long ere the lofty skies were spread,
Jehovah filled his throne;
Or Adam formed, or angels made,
Jehovah lived alone.

—3 His boundless years can ne'er decrease,
But still maintain their prime;
e Eternity's his dwelling-place,
And EVER is his time.

o 4 While like a tide our minutes flow,
The present and the past—
a He fills his own immortal NOW
And sees our ages waste.

—5 The sea and sky must perish too,
And vast destruction come;
p The creatures—look, how old they grow,—
And wait their fiery doom!

o 6 Well, let the sea shrink all away,
And flame melt down the skies;—
g My God shall live an endless day,
When old creation dies.

HYMN 18. L. M. *Nantwich.* [*]

The Ministry of Angels.

1 [HIGH on a hill of dazzling light,
The King of glory spreads his seat,
And troops of angels, stretched for flight,
Stand waiting round his awful feet.

2 Go, saith the Lord, my Gabriel, go,
Salute the Virgin's fruitful womb;
Make haste, ye cherubs, down below,
Sing, and proclaim the Saviour's come.

3 Here a bright squadron leaves the skies,
And thick around Elisha stands;
Anon a heavenly soldier flies,
And breaks the chains from Peter's hands.

4 Thy winged troops, O God of hosts,
Wait on thy wandering church below;
Here we are sailing to thy coasts,
Let angels be our convoy too.

5 Are they not all thy servants, Lord?
At thy command they go and come;

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With cheerful haste, obey thy word,
And guard thy children to their home.]

HYMN 19. C. M. *Plymouth. Reading.* [b*]

Our frail Bodies, and God our Preserver.

1 LET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death, nor danger fear;
e But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things we are.

o 2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay;
e A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.

e 3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies, if one be gone;
Strange! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.

—4 But 'tis our God supports our frame,—
The God who built us first;
o Salvation to th' Almighty Name,
That reared us from the dust.

d 5 [He spoke; and straight our hearts, and brains,
In all their motions rose;
Let blood, said he, flow round the veins;
And round the veins it flows.

6 While we have breath to use our tongues,
Our Maker we'll adore;
His spirit moves our heaving lungs,
Or they would breathe no more.]

HYMN 20. C. M. *Wantage. Bangor.* [b]

Backslidings and Returns.

• 1 WHY is my heart so far from thee,
My God, my chief delight?
Why are my thoughts no more, by day,
With thee, no more by night?

2 [Why should my foolish passions rove?
Where can such sweetness be,
As I have tasted in thy love,
As I have found in thee?]

—3 When my forgetful soul renews
The savour of thy grace,
My heart presumes I cannot lose
The relish all my days.

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e 4 But ere one fleeting hour is past,
The flattering world employs
Some sensual bait to seize my taste,
And to pollute my joys.

—5 Trifles of nature, or of art,
With fair deceitful charms,
Intrude into my thoughtless heart,
And thrust me from thy arms.

e 6 Then I repent, and vex my soul,
That I should leave thee so;
Where will these wild affections roll,
That let a Saviour go?

7 [Sin's promised joys are turned to pain,
And I am drowned in grief;
—But my dear Lord returns again,
He flies to my relief:

o 8 Seizing my soul with sweet surprise,
He draws with loving bands,
e Divine compassion in his eyes,
And pardon in his hands.]

p 9 Wretch that I am, to wander thus,
In chase of false delight!
—Let me be fastened to thy cross,
Rather than lose thy sight.

10 [Make haste, my days, to reach the goal,
And bring my heart to rest
On the dear centre of my soul,
My God, my Saviour's breast.]

HYMN 21. L. M. *Dresden.* [*]

A Song of Praise to God the Redeemer.

1 [LET the old heathens tune their song
Of great Diana and of Jove;
But the sweet theme that moves my tongue,
Is my Redeemer and his love.

e 2 Behold a God descends and dies,
To save my soul from gaping hell:
How the black gulf where Satan lies,
Yawned to receive me when I fell!

e 3 How justice frowned, and vengeance stood,
To drive me down to endless pain!
But the great Son proposed his blood,
And heavenly wrath grew mild again.

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o 4 Infinite Lover, gracious Lord,
To thee be endless honours given;
g Thy wondrous name shall be adored,
Round the wide earth and wider heaven.]

HYMN 22. L. M. *Psalm* 97. [*]

With God is terrible Majesty.

1 [TERRIBLE God, who reign'st on high,
How awful is thy thundering hand!
Thy fiery bolts, how fierce they fly!
Nor can all earth or hell withstand.

2 This the old rebel angels knew,
And Satan fell beneath thy frown:
Thine arrows struck the traitor through,
And weighty vengeance sunk him down.

3 This Sodom felt, and feels it still,
And roars beneath th' eternal load:
With endless burnings who can dwell,
Or bear the fury of a God?

4 Tremble, ye sinners, and submit;
Throw down your arms before his throne:
Bend your heads low beneath his feet,
Or his strong hand shall crush you down.

5 And ye, blest saints, who love him too,
With reverence bow before his Name;
Thus all the heavenly servants do:
God is a bright and burning flame.]

HYMN 23. L. M. *Nantwich. Green's.* [*]

The Sight of God and Christ in Heaven.

1 DESCEND from heaven, immortal Dove,
Stoop down, and take us on thy wings,—
o And mount, and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things;

o 2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll,—
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.

e 3 O for a sight, a pleasant sight—
Of our Almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Saviour, crowned with light,
Clothed in a body like our own.

g 4 Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and powers before him fall;

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The God shines gracious through the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all

o 5 O, what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing!
And sit on every heavenly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their King!

e 6 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above;
And stand and bow amongst them there,
And view thy face, and sing thy love?

HYMN 24. L. M. *Psalm 97th. Blendon.* [*]

The Evil of Sin:—Fall of Angels and Men.

1 WHEN the great Builder arched the skies,
And formed all nature with a word,
The joyful cherubs tuned his praise,
And every bending throne adored.

2 High in the midst of all the throng,
Satan, a tall archangel, sat;
Among the morning stars he sung,
Till sin destroyed his heavenly state.

3 'Twas sin that hurled him from his throne;
Grovelling in fire the rebel lies:
d *How art thou sunk in darkness down,*
Son of the morning, from the skies!

4 And thus our two first parents stood,
Till sin defiled the happy place;
They lost their garden and their God,
And ruined all their unborn race.

5 [So sprung the plague from Adam's bower,
And spread destruction all abroad;
Sin,—the cursed name—that, in one hour,
Spoiled six days' labour of a God.]

p 6 Tremble, my soul, and mourn for grief,
That such a foe should seize thy breast!
—Fly to thy Lord for quick relief;
Oh! may he slay this treacherous guest.

o 7 Then, to thy throne, victorious King,
Then, to thy throne our shouts shall rise,
o Thine everlasting arm we sing,
For sin, the monster, bleeds and dies.

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HYMN 25. C. M. *Reading. Plymouth.* [b]

Complaining of Spiritual Sloth.

1 MY drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?
Awake, my sluggish soul!
Nothing has half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.

2 The little ants, for one poor grain,
Labour, and tug, and strive;
e Yet we, who have a heaven to obtain,
How negligent we live!

—3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move,—
We, for whose guard the angel bands
Come flying from above;—

4 We, for whom God the Son came down,
And laboured for our good:—
e How careless to secure that crown
He purchased with his blood!

e 5 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our parts?
—Come, Holy Dove, from th' heavenly hill,
And sit and warm our hearts.

o 6 Then shall our active spirits move,
Upward our souls shall rise:
With hands of faith, and wings of love,
We'll fly and take the prize.

HYMN 26. L. M. *Wells.* [*]

God Invisible.

1 [LORD, we are blind, poor mortals blind;
We can't behold thy bright abode:
O! 'tis beyond a creature mind,
To glance a thought half way to God.

2 Infinite leagues beyond the sky,
The great Eternal reigns alone;
Where neither wings nor souls can fly,
Nor angels climb the topless throne.

3 The Lord of glory builds his seat
Of gems insufferably bright;
And lays, beneath his sacred feet,
Substantial beams of gloomy night.

4 Yet, glorious Lord, thy gracious eyes
Look through and cheer us from above:
Beyond our praise thy grandeur flies,
Yet we adore, and yet we love.]

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HYMN 27. L. M. *Blendon.* [*]

Praise ye Him, all His Angels. Ps. cxlviii. 2.

a 1 GOD, the eternal, awful name,
That the whole heavenly army fears!
That shakes the wide creation's frame,
And Satan trembles when he hears!

—2 Like flames of fire his servants are,
And light surrounds his dwelling-place;
o But, O ye fiery flames, declare
The brighter glories of his face.

e 3 'Tis not for such poor worms as we,
To speak so infinite a thing;
—But your immortal eyes survey
The beauties of your sovereign King.

o 4 Tell how he shows his smiling face,
And clothes all heaven in bright array;
Triumph and joy run through the place,
And songs eternal as the day.

o 5 Speak—for you feel his burning love,—
What zeal it spreads through all your frame
e That sacred fire dwells all above,
For we on earth have lost the name.

—6 [Sing of his power, and justice too,
That infinite right hand of his,
That vanquished Satan and his crew;
o And thunder drove them down from bliss.

d 7 What mighty storms of poisoned darts
Were hurled upon the rebels there!
What deadly javelins nailed their hearts,
Fast to the racks of long despair.

o 8 Shout to your King, ye heavenly host,
You that beheld the sinking foe;
Firmly ye stood, when they were lost;
o Praise the rich grace that kept you so.]

u 9 Proclaim his wonders from the skies;
Let every distant nation hear:
—And while you sound his lofty praise,
e Let humble mortals bow, and fear!

HYMN 28. C. M. *Windsor.* [b]

Death and Eternity.

e 1 STOOP down, my thoughts, that used to rise;
Converse awhile with death:

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e Think how a gasping mortal lies,—
And pants away his breath.
p 2 His quivering lip hangs feebly down,
His pulse is faint and few;
Then, speechless, with a doleful groan,
He bids the world adieu!
e 3 But oh, the soul that never dies!
At once it leaves the clay!
—Ye thoughts, pursue it where it flies,
And track its wondrous way.
u 4 Up to the courts where angels dwell,
It mounts, triumphant there:—
a Or devils plunge it down to hell,
In infinite despair.
p 5 And must my body faint and die?
And must this soul remove?
Oh, for some guardian angel nigh,
To bear it safe above!
—6 Jesus, to thy dear faithful hand,
My naked soul I trust;
e And my flesh waits for thy command,
To drop into my dust.

HYMN 29. C. M. *Devizes.* [*]

Redemption by Price and Power.

1 JESUS, with all thy saints above,
My tongue would bear her part;
o Would sound aloud thy saving love,
And sing thy bleeding heart.
—2 Blest be the Lamb, my dearest Lord,
Who bought me with his blood;
e And quenched his Father's flaming sword,
In his own vital flood.
o 3 The Lamb, that freed my captive soul
From Satan's heavy chains;
o And sent the lion down to howl,
Where hell and horror reigns.
s 4 All glory to the dying Lamb,
And never-ceasing praise;
While angels live to know his name,
Or saints to feel his grace.

HYMN 30. S. M. *Newton. Kibworth.* [*]

Heavenly Joy on Earth.

1 COME, we who love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;

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Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 [The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place!
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.]

s 3 Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God;
o But favourites of the heavenly King
Should speak their joys abroad.

— 4 [The God that rules on high,
And thunders when he please,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas,—

s 5 This awful God is ours,—
Our Father and our love;
o He shall send down his heavenly powers,
To carry us above.

6 There we shall see his face,
And never—never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

7 Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.]

— 8 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
o Celestial fruits on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

b 9 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

o 10 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
o We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

HYMN 31. L. M. *Sicilian.* [b]

Christ's Presence makes Death easy.

1 [WHY should we start, and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are.

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Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 Oh! if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste;
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are;
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.]

HYMN 32. C. M. *China.* [b]

Frailty and Folly.

1 HOW short and hasty is our life!
How vast our soul's affairs!
Yet senseless mortals vainly strive—
To lavish out their years.

2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay;
Just like a story, or a song,
We pass our lives away.

3 God, from on high, invites us home;
But we march heedless on;
And, ever hastening to the tomb,
Stoop downwards as we run.

4 How we deserve the deepest hell,
Who slight the joys above!
What chains of vengeance should we feel,
Who break such cords of love!

5 Draw us, O God, with sovereign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high;
That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh.

HYMN 33. C. M. *Arundel. St. Asaph's.* [*]

The blessed Society in Heaven.

1 RAISE thee, my soul, fly up, and run
Through every heavenly street;
And say, there's nought below the sun
That's worthy of thy feet.

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2 [Thus will we mount on sacred wings,
And tread the courts above:
Nor earth, nor all her mightiest things,
Shall tempt our meanest love.]

g 3 There, on a high majestic throne,
Th' Almighty Father reigns;
And sheds his glorious goodness down,
On all the blissful plains.

4 Bright, like the sun, the Saviour sits,
And spreads eternal noon:
No evenings there, nor gloomy nights,
To want the feeble moon.

5 Amidst those ever-shining skies,
Behold the Sacred Dove!
While, bánished, sin and sorrow flies
From all the realms of love.

o 6 The glorious tenants of the place
Stand bending round the throne;
o And saints and seraphs sing and praise
The infinite Three-One.

e 7 [But oh, what beams of heavenly grace
Transport them all the while!
Ten thousand smiles from Jesus' face,
And love in every smile!]

e 8 Jesus, and when shall that dear day,
That joyful hour appear,—
When I shall leave this house of clay,
To dwell amongst them there!

HYMN 34. C. M. *Isle of Wight. Zion.* [b *]

Breathing after the Holy Spirit.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,—
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

e 2 Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys!
a Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.

e 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
a Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

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p 4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

—5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,—
o Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

HYMN 35. C. M. *Mear.* [*]

Praise for Creation and Redemption.

e 1 LET them neglect thy glory, Lord,
Who never knew thy grace;
o But our loud song shall still record
The wonders of thy praise.

o 2 We raise our shouts, O God, to thee,
And send them to thy throne;
u All glory to th' united THREE,
The undivided ONE.

—3 'Twas he (and we'll adore his name)
Who formed us by a word;
'Tis he restores our ruined frame:
o Salvation to the Lord!

s 4 Hosanna!—let the earth and skies
Repeat the joyful sound;
Rocks, hills, and vales reflect the voice,
In one eternal round.

HYMN 36. S. M. *Newton.* [*]

Christ's Intercession.

o 1 WELL, the Redeemer's gone,
To appear before our God;
To sprinkle o'er the flaming throne,
With his atoning blood.

2 No fiery vengeance now,
No burning wrath comes down;
If justice calls for sinners' blood,
The Saviour shows his own.

— 3 Before his Father's eye
Our humble suit he moves;
e The Father lays his thunder by,
And looks, and smiles, and loves.

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o 4 Now may our joyful tongues
Our Maker's honours sing;
Jesus, the Priest, receives our songs,
And bears them to the King.

e 5 [We bow before his face,
— And sound his glories high:
Hosanna to the God of grace,
That lays his thunder by.]

o 6 On earth thy mercy reigns,
And triumphs all above:
e But, Lord, how weak our mortal strains,
To speak immortal love!

e 7 [How jarring and how low
Are all the notes we sing!
—Sweet Saviour, tune our songs anew,
And they shall please the King.]

HYMN 37. C. M. *Sunday.* [*]

The same.

1 [LIFT up your eyes to th' heavenly seats,
Where your Redeemer stays:
Kind Intercessor, there he sits,
And loves, and pleads, and prays.

2 'Twas well, my soul, he died for thee,
And shed his vital blood,—
Appeased stern justice on the tree,
And then arose to God.

3 Petitions now and praise may rise,
And saints their offerings bring:
The Priest, with his own sacrifice,
Presents them to the King.

4 (Let papists trust what names they please;
Their saints and angels boast;
We've no such advocates as these,
Nor pray to th' heavenly host.)

5 Jesus alone shall bear my cries
Up to his Father's throne:
He, dearest Lord, perfumes my sighs,
And sweetens every groan.

6 Ten thousand praises to the King;
Hosanna in the high'st:
Ten thousand thanks our spirits bring
To God and to his Christ.]

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HYMN 38. C. M. *York.* [*]

Love to God.

1 HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast:
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move;
The devils know, and tremble too,—
But Satan cannot love.

4 This is the grace that lives, and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

5 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away,
To see our smiling God.

HYMN 39. C. M. *Canterbury.* [b]

The Shortness and Misery of Life.

1 [OUR days, alas! our mortal days
Are short, and wretched too:
Evil and few, the patriarch says,
And well the patriarch knew.]

2 'Tis but at best a narrow bound,
That heaven allows to men;
And pains and sins run through the round
Of threescore years and ten.

3 Well, if ye must be sad and few,
Run on, my days, in haste;
Moments of sin, and months of woe,
Ye cannot fly too fast.

4 Let heavenly love prepare my soul,
And call her to the skies,—
Where years of long salvation roll,
And glory never dies.

HYMN 40. C. M. *Abridge.* [*]

Comfort in the Covenant with Christ.

1 OUR God, how firm his promise stands,
E'en when he hides his face;

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He trusts in our Redeemer's hands
His glory and his grace.

e 2 Then why, my soul, these sad complaints,
Since Christ and we are one?
—Thy God is faithful to his saints—
Is faithful to his Son.

3 Beneath his smiles my heart has lived,
And part of heaven possessed:

o I praise his Name for grace received,
And trust him for the rest.

HYMN 41. L. M. *Castle Street.* [*]

A Sight of God mortifies us to the World.

1 [UP to the fields where angels lie,
And living waters gently roll,
Fain would my thoughts leap out and fly,—
But sin hangs heavy on my soul.

2 Thy wondrous blood, dear dying Christ,
Can make this world of guilt remove;
And thou canst bear me where thou fly'st,
On thy kind wings, celestial Dove.]

3 O, might I once mount up and see
The glories of th' eternal skies,
What little things these worlds would be!
How despicable to my eyes!

4 Had I a glance of thee, my God,
Kingdoms and men would vanish soon;
Vanish, as though I saw them not,
As a dim candle dies at noon.

d 5 Then they might fight, and rage, and rave;
I should perceive the noise no more,
Than we can hear a shaking leaf,
While rattling thunders round us roar.

6 Great All in All, eternal King,
Let me but view thy lovely face;
And all my powers shall bow and sing
Thine endless grandeur and thy grace.

HYMN 42. C. M. *Tunbridge.* [b]

Delight in God.

1 MY God, what endless pleasures dwell
Above, at thy right hand!
Thy courts below, how amiable,
Where all thy graces stand!

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o 2 The swallow near thy temple lies,
And chirps a cheerful note:
The lark mounts upward toward the skies,
And tunes her warbling throat.

3 And we, when in thy presence, Lord,
We shout with cheerful tongues:
Or sitting round our Father's board,
We crown the feast with songs.

4 While Jesus shines with quickening grace,
We sing, and mount on high;
But if a frown becloud his face,
We faint, and tire, and die.

5 Just as we see the lonesome dove
Bemoan her widowed state:
Wandering she flies through all the grove,
And mourns her loving mate:

6 Just so our thoughts, from thing to thing,
In restless circles rove;
Just so we droop, and hang the wing,
When Jesus hides his love.]

HYMN 43. L. M. *Sheffield. Leeds.* [*]

Christ's Sufferings and Glory.

o 1 NOW for a tune of lofty praise,
To great Jehovah's equal Son!
o Awake, my voice, in heavenly lays,
Tell the loud wonders he hath done.

2 Sing, how he left the worlds of light,
And the bright robes he wore above;
u How swift and joyful was the flight,
On wings of everlasting love.

e 3 (Down to this base, this sinful earth,
He came, to raise our nature high;
p He came, to atone almighty wrath:—
Jesus the God was born to die.)

e 4 [Hell and its lions roared around;
His precious blood the monsters spilt;
While weighty sorrows pressed him down,
Large as the loads of all our guilt.]

a 5 Deep in the shades of gloomy death,
Th' almighty captive Prisoner lay;
o Th' almighty Captive left the earth,
And rose to everlasting day.

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e 6 Lift up your eyes, ye sons of light,
Up to his throne of shining grace;
See what immortal glories sit—
Round the sweet beauties of his face.

g 7 Amongst a thousand harps and songs,
Jesus the God exalted reigns;
His sacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes through the heavenly plains!

HYMN 44. L. M. *Pleyel's.* [b]

Hell; or, the Vengeance of God.

1 [WITH holy fear, and humble song,
The dreadful God our souls adore;
Reverence and awe become the tongue,
That speaks the terrors of his power.

2 Far in the deep, where darkness dwells,
The land of horror and despair,—
Justice has built a dismal hell,
And laid her stores of vengeance there

3 (Eternal plagues and heavy chains,
Tormenting racks and fiery coals,—
And darts to inflict immortal pains,
Dyed in the blood of damned souls.

4 There Satan, the first sinner, lies,
And roars, and bites his iron bands;
In vain the rebel strives to rise,
Crushed with the weight of both thy hands.)

5 There guilty ghosts of Adam's race
Shriek out, and howl beneath thy rod;
Once they could scorn a Saviour's grace,
But they incensed a dreadful God.

6 Tremble, my soul, and kiss the Son:
Sinner, obey thy Saviour's call;
Else your damnation hastens on
And hell gapes wide to wait your fall.]

HYMN 45. L. M. *Nantwich.* [*]

God's Condescension to our Worship.

1 THY favours, Lord, surprise our souls·
e Will the ETERNAL dwell with us?
What canst thou find beneath the poles,
To tempt thy chariot downward thus?

—2 Still might he fill his starry throne,
And please his ears with Gabriel's songs;

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But heavenly Majesty comes down,
And bows to hearken to our tongues.

e 3 Great God! what poor returns we pay,
For love so infinite as thine:
Words are but air, and tongues but clay,
But thy compassion's all divine.

HYMN 46. L. M. *Weldon. Portugal.* [*]

God's Condescension to Human Affairs.

1 UP to the Lord, who reigns on high,
And views the nations from afar,
o Let everlasting praises fly,
And tell how large his bounties are.

p 2 [He who can shake the worlds he made,
Or with his word, or with his rod,—
His goodness, how amazing great,
And what a condescending God!]

e 3 God, who must stoop to view the skies,
And bow to see what angels do—
Down to the earth he casts his eyes,
And bends his footsteps downward too.

—4 He overrules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs:
On humble souls the King of kings
Bestows his counsels and his cares.

e 5 Our sorrows and our tears we pour
Into the bosom of our God;
He hears us in the mournful hour,
And helps to bear the heavy load.

—6 In vain might lofty princes try
Such condescension to perform;
For worms were never raised so high,
Above their meanest fellow-worm.

o 7 Oh! could our thankful hearts devise
A tribute equal to thy grace—
o To the third heaven our songs should rise,
And teach the golden harps thy praise.

HYMN 47. L. M. *Green's. Nantwich.* [*]

Glory and Grace in the Person of Christ.

o 1 NOW to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul; awake, my tongue;
Hosanna to th' Eternal Name,
u And all his boundless love proclaim.

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b 2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace;
—God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.

e 3 The spacious earth, and spreading flood,
Proclaim the wise, the powerful God;
And thy rich glories, from afar,
Sparkle in every rolling star:—

o 4 But in his looks a glory stands,
The noblest labour of thy hands
The pleasing lustre of his eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.

a 5 Grace!—'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
—My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name!
e Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
u Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground!

—6 Oh, may I reach the happy place,
Where he unveils his lovely face!
o Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold!

HYMN 48. C. M. *Reading.* [b]

Love to the Creatures dangerous.

1 HOW vain are all things here below,
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky,
Give but a flattering light;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends
The partners of our blood—
How they divide our wavering minds,
And leave but half for God!

4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

o 5 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;
e And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

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HYMN 49. C. M. *Hymn 2d.* [*]

Moses dying in the Embraces of God.

1 [DEATH cannot make our souls afraid,
If God be with us there;
We may walk through the darkest shade,
And never yield to fear.

2 I could renounce my all below,
If my Creator bid;
And run, if I were called to go,
And die as Moses did.

3 Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,
And view the promised land;
My flesh itself would long to drop,
And pray for the command.

4 Clasped in my heavenly Father's arms,
I would forget my breath;
And lose my life among the charms
Of so divine a death.]

HYMN 50. L. M. *Sicilian.* [b *]

Comforts under Sorrows and Pains.

1 [NOW let the Lord my Saviour smile,
And show my name upon his heart;
I would forget my pains awhile,
And in the pleasure lose the smart.

2 But oh! it swells my sorrows high,
To see my blessed Jesus frown;
My spirits sink, my comforts die,
And all the springs of life are down.

3 Yet, why, my soul, why these complaints?
Still, while he frowns, his bowels move:
Still on his heart he bears his saints,
And feels their sorrows, and his love.

4 My name is printed on his breast;
His book of life contains my name;
I'd rather have it there impressed,
Than in the bright records of fame.

5 When the last fire burns all things here
Those letters shall securely stand,
And in the Lamb's fair book appear,
Writ by th' eternal Father's hand.

6 Now shall my minutes smoothly run,
Whilst here I wait my Father's will;
My rising, and my setting sun,
Roll gently up and down the hill.]

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HYMN 51. L. M. *Blendon.* [*]

God the Son equal with the Father.

p 1 BRIGHT King of glory, dreadful God!
Our spirits bow before thy seat;—
To thee we lift an humble thought,
And worship at thine awful feet.

2 [Thy power hath formed, thy wisdom sways,
All nature with a sovereign word:
And the bright world of stars obeys
The will of their superior Lord.

—3 Mercy and truth unite in one,
And smiling sit at thy right hand;
g Eternal justice guards thy throne,
And vengeance waits thy dread command.]

—4 A thousand seraphs, strong and bright,
Stand round the glorious Deity:—
But who, amongst the sons of light,
Pretends comparison with thee?

o 5 Yet there is one of human frame,
Jesus, arrayed in flesh and blood,
Thinks it no robbery to claim
A full equality with God.

—6 Their glory shines with equal beams;
Their essence is forever one;
Though they are known by different names,
The Father God, and God the Son.

o 7 Then let the Name of Christ, our King,
With equal honours be adored;
His praise let every angel sing,
And all the nations own him Lord.

HYMN 52. C. M. *Bangor.* [b]

Death dreadful or delightful.

1 [DEATH! 'tis a melancholy day,
To those who have no God,—
When the poor soul is forced away
To seek her last abode.

2 In vain to heaven she lifts her eyes;
But guilt, a heavy chain,
Still drags her downward from the skies,
To darkness, fire, and pain.

3 Awake, and mourn, ye heirs of hell
Let stubborn sinners fear·

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You must be driven from earth to dwell
A long FOREVER there!

4 See how the pit gapes wide for you,
And flashes in your face;
And thou, my soul, look downward too,
And sing recovering grace.

5 He is a God of sovereign love,
Who promised heaven to me;
And taught my soul to soar above,
Where happy spirits be.

6 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand;
Then come the joyful day;
Come, death, and some celestial band,
To bear my soul away.]

HYMN 53. C. M. *Zion.* [b *]

The Pilgrimage of the Saints.

e 1 LORD, what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply;
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
Nor streams of living joy!

2 But pricking thorns through all the ground,
And mortal poisons grow;
And all the rivers that are found,
With dangerous waters flow.

o 3 Yet the dear path to thine abode
Lies through this horrid land:
Lord! we would keep the heavenly road,
And run at thy command.

4 [Our souls shall tread the desert through,
With undiverted feet;
And faith and flaming zeal subdue
The terrors that we meet.]

e 5 (A thousand savage beasts of prey
Around the forest roam;
e But Judah's Lion guards the way,
And guides the strangers home.)

e 6 Long nights and darkness dwell below,
With scarce a twinkling ray;
o But the bright world to which we go,
Is everlasting day.

—7 By glimmering hopes, and gloomy fears,
We trace the sacred road:

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Through dismal deeps, and dangerous snares,
We make our way to God.

e 8 Our journey is a thorny maze,
— But we march upwards still;
o Forget these troubles of the ways,
And reach at Zion's hill.

9 [See the kind angels, at the gates,
Inviting us to come;
There Jesus the Forerunner waits
To welcome travellers home.

—10 There, on a green and flowery mount,
Our weary souls shall sit,—
And, with transporting joys, recount
The labours of our feet.

11 No vain discourse shall fill our tongue,
Nor trifles vex our ear;
Infinite grace shall fill our song,
And God rejoice to hear.

o 12 Eternal glories to the King
Who brought us safely through,
Our tongues shall never cease to sing;
And endless praise renew.]

HYMN 54. C, M. *Arundel. St. Martin's.* [*]

God's Presence is Light in Darkness.

1 MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights:
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights:—

2 In darkest shades, if he appear,
My dawning is begun;
o He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And he my rising sun.

b 3 The opening heavens around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss;
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
And whispers I am his.

o 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word;
u Run up with joy the shining way,
To embrace my dearest Lord.

o 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe:

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The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Shall bear me conqueror through.

HYMN 55. C. M. *Bangor.* [b]

Frail Life and Succeeding Eternity.

e 1 THEE we adore, Eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we!

2 [Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As months and days increase;
And every beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.]

—3 (The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.)

4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

p 5 Good God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
Th' eternal state of all the dead,
Upon life's feeble strings.

e 6 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcerned we go,
Upon the brink of death!

7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

HYMN 56. C. M. *Windsor.* [b]

The Misery of being without God.

1 [NO, I shall envy them no more,
Who grow profanely great,
Though they increase their golden store,
And rise to wondrous height.

2 They taste of all the joys that grow
Upon the earthly clod!
Well, they may search the creature through,
For they have ne'er a God—

3 Shake off the thoughts of dying too,
And think your life your own:

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But death comes hastening on to you,
To mow your glory down.

4 Yes, you must bow your stately head;
Away your spirit flies;
And no kind angel near your bed,
To bear it to the skies.

5 Go, now, and boast of all your stores,
And tell how bright they shine:
Your heaps of glittering dust are yours,
And my Redeemer's mine.]

HYMN 57. L. M. *Portugal.* [*]

The Pleasures of a Good Conscience.

1 [LORD, how secure, and blest, are they
Who feel the joys of pardoned sin!
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heaven and peace within.

2 The day glides swiftly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love:
And, soft and silent as the shades,
Their nightly minutes gently move.

3 (Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
But fly not half so fast away;
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.

4 How oft they look to th' heavenly hills,
Where groves of living pleasures grow;
And longing hopes, and cheerful smiles,
Sit undisturbed upon their brow.)

5 They scorn to seek our golden toys;
But spend the day, and share the night,
In numbering o'er the richer joys,
That heaven prepares for their delight.

6 While wretched we, like worms and moles,
Lie grovelling in the dust below:
Almighty grace, renew our souls,
And we'll aspire to glory too.]

HYMN 58. C. M. *Reading.* [b *]

Shortness of Life, and Goodness of God.

1 TIME! what an empty vapour 'tis!
And days, how swift they are!
Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
Or like a shooting star.

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2 The present moments just appear,
Then slide away in haste;
That we can never say, they're here,
But only say, they're past.

3 [Our life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh;
The moment when our lives begin,
We all begin to die.]

4 Yet, mighty God! our fleeting days
Thy lasting favours share;
Yet with the bounties of thy grace
Thou load'st the rolling year.

5 'Tis sovereign mercy finds us food,
And we are clothed with love;
While grace stands pointing out the road,
That leads our souls above.

o 6 His goodness runs an endless round;
All glory to the Lord!
His mercy never knows a bound;
And be his Name adored!

7 [Thus we begin the lasting song:
And when we close our eyes,
Let the next age thy praise prolong,
Till time and nature dies.]

HYMN 59. C. M. *St. Paul. Hymn 2d.* [*]

Paradise on Earth.

1 GLORY to God who walks the sky,
And sends his blessings through;
Who tells his saints of joys on high,
And gives a taste below.

2 [Glory to God, who stoops his throne,
That dust and worms may see't;
And brings a glimpse of glory down,
Around his sacred feet.]

3 When Christ, with all his graces crowned,
Sheds his kind beams abroad;
'Tis a young heaven on earthly ground,
And glory in the bud.

o 4 A blooming paradise of joy
In this wild desert springs;
And every sense I straight employ
On sweet celestial things.

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5 [White lilies all around appear,
And each his glory shows:
The rose of Sharon blossoms here,
The fairest flower that blows.

6 Cheerful I feast on heavenly fruit,
And bring the pleasures down,—
Pleasures that flow hard by the foot
Of the eternal throne.]

e 7 But ah! how soon my joys decay!
How soon my sins arise,
And snatch the heavenly scene away
From these lamenting eyes.

e 8 When shall the time, dear Jesus, when,
The shining day appear,
That I shall leave these clouds of sin,
And guilt and darkness here?

o 9 Up to the fields above the skies,
My hasty feet would go;
o There everlasting flowers arise,
There joys unwithering grow.

HYMN 60. L. M. *Green's.* [*]

The Truth of God the Promiser.

1 PRAISE, everlasting praise, be paid
To him who earth's foundation laid:
Praise to the God, whose strong decrees
Sway the creation as he please.

2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord,
Who rules his people by his word;
And there, as strong as his decrees,
He sets his kindest promises.

3 (Firm are the words his prophets give,
Sweet words, on which his children live;
Each of them is the voice of God,
Who spoke, and spread the skies abroad.)

o 4 [Each of them powerful as that sound,
That bade the new-made world go round;
And stronger than the solid poles,
On which the wheel of nature rolls.]

e 5 Whence then should doubts and fears arise?
Why trickling sorrows drown our eyes?
e Slowly, alas! our mind receives
The comforts that our Maker gives

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—6 Oh, for a strong, a lasting faith,
To credit what the Almighty saith;—
To embrace the message of his Son,
And call the joys of heaven our own.

g 7 Then should the earth's old pillars shake,
And all the wheels of nature break;
Our steady souls shall fear no more,
Than solid rocks when billows roar.

8 [Our everlasting hopes arise
Above the ruinable skies,—
Where the eternal Builder reigns,
And his own courts his power sustains.]

HYMN 61. C. M. *Isle of Wight.* [b *]

A Thought of Death and Glory.

e 1 MY soul, come meditate the day,
And think how near it stands,
When thou must quit this house of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.

p 2 (And you, mine eyes, look down and view
The hollow gaping tomb;
This gloomy prison waits for you,
Whene'er the summons come.)

e 3 Oh! could we die with those who die,
And place us in their stead;
—Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead.

4 Then should we see the saints above,
In their own glorious forms;
And wonder why our souls should love
To dwell with mortal worms.

5 [How we should scorn these clothes of flesh,
These fetters, and this load,—
And long for evening to undress,
That we may rest with God.]

o'6 We should almost forsake our clay,
Before the summons come;
And pray and wish our souls away,
To their eternal home.

HYMN 62. C. M. [b]

*God the Thunderer.**

1 [SING to the Lord, ye heavenly hosts,
And thou, O earth, adore;

* *Made in a great, sudden storm of thunder, Aug. 20, 1697.*

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Let death and hell, through all their coasts,
Stand trembling at his power.
2 His sounding chariots shake the sky,
He makes the clouds his throne;
There all his stores of lightning lie,
Till vengeance darts them down.
3 His nostrils breathe out fiery streams;
And, from his awful tongue,
A sovereign voice divides the flames,
And thunder rolls along.
e 4 Think, O my soul, the dreadful day,
When this incensed God
Shall rend the sky, and burn the sea,
And fling his wrath abroad!
5 What shall the wretch, the sinner do?
He once defied the Lord!
But he shall dread the Thunderer now,
And sink beneath his word.
6 Tempests of angry fire shall roll,
To blast the rebel worm,—
And beat upon his naked soul
In one eternal storm.]

HYMN 63. C. M. *Bishopsgate.* [*]

A Funeral Thought.

e 1 HARK! from the tombs a doleful sound!
Mine ears attend the cry—
d "Ye living men, come view the ground,
"Where you must shortly lie.
2 "Princes, this clay must be your bed,
"In spite of all your towers;
"The tall, the wise, the reverend head,
"Must lie as low as ours."
p 3 Great God! is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure!
Still walking downwards to our tomb,
And yet prepare no more!
—4 Grant us the powers of quickening grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
o Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

HYMN 64. L. M. *Green's.* *All Saints.* [*]

God the Glory and Defence of Zion.

1 HAPPY the church, thou sacred place,
The seat of thy Creator's grace;

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Thy holy courts are his abode,
Thou earthly palace of our God.

2 Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates
A guard of heavenly warriors waits;
g Nor shall thy deep foundations move,
Fixed on his counsels and his love.
o 3 Thy foes in vain designs engage;
Against his throne in vain they rage;
Like rising waves with angry roar,
That dash and die upon the shore.
o 4 Then let our souls in Zion dwell,
Nor fear the wrath of Rome and hell:
His arms embrace this happy ground,
Like brazen bulwarks built around.
s 5 God is our shield, and God our sun;
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us he sheds new beams of grace;
And we reflect his brightest praise.

HYMN 65. C. M. *Canterbury.* [*]

Hope of Heaven our Support on Earth.

1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled;
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all:—

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

HYMN 66. C. M. *Sunday.* [*]

A Prospect of Heaven makes Death easy.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

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o 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
e Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

b 3 (Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
—So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

p 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.)

—5 Oh! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes!—

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er—
o Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

HYMN 67. C. M. *Arundel.* [*]

God's eternal Dominion.

e 1 GREAT God! how infinite art thou!
e What worthless worms are we!
g Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made:
a Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

—3 Nature and time quite naked lie,
To thine immense survey,—
From the formation of the sky,
To the great burning day.

g 4 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears—
Great God! there's nothing new.

e 5 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares;
g While thine eternal thoughts move on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

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a 6 Great God! how infinite art thou!
a What worthless worms are we!
g Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee!

HYMN 68. C. M. *Barby. St. Ann's.* [*]

The humble Worship of God.

1 FATHER, I long, I faint to see
The place of thine abode;
o I'd leave the earthly courts, and flee
Up to thy seat, my God!
—2 Here I behold thy distant face,
And 'tis a pleasant sight;
o But, to abide in thine embrace,
Is infinite delight.
—3 I'd part with all the joys of sense,
To gaze upon thy throne;
Pleasure springs fresh forever thence,
Unspeakable, unknown.
o 4 There all the heavenly hosts are seen;
In shining ranks they move;
And drink immortal vigor in,
With wonder and with love.
p 5 Then at thy feet, with awful fear,
Th' adoring armies fall:
With joy they shrink to nothing there,
Before th' eternal ALL.
6 [There would I vie with all the host,
In duty and in bliss:
While *less than nothing*—I could boast,
And *vanity*—confess.]
—7 The more thy glories strike mine eyes,
The humbler I shall lie;
Thus, while I sink, my joys shall rise
Unmeasurably high.

HYMN 69. C. M. *Christmas.* [*]

The Faithfulness of God in the Promises.

o 1 [BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme
And speak some boundless thing,—
g The mighty works, or mightier Name—
Of our eternal King.
—2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
o And sound his power abroad;

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e Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.
o 3 Proclaim—*Salvation from the Lord,*
e *For wretched, dying men;*
—His hand has writ the sacred word,
With an immortal pen.
g 4 Engraved, as in eternal brass,
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the powers of darkness raze
Those everlasting lines.
e 5 He who can dash whole worlds to death,
And make them when he please!—
o He speaks,—and that almighty breath
Fulfills his great decrees.
6 (His very word of grace is strong,
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.
d 7 He said, *Let the wide heaven be spread,*
And heaven was stretched abroad;
Abra'am, I'll be thy God, he said,
And he was Abra'am's God.)
e 8 Oh, might I hear thy heavenly tongue
But whisper, *Thou art mine!*
—Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.
o 9 How would my leaping heart rejoice,
And think my heaven secure!
o I trust the all-creating voice,
And faith desires no more.]

HYMN 70. L. M. [*]

God's Dominion over the Sea. Psalm cvii. 23, &c.

1 [GOD of the seas, thy thundering voice
Makes all the roaring waves rejoice!
And one soft word of thy command
Can sink them silent in the sand.

2 If but a Moses waves his rod,
The sea divides, and owns its God;
The stormy floods their Maker knew,
And let his chosen armies through.

3 The scaly shoals amidst the sea
To thee, their Lord, a tribute pay;

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The meanest fish that swims the flood,
Leaps up, and means a praise to God.

4 The larger monsters of the deep
On thy commands attendance keep;
By thy permission, sport and play,
And cleave along their foaming way.

5 If God his voice of tempest rears,
Leviathan lies still, and fears:
Anon he lifts his nostrils high,
And spouts the ocean to the sky.

6 How is thy glorious power adored,
Amidst these watery nations, Lord;
Yet the bold men that trace the seas,—
Bold men refuse their Maker's praise.

7 What scenes of miracles they see,
And never tune a song to thee!
While on the flood they safely ride,
They curse the hand that smooths the tide!

8 Anon they plunge in watery graves,
And some drink death among the waves
Yet the surviving crew blaspheme,
Nor own the God that rescued them!

9 Oh, for some signal of thy hand!
Shake all the seas, Lord, shake the land:
Great Judge! descend, lest men deny
That there's a God that rules the sky.]

From the 70th to the 108th Hymn, I hope the reader will forgive the neglect of rhyme, in the first and third lines of the stanza.

HYMN 71. C. M. *Devizes.* [*]

Praise to God from all Creatures.

1 THE glories of my Maker, God,
My joyful voice shall sing;
And call the nations to adore
Their Former and their King.

2 'Twas his right hand that shaped our clay,
And wrought this human frame;
But from his own immediate breath
Our nobler spirits came.

3 We bring our mortal powers to God,
And worship with our tongues;

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We claim some kindred with the skies,
And join th' angelic songs.

4 Let grovelling beasts of every shape,
And fowls of every wing,
And rocks, and trees, and fires, and seas,
Their various tribute bring.

5 Ye planets, to his honour shine,
And wheels of nature roll;
Praise him in your unwearied course,
Around the steady pole.

6 The brightness of our Maker's Name
The wide creation fills;
And his unbounded grandeur flies
Beyond the heavenly hills.

HYMN 72. C. M. *Sunday.* [*]

Lord's Day; or, Resurrection of Christ.

o 1 BLEST morning, whose young dawning rays
Beheld our rising God;
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his last abode.

p 2 In the cold prison of a tomb,
The great Redeemer lay—
—Till the revolving skies had brought
The third—th' appointed day.

d 3 Hell and the grave unite their force,
To hold our God in vain:
o The sleeping Conqueror arose,
o And burst their feeble chain.

e 4 To thy great Name, almighty Lord,
These sacred hours we pay;
o And loud Hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.

s 5 Salvation, and immortal praise,
To our victorious King;
Let heaven and earth, and rocks and seas,
With glad Hosannas ring.

HYMN 73. C. M. *Mear.* [*]

Doubts scattered: Joys restored.

1 HENCE from my soul, sad thoughts, be gone,
And leave me to my joys;
e My tongue shall triumph in my God
And make a joyful noise.

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p 2 Darkness and doubts had veiled my mind,
And drowned my head in tears;
—Till sovereign grace, with shining rays,
Dispelled my gloomy fears.

o 3 Oh, what immortal joys I felt,
And raptures all divine,—
When Jesus told me I was his,
And my Beloved mine!

—4 In vain the tempter frights my soul,
And breaks my peace in vain;
One glimpse, dear Saviour, of thy face
Revives my joys again.

HYMN 74. S. M. *Guilford.* [b]

Ingratitude to Divine Goodness.

e 1 IS this the kind return!
Are these the thanks we owe!
Thus to abuse eternal Love,
Whence all our blessings flow!

e 2 To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduced our mind!
What strange, rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind!

— 3 (On us he bids the sun
Shed his reviving rays;
For us the skies their circles run,
To lengthen out our days.)

4 The brutes obey their God,
And bow their necks to men;
But we, more base, more brutish things,
Reject his easy reign.

d 5 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh;
Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.

p 6 Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes;
—And hourly, as new mercies fall,
o Let hourly thanks arise.

HYMN 75. C. M. *St. Ann's.* [*]

The beatific Vision of Christ.

1 FROM thee, my God, my joys shall rise
And run eternal rounds —

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Beyond the limits of the skies,
And all created bounds.

o 2 The holy triumphs of my soul
Shall death itself outbrave,—
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.

g 3 There, where my blessed Jesus reigns,
In heaven's unmeasured space,—
I'll spend a long eternity,
In pleasure and in praise.

4 Millions of years, my wondering eyes
Shall o'er thy beauties rove;
And endless ages I'll adore
The glories of thy love.

—5 Sweet Jesus, every smile of thine
Shall fresh endearments bring;
And thousand tastes of new delight,
From all thy graces spring.

o 6 Haste, my Beloved, fetch my soul
Up to thy blest abode;
u Fly, for my spirit longs to see
My Saviour, and my God.]

HYMN 76. C. M. *Mitcham. Sunday.* [*]

Resurrection and Ascension of Christ.

1 HOSANNA to the Prince of light,
Who clothed himself in clay!
Entered the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Emmanuel rose;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoiled our hellish foes.

3 See how the Conqueror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With scars of honour in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.

4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And scatters blessings down;
Our Jesus fills the middle seat
Of the celestial throne.

5 (Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his blest abode;

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Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate God.

6 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise;
Let heaven, and all created things,
Sound our Emmanuel's praise.)

HYMN 77. L. M. *Leeds. Blendon.* [*]

The Christian Warfare.

o 1 STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armour on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where thy great Captain Saviour's gone.

—2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
o But hell and sin are vanquished foes:
o Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph—when he rose.

e 3 (What though the prince of darkness rage,
And waste the fury of his spite?
d Eternal chains confine him down
To fiery deeps and endless night.

e 4 What though thine inward lust rebel?
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life;
—The weapons of victorious grace
Shall slay thy sins, and end the strife.)

o 5 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
o There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

s 6 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

HYMN 78. C. M. *Canterbury.* *]

Redemption by Christ.

1 [WHEN the first parents of our race
Rebelled against their God,
And the infection of their sin
Had tainted all our blood;—

2 Infinite pity touched the heart
Of the eternal Son;
Descending from the heavenly court,
He left his Father's throne.

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3 Aside the Prince of glory threw
His most divine array;
And wrapped his Godhead in a veil
Of our inferior clay.

4 His living power, and dying love,
Redeemed unhappy men!
And raised the ruins of our race
To life and God again.

5 To thee, dear Lord, our flesh and soul
We joyfully resign;
Blest Jesus, take us for thy own,—
For we are doubly thine.

6 Thy honour shall forever be
The business of our days;
Forever shall our thankful tongues
Speak thy deserved praise.]

HYMN 79. C. M. *Sunday. Christmas.* [*]

Praise to the Redeemer.

p 1 PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay—
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day!

a 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
o He saw—and (O amazing love!)
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled,
e Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

o 4 He spoiled the powers of darkness thus,
And brake our iron chains;
Jesus has freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.

—5 [In vain the baffled prince of hell
His cursed projects tries;
We, who were doomed his endless slaves,
Are raised above the skies.]

s 6 Oh, for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

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e 7 (Yes, we will praise thee, dearest Lord;
— Our souls are all on flame:
o Hosanna round the spacious earth
To thine adored name.)
u 8 Angels, assist our mighty joys;
Strike all your harps of gold;
—But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

HYMN 80. S. M. *Dover.* [*]

God's awful Power and Goodness.

1 [OH! the almighty Lord,
How matchless is his power!
Tremble, O earth, beneath his word,—
While all the heavens adore.

2 Let proud, imperious kings
Bow low before his throne:
Crouch to his feet, ye haughty things,
Or he shall tread you down.

3 Above the skies he reigns;
And, with amazing blows,
He deals insufferable pains
On his rebellious foes.

4 Yet, everlasting God,
We love to speak thy praise;
Thy sceptre's equal to thy rod,
The sceptre of thy grace.

5 The arms of mighty love
Defend our Zion well;
And heavenly mercy walls us round,
From Babylon and hell.

6 Salvation to the King,
Who sits enthroned above:
Thus we adore the God of might,
And bless the God of love.]

HYMN 81. C. M. *Windsor.* [b]

Our Sin the Cause of Christ's Death.

1 [AND now the scales have left mine eyes,
Now I begin to see;
O the cursed deeds my sins have done!
What murderous things they be!

2 Were these the traitors, dearest Lord,
That thy fair body tore?

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Monsters—that stained those heavenly limbs
With floods of purple gore?
3 Was it for crimes that I had done,
My dearest Lord was slain,—
When justice seized God's only Son,
And put his soul to pain?
4 Forgive my guilt, O Prince of Peace!
I'll wound my God no more:
Hence, from my heart, ye sins, be gone,
For Jesus I adore.
5 Furnish me, Lord, with heavenly arms
From grace's magazine;
And I'll proclaim eternal war
With every darling sin.]

HYMN 82. C. M. *Mear.* [*]

Triumph over Spiritual Enemies.

1 ARISE, my soul, my joyful powers,
And triumph in my God;
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.
2 He raised me from the deeps of sin,
The gates of gaping hell;
And fixed my standing more secure,
Than 'twas before I fell.
3 The arms of everlasting love
Beneath my soul he placed;
And on the rock of ages set
My slippery footsteps fast.
4 The city of my blest abode
Is walled around with grace;
Salvation for a bulwark stands,
To shield the sacred place.
5 Satan may vent his sharpest spite,
And all his legions roar;
Almighty mercy guards my life,
And bounds his raging power.
o 6 Arise, my soul, awake, my voice,
And tunes of pleasure sing;
o Loud hallelujahs shall address
My Saviour and my King.

HYMN 83. C. M. *Mear.* [*]

The Passion and Exaltation of Christ.

d 1 [THUS saith the Ruler of the skies,
Awake, my dreadful sword

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Awake, my wrath, and smite the Man,
My Fellow, saith the Lord.
—2 Vengeance received the dread command,
And armed down she flies;
e Jesus submits to his Father's hand,
a And bows his head—and dies.
o 3 But, oh! the wisdom and the grace,
That join with vengeance now!
e He dies to save our guilty race;
o And yet he rises too.
—4 A person so divine was he,
Who yielded to be slain,
That he could give his soul away,
And take his life again.
o 5 Live, glorious Lord, and reign on high,
Let every nation sing;
g And angels sound, with endless joy,
The Saviour and the King.]

HYMN 84. S. M. *Watchman.* [*]

The Passion and Exaltation of Christ

1 COME, all harmonious tongues,
Your noblest music bring;
'Tis Christ, the everlasting God,
And Christ, the man, we sing.
2 Tell how he took our flesh,
To take away our guilt!
Sing the dear drops of sacred blood,
That hellish monsters spilt.
b 3 [Alas! the cruel spear
Went deep into his side,
And the rich flood of purple gore
The murderous weapon dyed.
4 The waves of swelling grief
Did o'er his bosom roll;
And mountains of almighty wrath
Lay heavy on his soul.]
a 5 Down to the shades of death,
He bowed his awful head:
o Yet he arose to live, and reign,
When death itself is dead.
— 6 No more the bloody spear,
The cross and nails no more;
d For hell itself shakes at his name,
And all the heavens adore.

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— 7 There the Redeemer sits,
High on the Father's throne;
e The Father lays his vengeance by,
And smiles upon his Son.

g 8 There his full glories shine,
With uncreated rays;
And bless his saints' and angels' eyes
To everlasting days.

HYMN 85. C. M. *Canterbury. St. Ann's.* [*]

Sufficiency of Pardon.

e 1 WHY does your face, ye humble souls,
Those mournful colours wear?
What doubts are these that waste your faith,
And nourish your despair?

-2 What though your numerous sins exceed
The stars that fill the skies—
And aiming at th' eternal throne,
Like pointed mountains rise?

3 What though your mighty guilt beyond
The wide creation swell;
And have its cursed foundations laid
Low as the deeps of hell?—

e 4 See, here an endless ocean flows
Of never-failing grace;
Behold a dying Saviour's veins
The sacred flood increase.

o 5 It rises high, and drowns the hills,
Has neither shore nor bound;
—Now if we search to find our sins,
Our sins can ne'er be found.

o 6 Awake, our hearts, adore the grace,
That buries all our faults;
And pardoning blood, that swells above
Our follies and our thoughts.

HYMN 86. C. M. *China.* [b]

Freedom from Sin and Misery, in Heaven.

p 1 [OUR sins, alas! how strong they be
And like a violent sea,
They break our duty, Lord, to thee,
And hurry us away.

d 2 The waves of trouble, how they rise!
How loud the tempests roar!

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e But death shall land our weary souls,
Safe, on the heavenly shore.
3 There, to fulfill his sweet commands,
Our speedy feet shall move:
No sin shall clog our winged zeal,
Or cool our burning love.
o 4 There shall we sit, and sing and tell
The wonders of his grace;
Till heavenly raptures fire our hearts,
And smile in every face.
—5 Forever, his dear, sacred name
Shall dwell upon our tongue;
o And Jesus and salvation be
The close of every song.]

HYMN 87. C. M. *Arundel. Bedford.* [*]

The Divine Glories above our Reason.

e 1 HOW wondrous great, how glorious bright,
Must our Creator be—
Who dwells amidst the dazzling light
Of vast infinity.
—2 Our soaring spirits upward rise,
Toward the celestial throne:
e Fain would we see the blessed Three,
And the almighty One.
—3 Our reason stretches all its wings,
And climbs above the skies;
e But still how far beneath thy feet,
Our grovelling reason lies!
a 4 Lord, here we bend our humble souls,
And awfully adore:
For the weak pinions of our mind
Can stretch a thought no more.
g 5 Thy glories infinitely rise
Above our labouring tongue;
In vain the highest seraph tries
To form an equal song.
e 6 In humble notes our faith adores
The great, mysterious King;
o While angels strain their nobler powers,
And sweep th' immortal string.

HYMN 88. C. M. *Doxology. Devizes.* [*]

Salvation.

1 SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears·

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A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

e 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;—
o But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

s 3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
g While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

HYMN 89. C. M. *Mear.* [*]

Christ's Victory over Satan.

1 HOSANNA to our conquering King!
The prince of darkness flies:
His troops rush headlong down to hell,
Like lightning from the skies.

e 2 There, bound in chains, the lions roar,
And fright the rescued sheep;
—But heavy bars confine their power
And malice to the deep.

o 3 Hosanna to our conquering King;
All hail, incarnate Love!
Ten thousand songs and glories wait,
To crown thy head above.

s 4 Thy victories and thy deathless fame
Through the wide world shall run;
And everlasting ages sing
The triumphs thou hast won.

HYMN 90. C. M. *Colchester.* [*]

Pardon and Sanctification in Christ.

e 1 HOW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin, how deep it stains!
e And Satan binds our captive minds,
Fast in his slavish chains.

o 2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace,
Sounds from the sacred word;
d "Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
"And trust upon the Lord."

o 3 My soul obeys th' almighty call,
And runs to this relief;
—I would believe thy promise, Lord;
e Oh! help my unbelief

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4 [To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

—5 Stretch out thine arm, victorious King,
My reigning sins subdue;
Drive the old Dragon from his seat,
With all his hellish crew.]

p 6 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall:
—Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my All.

HYMN 91. C. M. *Hymn 2d. St. Ann's.* [*]

The Glory of Christ in Heaven.

1 OH, the delights, the heavenly joys,
The glories of the place,
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of his o'erflowing grace!

2 Sweet majesty and awful love
Sit smiling on his brow;
And all the glorious ranks above
At humble distance bow.

3 [Princes to his imperial name
Bend their bright sceptres down;
Dominions, thrones, and powers rejoice,
To see him wear the crown.

4 Archangels sound his lofty praise,
Through every heavenly street;
And lay their highest honours down,
Submissive, at his feet.]

c 5 Those soft, those blessed feet of his,
That once rude iron tore—
o High on a throne of light they stand,
And all the saints adore.

c 6 His head, the dear majestic head,
That cruel thorns did wound—
o See—what immortal glories shine,
And circle it around!

—7 This is the Man, th' exalted Man,
Whom we, unseen, adore;
But when our eyes behold his face,
Our hearts shall love him more.

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8 [Lord, how our souls are all on fire,
To see thy blest abode;
Our tongues rejoice in tunes of praise
To our incarnate God.]

9 And while our faith enjoys this sight,
We long to leave our clay;
And wish thy fiery chariots, Lord,
To fetch our souls away.

HYMN 92. C. M. *Arundel.* [*]

The Church saved, and her Enemies disappointed.

1 [SHOUT to the Lord, and let our joys
Through the whole nation run;
Ye western skies, resound the noise
Beyond the rising sun.

2 Thee, mighty God, our souls admire,
Thee our glad voices sing;
And join with the celestial choir,
To praise th' eternal King.

3 Thy power the whole creation rules,
And, on the starry skies,
Sits smiling at the weak designs,
Thine envious foes devise.

4 Thy scorn derides their feeble rage,
And with an awful frown,
Flings vast confusion on their plots,
And shakes their Babel down.

5 (Their secret fires in caverns lay,
And we the sacrifice;
But gloomy caverns strove in vain,
To 'scape all-searching eyes.

6 Their dark designs were all revealed,
Their treasons all betrayed;
Praise to the Lord, that broke the snare
Their cursed hands had laid.)

7 In vain the busy sons of hell
Still new rebellions try:
Their souls shall pine with envious rage,
And vex away and die.

8 Almighty grace defends our land,
From their malicious power;
Then let us, with united songs,
Almighty grace adore.]

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HYMN 93. S. M. *Bingham. Newton.* [*]

God all and in all. Psalm lxxii. 25.

1 MY God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live, if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

2 Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis paradise, when thou art here;
If thou depart, 'tis hell.

3 [The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace;
And no where else but there.

4 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.]

5 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

6 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford;
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.

7 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll;
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

8 [To thee my spirits fly,
With infinite desire;
And yet, how far from thee I lie!
Dear Jesus, raise me higher.]

HYMN 94. C. M. *St. Ann's. Abridge.* [*]

God my only Happiness. Ps. lxxiii. 25.

1 MY God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting All,
I've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 What empty things are all the skies!
And this inferior clod!

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There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.

3 [In vain the bright, the burning sun
Scatters his feeble light:
'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon;
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.

4 And whilst upon my restless bed,
Amongst the shades I roll;
If my Redeemer shows his head,
'Tis morning to my soul.]

5 To thee we owe our wealth and friends,
And health, and safe abode;
Thanks to thy Name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.

6 How vain a toy is glittering wealth,
If once compared to thee!
Or what's my safety or my health,
Or all my friends to me?

7 Were I possessor of the earth,
And called the stars my own;
Without thy graces and Thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

8 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

HYMN 95. C. M. *Bishopsgate.* [b]

Looking on him whom we pierced.

p 1 INFINITE grief! amazing woe!—
Behold my bleeding Lord!—
—Hell and the Jews conspired his death,
And used the Roman sword.

p 2 Oh, the sharp pangs of smarting pain,
My dear Redeemer bore—
When knotty whips, and ragged thorns,
His sacred body tore.

—3 But knotty whips, and ragged thorns,
In vain do I accuse;
In vain I blame the Roman bands,
And the more spiteful Jews.

e 4 'Twere you, my sins, my cruel sins,
His chief tormentors were;

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Each of my crimes became a nail,
And unbelief a spear.

5 'Twere you that pulled the vengeance down
Upon his guiltless head:
o Break, break, my heart, oh, burst, mine eyes,
e And let my sorrows bleed.
o 6 Strike, mighty grace, my flinty soul,
Till melting waters flow!
And deep repentance drown mine eyes
In undissembled woe.

HYMN 96. C. M. *Isle of Wight.* [b *]

Angels punished, and Man saved.

1 DOWN headlong from their native skies,
The rebel angels fell;
o And thunder-bolts of flaming wrath
Pursued them deep to hell.

2 Down from the top of earthly bliss,
Rebellious man was hurled;
e And Jesus stooped beneath the grave,
To reach a sinking world.

o 3 Oh, love of infinite degree!
Unmeasurable grace!
e Must heaven's eternal Darling die,
To save a traitorous race?

p 4 Must angels sink forever down,
And burn in quenchless fire—
—While God forsakes his shining throne,
To raise us wretches higher?

s 5 Oh, for this love, let earth and skies
With hallelujahs ring;
And the full choir of human tongues
All hallelujahs sing.

HYMN 97. L. M. *Psalm 97th.* [b *]

The same.

e 1 FROM heaven the sinning angels fell,
a And wrath and darkness chained them down·
e But man, vile man, forsook his bliss—
o And mercy lifts him to a crown.

g 2 Amazing work of sovereign grace,
That could distinguish rebels so;
e Our guilty treason called aloud
For everlasting fetters too.

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o 3 To thee, to thee, almighty Love,
Our souls, ourselves, our all we pay;
s Millions of tongues shall sound thy praise,
On the bright hills of heavenly day.

HYMN 98. C. M. *Windsor. Wantage.* [b]

Hardness of Heart complained of.

1 MY heart, how dreadful hard it is!
How heavy here it lies!
Heavy and cold within my breast,
Just like a rock of ice!

2 Sin, like a raging tyrant, sits
Upon this flinty throne;
And every grace lies buried deep,
Beneath this heart of stone.

3 How seldom do I rise to God,
Or taste the joys above!
This mountain presses down my faith,
And chills my flaming love.

4 When smiling mercy courts my soul,
With all its heavenly charms;
This stubborn, this relentless thing,
Would thrust it from my arms.

5 Against the thunders of thy word,
Rebellious I have stood;
My heart—it shakes not at the wrath,
And terrors, of a God.

6 Dear Saviour, steep this rock of mine
In thine own crimson sea!
None but a bath of blood divine,
Can melt the flint away.

HYMN 99. C. M. *Bedford.* [b *]

The Book of God's Decrees.

p 1 [LET the whole race of creatures lie,
Abased, before their God:
—Whate'er his sovereign voice has formed
He governs with a nod.

e 2 (Ten thousand ages ere the skies
Were into motion brought,—
All the long years and worlds to come
Stood present to his thought.

—3 There's not a sparrow, nor a worm,
But's found in his decrees;

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o He raises monarchs to their thrones,
e And sinks them as he please.)
o 4 If light attends the course I run,
'Tis he provides those rays:
e And 'tis his hand that hides my sun,
If darkness clouds my days.
—5 Yet I could not be much concerned,
Nor vainly long to see
The volumes of his deep decrees,
What months are writ for me.
c 6 When he reveals the book of life,
Oh, may I read my name
o Amongst the chosen of his love,
The followers of the Lamb.]

HYMN 100. L. M. *Carthage.* [b]

Presence of Christ the Life of my Soul.

1 [HOW full of anguish is the thought,—
How it distracts and tears my heart,—
If God at last, my sovereign Judge,
Should frown, and bid my soul—*depart!*

2 Lord, when I quit this earthly stage,
Where shall I fly—but to thy breast?
For I have sought no other home·
For I have learned no other rest.

3 I cannot live contented here,
Without some glimpses of thy face;
And heaven, without thy presence there,
Will be a dark and tiresome place.

4 When earthly cares engross the day,
And hold my thoughts aside from thee,
The shining hours of cheerful light
Are long and tedious years to me.

5 And if no evening visit's paid
Between my Saviour and my soul,
How dull the night! how sad the shade!
How mournfully the minutes roll!

6 This flesh of mine might learn as soon
To live, yet part with all my blood;
To breathe, when vital air is gone,
Or thrive and grow without my food.

7 (Christ is my light, my life, my care,
My blessed hope, my heavenly prize;
Dearer than all my passions are,
My limbs, my bowels, or my eyes.

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8 The strings that twine about my heart,
Tortures and racks may tear them off;
But they can never, never part
With their dear hold of Christ, my Love.)
9 My God—and can an humble child,
Who loves thee with a flame so high,
Be ever from thy face exiled,
Without the pity of thine eye?
10 Impossible!—For thine own hands
Have tied my heart so fast to thee;
And in thy book the promise stands,
That where thou art, thy friends must be.]

HYMN 101. C. M. *Bangor.* [*]

The World's three chief Temptations.

1 [WHEN, in the light of faith divine,
We look on things below,—
Honour, and gold, and sensual joy,
How vain and dangerous too!
2 (Honour's a puff of noisy breath;
Yet men expose their blood,
And venture everlasting death,
To gain that airy good.
3 While others starve the nobler mind,
And feed on shining dust;
They rob the serpent of his food,
To indulge a sordid lust.)
4 The pleasures that allure our sense
Are dangerous snares to souls;
There's but a drop of flattering sweet,
And dashed with bitter bowls.
5 God is mine all-sufficient good,
My portion and my choice;
In him my vast desires are filled,
And all my powers rejoice.
6 In vain the world accosts my ear,
And tempts my heart anew;
I cannot buy your bliss so dear,
Nor part with heaven for you.]

HYMN 102. L. M. *Armley.* [b *]

A Happy Resurrection.

1 NO, I'll repine at death no more,
But with a cheerful gasp resign,

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To the cold dungeon of the grave,
These dying, withering limbs of mine.

e 2 Let worms devour my wasting flesh,
And crumble all my bones to dust:—
o My God shall raise my frame anew,
At the revival of the just.

s 3 Break, sacred morning, through the skies,
—Bring that delightful—dreadful day;
o Cut short the hours, dear Lord, and come;
e Thy lingering wheels—how long they stay!

4 [Our wearied spirits faint to see
The light of thy returning face;
And hear the language of those lips,
Where God has shed his richest grace.

o 5 Haste then upon the wings of love,
Rouse all the pious, sleeping clay;
That we may join in heavenly joys,
And sing the triumphs of the day.]

HYMN 103. C. M. *St. Ann's.* [*]

Christ's Commission. John iii. 16, 17.

1 [COME, happy souls, approach your God,
With new melodious songs;
Come, tender to almighty grace
The tributes of your tongues.

e 2 So strange, so boundless was the love,
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son,
To give them life again.

—3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not armed
With a revenging rod;
No hard commission to perform
The vengeance of a God.

e 4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
o When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.

—5 Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,
And wipe your sorrows dry;
o Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die.

e 6 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
Accept thine offered grace;

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o We bless the great Redeemer's love,
o And give the Father praise.]

HYMN 104. S. M. *Peckham.* [*]

Christ's Mediation.

1 RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune;
o Let the wide earth resound the deeds,
Celestial grace has done.

o 2 Sing how Eternal Love
Its chief Beloved chose;
And bade him raise our ruined race,
From their abyss of woes.

— 3 His hand no thunder bears,
No terror clothes his brow;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

e 4 'Twas mercy filled the throne,
And wrath stood silent by—
When Christ was sent with pardons down,
To rebels doomed to die.

o 5 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
d Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offered peace.

e 6 Lord, we obey thy call;
— We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought;
o And love and praise thy name.

HYMN 105. C. M. *Reading.* [b]

Repentance flowing from Divine Patience.

e 1 AND are we wretches yet alive!
And do we yet rebel!
e 'Tis boundless—'tis amazing love,—
That bears us up from hell!

2 The burden of our weighty guilt
Would sink us down to flames;
And threatening vengeance rolls above,
To crush our feeble frames.

d 3 Almighty goodness cries—Forbear!
And strait the thunder stays:
e And dare we now provoke his wrath,
And weary out his grace?

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p 4 Lord, we have long abused thy love,
Too long indulged our sin;
Our aching hearts e'en bleed to see
What rebels we have been.

o 5 No more, ye lusts, shall ye command,
No more will we obey;
Stretch out, O God, thy conquering hand,
And drive thy foes away.

HYMN 106. C. M. *Isle of Wight. Bangor.* [b]

Repentance at the Cross.

p 1 OH, if my soul was formed for woe,
How would I vent my sighs!
Repentance should like rivers flow,
From both my streaming eyes.

2 'Twas for my sins, my dearest Lord
Hung on the cursed tree,—
And groaned away a dying life,
For thee, my soul, for thee.

—3 Oh, how I hate these lusts of mine,
That crucified my God;
Those sins, that pierced and nailed his flesh,
Fast to the fatal wood.

d 4 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die!
My heart has so decreed;
Nor will I spare the guilty things,
That made my Saviour bleed.

e 5 Whilst with a melting, broken heart,
My murdered Lord I view,
o I'll raise revenge against my sins,
And slay the murderers too.

HYMN 107. C. M. *Windsor.* [*]

Everlasting Absence of God intolerable.

1 THAT awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste—
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

e 2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou Sovereign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
d Pronounce the sound, *Depart!*

e 3 The thunder of that dismal word
Would so distress my ear,

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a 'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.

p 4 What—to be banished for my life,
And yet forbid to die!
To linger in eternal pain,
Yet death forever fly!

a 5 Oh, wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove—
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love!

6 [Jesus, I throw my arms around,
And hang upon thy breast;
Without a gracious smile from thee,
My spirit cannot rest.]

o 7 Oh! tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands;
Show me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands.

8 [Give me one kind, assuring word,
To sink my fears again;
And cheerfully my soul shall wait
Her threescore years and ten.]

HYMN 108. C. M. *St. Asaph's.* [*]

Access to the Throne of Grace by a Mediator

1 COME, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above;
And smile to see our Father there,
Upon a throne of love.

e 2 Once 'twas a seat of dreadful wrath,
And shot devouring flame;
Our God appeared consuming fire,
And Vengeance was his name.

—3 Rich were the drops of Jesus' blood,
That calmed his frowning face;
That sprinkled o'er his burning throne,
And turned the wrath to grace.

o 4 Now we may bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord;
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
Nor double flaming sword.

—5 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are opened by the Son;

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o High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach th' almighty throne.
s 6 To thee, ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high;
And glory to th' eternal King,
Who lays his fury by.

HYMN 109. L. M. *Islington.* [b]

The Darkness of Providence.

1 [LORD, we adore thy vast designs,
Th' obscure abyss of Providence!
o Too deep to sound with mortal lines,—
Too dark to view with feeble sense.
e 2 Now thou array'st thine awful face
In angry frowns, without a smile:
—We, through the cloud, believe thy grace,
Secure of thy compassion still.

3 Through seas, and storms of deep distress,
We sail by faith, and not by sight,
Faith guides us in the wilderness,
Through all the briers and the night.
e 4 Dear Father, if thy lifted rod
Resolve to scourge us here below;
—Still we must lean upon our God,
o Thine arm shall bear us safely through.]

HYMN 110. S. M. *Aylesbury. Kibworth.* [*]

Death and the Resurrection.

a 1 AND must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
a And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?
— 2 Corruption, earth, and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh;
o Till my triumphant spirit comes,
To put it on afresh.
— 3 God my Redeemer lives,
And often from the skies
Looks down and watches all my dust—
Till he shall bid it rise.
o 4 Arrayed in glorious grace,
Shall these vile bodies shine;
And every shape, and every face
Look heavenly and divine

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— 5 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.

6 Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs;
e I'll tunes of nobler sound we raise,
With our immortal tongues.

HYMN 111. C. M. *Mitcham.* [*]

God's Dominion, and our Deliverance.

1 [ZION, rejoice, and, Judah, sing;
The Lord assumes his throne:
Come, let us own the heavenly King,
And make his glories known.

2 The great, the wicked, and the proud,
From their high seats are hurled;
Jehovah rides upon a cloud,
And thunders through the world.

3 He reigns upon th' eternal hills,
Distributes mortal crowns;
Empires are fixed beneath his smiles,
And totter at his frowns.

4 Navies, that rule the ocean wide,
Are vanquished by his breath:
And legions, armed with power and pride,
Descend to watery death.

5 Let tyrants make no more pretence
To vex our happy land;
Jehovah's name is our defence;
Our buckler is his hand.

6 Still may the King of Grace descend,
To rule us by his word;
And all the honours we can give
Be offered to the Lord.]

HYMN 112. L. M. *Oporto.* [*]

Angels ministering to Christ and Saints.

1 GREAT God! to what a glorious height
Hast thou advanced the Lord thy Son!
Angels, in all their robes of light,
Are made the servants of his throne.

e 2 Before his feet thine armies wait,
o And swift as flames of fire they move,

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—To manage his affairs of state,
In works of vengeance—and of love.

3 [His orders run through all the hosts;
Legions descend at his command,
To shield and guard our native coasts,
When foreign rage invades our land.]

o 4 Now they are sent to guide our feet
Up to the gates of thine abode;
Through all the dangers that we meet,
In travelling the heavenly road.

—5 Lord, when I leave this mortal ground,
And thou shalt bid me rise and come—
Send a beloved angel down,
Safe to conduct my spirit home.

HYMN 113. C. M. *Mear.* [*]

The same.

1 [THE majesty of Solomon,
How glorious to behold!
The servants waiting round his throne,
The ivory and the gold.

2 But, mighty God, thy palace shines
With far superior beams;
Thine angel-guards are swift as winds,
Thy ministers are flames.

3 (Soon as thine only Son had made
His entrance on the earth,
A shining army downward fled,
To celebrate his birth.

4 And when oppressed with pains and fears
On the cold ground he lies,
Behold a heavenly form appears,
To allay his agonies.)

5 Now to the hands of Christ our King,
Are all their legions given;
They wait upon his saints, and bring
His chosen heirs to heaven.

6 Pleasure and praise run through their host,
To see a sinner turn;
That Satan has a captive lost,
And Christ a subject born.

7 But there's an hour of brighter joy,
When he his angel sends,

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Obstinate rebels to destroy,
And gather in his friends.

8 Oh! could I say without a doubt,
There shall my soul be found,—
Then let the great archangel shout,
And the last trumpet sound.]

HYMN 114. C. M. *Christmas. Sunday.* [*]

Christ's Death, Victory, and Dominion.

1 I SING my Saviour's wondrous death;
He conquered when he fell;
'Tis Finished! said his dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell.

2 *'Tis Finished!* our Emmanuel cries,
The dreadful work is done!
Hence shall his sovereign throne arise,
His kingdom is begun.

3 His cross a sure foundation laid,
For glory and renown;
When through the regions of the dead
He passed to reach the crown.

4 Exalted at his Father's side,
Sits our victorious Lord;
To heaven and hell his hands divide
The vengeance or reward.

5 The saints from his propitious eye
Await their several crowns;
And all the sons of darkness fly
The terror of his frowns.

HYMN 115. C. M. *Bedford.* [*]

God the Avenger of his Saints.

1 HIGH as the heavens above the ground,
Reigns the Creator God;
Wide as the whole creation's bound,
Extends his awful rod.

2 Let princes of exalted state
To him ascribe their crown;
Render their homage at his feet,
And cast their glories down.

3 Know that his kingdom is supreme;
Your lofty thoughts are vain:
He calls you gods, that awful name
But ye must die like men

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o 4 Then let the sovereigns of the globe
Not dare to vex the just:
He puts on vengeance like a robe,
And treads the worms to dust.
e 5 Ye judges of the earth, be wise,
And think of heaven with fear;
The meanest saint that you despise
Has an avenger there.

HYMN 116. C. M. *Swanwick.* [*]

Mercies and Thanks.

1 [HOW can I sink with such a prop,
As my eternal God,—
g Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
And spreads the heavens abroad?
e 2 How can I die while Jesus lives,
Who rose and left the dead?
—Pardon and grace my soul receives,
From mine exalted head.
o 3 All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be forever thine!
Whate'er my duty bids me give,
My cheerful hands resign.
—4 Yet if I might make some reserve,
And duty did not call;
o I love my God with zeal so great,
That I should give him all.]

HYMN 117. L. M. *Green's.* [*]

Living and dying with God present.

1 [I CANNOT bear thine absence, Lord;
My life expires if thou depart;
Be thou, my heart, still near my God,
And thou, my God, be near my heart.
2 I was not born for earth or sin,
Nor can I live on things so vile;
Yet I will stay my Father's time,
And hope, and wait for heaven a while.
3 Then, dearest Lord, in thine embrace,
Let me resign my fleeting breath;
And, with a smile upon my face,
Pass the important hour of death.]

HYMN 118. L. M. *Newcourt.* [b *]

The Priesthood of Christ

1 o BLOOD has a voice to pierce the skies·
Revenge—the blood of Abel cries;

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e But the dear stream, when Christ was slain,
—Speaks *peace*—as loud from every vein.
2 Pardon and peace from God on high;
Behold he lays his vengeance by;
And rebels, who deserve his sword,
Become the favourites of the Lord.
o 3 To Jesus let our praises rise,
Who gave his life a sacrifice;
Now he appears before our God,
And, for our pardon, pleads his blood.

HYMN 119. C. M. *Plymouth.* [b *]

The Holy Scriptures.

1 LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord;
And not a glimpse of hope appears,
But in thy written word.
2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage:
Here I behold my Saviour's face,
Almost in every page.
3 (This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
That merchant is divinely wise,
Who makes the pearl his own.)
4 (Here consecrated water flows,
To quench my thirst of sin;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
No danger dwells therein.)
5 This is the Judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail;
My guide to everlasting life,
Through all this gloomy vale.
6 Oh! may thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command;
Nor I forsake the happy road
That leads to thy right hand.

HYMN 120. S. M. *Aylesbury.* [b]

The Law and Gospel joined in Scripture.

1 THE Lord declares his will,
And keeps the world in awe;
e Amidst the smoke of Sinai's hill,
Breaks out his fiery law.
2 The Lord reveals his face,
And, smiling from above,

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o Sends down the gospel of his grace,
Th' epistles of his love.
— 3 These sacred words impart
Our Maker's just commands;
e The pity of his melting heart,
o And vengeance of his hands.
— 4 (Hence we awake our fear;
We draw our comfort hence;
The arms of grace are treasured here,
And armour of defence.)
5 (We learn Christ crucified,
And here behold his blood;
All arts and knowledges beside
Will do us little good.)
6 We read the heavenly word,
We take the offered grace;
Obey the statutes of the Lord,
And trust his promises.
o 7 In vain shall Satan rage
Against a book divine,—
e Where wrath and lightning guard the page,
o Where beams of mercy shine.

HYMN 121. L. M. *Armley.* [b *]

The Law and Gospel distinguished.

1 THE law commands, and makes us know
What duties to our God we owe;
o But 'tis the gospel must reveal
Where lies our strength to do his will.
e 2 The law discovers guilt and sin,
And shows how vile our hearts have been;
o Only the gospel can express
Forgiving love and cleansing grace.
e 3 What curses does the law denounce
Against the man who fails but once?
o But in the gospel Christ appears,
Pardoning the guilt of numerous years.
—4 My soul, no more attempt to draw
Thy life and comfort from the law;
a Fly to the hope the gospel gives:
The man who trusts the promise—lives.

HYMN 122. L. M. *Bethel.* [b *]

Retirement and Meditation.

1 MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee

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Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

e 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?

d 3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
One sovereign word can draw me thence;
—I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

e 4 Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone:
e In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven—and there my God, I find.

HYMN 123. L. M. *Green's.* [*]

The Benefit of Public Ordinances.

1 [AWAY from every mortal care,
Away from earth, our souls retreat;
We leave this worthless world afar,
And wait, and worship, near thy seat.

2 Lord, in the temple of thy grace
We see thy feet, and we adore;
We gaze upon thy lovely face,
And learn the wonders of thy power.

p 3 While here our various wants we mourn,
United groans ascend on high;
—And prayers produce a quick return
Of blessings in variety.

e 4 (If Satan rage, and sin grow strong,
—Here we receive some cheering word;
o We gird the gospel armour on,
o To fight the battles of the Lord.

e 5 Or if our spirit faints and dies,
—(Our conscience galled with inward stings,)
o Here does the righteous Sun arise,
With healing beams beneath his wings.)

e 6 Father, my soul would still abide
Within thy temple, near thy side:
But if my feet must hence depart,
Still keep thy dwelling in my heart.]

HYMN 124. C. M. *York.* [b *]

Moses, Aaron, and Joshua.

1 'TIS not the law of ten commands,
On holy Sinai given,

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And sent to men by Moses' hands,
Can bring us safe to heaven.
2 'Tis not the blood which Aaron spilt,
Nor smoke of sweetest smell,
Can buy the pardon of our guilt,
Or save our souls from hell.
e 3 Aaron the priest resigns his breath,
At God's immediate will;
And in the desert yields to death,
Upon th' appointed hill.
4 And thus on Jordan's yonder side,
The tribes of Israel stand;
While Moses bowed his head and died,
Short of the promised land.
o 5 Israel rejoice, now Joshua * leads,
He'll bring your tribes to rest:
So far the Saviour's name exceeds
The ruler and the priest.

HYMN 125. L. M. *Pleyel's.* [b]

Faith and Repentance, Unbelief and Impenitence.

1 [LIFE and immortal joys are given
To souls that mourn the sins they've done;
Children of wrath, made heirs of heaven,
By faith in God's eternal Son.
e 2 Woe to the wretch who never felt
The inward pangs of pious grief;
But adds to all his crying guilt
The stubborn sin of unbelief.
3 The law condemns the rebel dead;
Under the wrath of God he lies:
a He seals the curse on his own head,
And with a double vengeance dies.]

HYMN 126. C. M. *Wareham.* [*]

God glorified in the Gospel.

1 THE Lord, descending from above,
Invites his children near;
While power, and truth, and boundless love,
Display their glories here.
2 Here, in the gospel's wondrous frame,
Fresh wisdom we pursue;
d A thousand angels learn thy name,
Beyond whate'er they knew.

* Joshua *same with* Jesus, and signifies a *Saviour*

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3 Thy name is writ in fairest lines;
Thy wonders here we trace;
—Wisdom through all the mystery shines,
And shines in Jesus' face.

4 The law its best obedience owes
To our incarnate God;
And thy revenging justice shows
Its honours in his blood.

o 5 But still the lustre of thy grace
Our warmer thoughts employs;
Gilds the whole scene with brighter rays,
And more exalts our joys.

HYMN 127. L. M. *Portugal.* [*]

Circumcision and Baptism.

1 THUS did the sons of Abra'am pass
Under the bloody seal of grace;
The young disciples bore the yoke,
Till Christ the painful bondage broke.

2 By milder ways does Jesus prove
His Father's covenant and his love;
He seals to saints his glorious grace,
Nor does forbid their infant race.

3 Their seed is sprinkled with his blood,
Their children set apart for God;
His Spirit on their offspring shed,
Like water poured upon the head.

o 4 Let every saint, with cheerful voice,
In this large covenant rejoice;
Young children, in their early days,
Shall give the God of Abra'am praise.

HYMN 128. C. M. *China. Plymouth.* [b]

Corrupt Nature from Adam.

1 BLEST with the joys of innocence,
Adam our father stood,
Till he debased his soul to sense,
And ate th' unlawful food.

2 Now we are born a sensual race,
To sinful joys inclined;
Reason has lost its native place,
And flesh enslaves the mind.

3 While flesh and sense and passion reigns,
Sin is the sweetest good;

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We fancy music in our chains,
And so forget the load.
4 Great God, renew our ruined frame,
Our broken powers restore;
Inspire us with a heavenly flame,
And flesh shall reign no more.
5 Eternal Spirit, write thy law
Upon our inward parts;
And let the second Adam draw
His image on our hearts.

HYMN 129. L. M. *Bath. Islington.* [*]

We walk by Faith, not by Sight.

1 'TIS by the faith of joys to come,
We walk through deserts dark as night;
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.
2 The want of sight she well supplies;
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.
3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith supplies a heavenly ray;
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.
4 So Abra'am, by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God;
His faith beheld the promised land,
And fired his zeal along the road.

HYMN 130. C. M. *Sunday.* [*]

The New Creation.

1 ATTEND, while God's exalted Son
Doth his own glory shew:
d "Behold, I sit upon my throne,
"Creating all things new.
2 "Nature and sin are passed away,
"And the old Adam dies;
"My hands a new foundation lay—
"See the new world arise!
3 "I'll be a Sun of righteousness
"To the new heavens I make;
"None but the new-born heirs of grace
"My glories shall partake."
e 4 Mighty Redeemer, set me free
From my old state of sin;

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Oh, make my soul alive to thee;
Create new powers within.
5 Renew mine eyes, and form mine ears,
And mould my heart afresh;
Give me new passions, joys, and fears,
And turn the stone to flesh.
—6 Far from the regions of the dead,
From sin, and earth, and hell,—
In the new world that grace has made,
I would forever dwell.

HYMN 131. L. M. *Castle Street. Leeds.* [*]

The Excellency of the Christian Religion.

o 1 LET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour, and my Lord;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessings in thy word.
2 [What if we trace the globe around,
And search from Britain to Japan;
There shall be no religion found,
So just to God, so safe for man.]
—3 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With long despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.
e 4 How well thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy thy commands!
—Thy promises—now firm they be!
How firm our hope and comfort stands!
o 5 Not the feigned fields of heathenish bliss
Could raise such pleasures in the mind;
Nor does the Turkish paradise
Pretend to joys so well refined.
—6 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

HYMN 132. C. M. *Colchester.* [*]

The Offices of Christ.

1 WE bless the prophet of the Lord,
Who comes with truth and grace;
Jesus, thy Spirit and thy word
Shall lead us in thy ways.
2 We reverence our High Priest above,
Who offered up his blood;

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And lives to carry on his love,
By pleading with our God.
3 We honour our exalted King;
How sweet are his commands!
He guards our souls from hell and sin,
By his almighty hands.
4 Hosanna to his glorious name,
Who saves by different ways;
His mercy lays a sovereign claim
To our immortal praise.

HYMN 133. L. M. *Brentford.* [*]

The Operations of the Holy Spirit.

o 1 ETERNAL Spirit, we confess,
And sing the wonders of thy grace;
Thy power conveys our blessings down,
From God the Father and the Son.
2 Enlightened by thy heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.
o 3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin;
Do our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.
—4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice;
o Thy cheering words awake our joys;
o Thy words allay the stormy wind,
—And calm the surges of the mind.

HYMN 134. C. M. *York.* [*]

Circumcision abolished.

1 [THE promise was divinely free,
Extensive was the grace;
"I will the God of Abra'am be,
"And of his numerous race."
2 He said, and with a bloody seal
Confirmed the words he spoke;
Long did the sons of Abra'am feel
The sharp and painful yoke:
3 Till God's own Son, descending low,
Gave his own flesh to bleed;
And Gentiles taste the blessings now,
From the hard bondage freed.
4 The God of Abra'am claims our praise
His promises endure:

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And Christ the Lord, in gentler ways
Makes the salvation sure.]

HYMN 135. L. M. *Oporto.* [*]

Types and Prophecies of Christ.

d 1 BEHOLD the woman's promised Seed!
Behold the great Messiah come!
Behold the prophets all agreed
To give him the superior room!

—2 Abra'am, the saint, rejoiced of old,
When visions of the Lord he saw;
Moses, the man of God, foretold
This great Fulfiller of his law.

3 The types bore witness to his name,
Obtained their chief design, and ceased;
The incense, and the bleeding lamb,
The ark, the altar, and the priest.

4 Predictions in abundance meet,
To join their blessings on his head:
o Jesus, we worship at thy feet,
And nations own the Promised Seed.

HYMN 136. L. M. *Nantwich.* [*]

Miracles at the Birth of Christ.

1 [THE King of glory sends his Son,
To make his entrance on this earth;
Behold the midnight bright as noon,
And heavenly hosts declare his birth!

2 About the young Redeemer's head,
What wonders, and what glories meet!
An unknown star arose, and led
The eastern sages to his feet.

3 Simeon and Anna both conspire
The infant Saviour to proclaim;
Inward they felt the sacred fire,
And blessed the babe, and owned his name

4 Let Jews and Greeks blaspheme aloud,
And treat the holy child with scorn;
Our souls adore th' eternal God
Who condescended to be born.]

HYMN 137. L. M. *Gloucester.* [*]

Miracles in the Life, Death, and Resurrection of Christ.

e 1 BEHOLD, the blind their sight receive!
Behold, the dead awake, and live!
The dumb speak wonders! and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bless His name!

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2 Thus does th' eternal Spirit own,
—And seal the mission of the Son;
The Father vindicates his cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.
e 3 He dies:—the heavens in mourning stood!
o He rises—and appears a God!
o Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die.
—4 Hence and forever from my heart
I bid my doubts and fears depart;
And to those hands my soul resign,
Which bear credentials so divine.

HYMN 138. L. M. *Blendon. Leeds.* [*]

The Power of the Gospel.

1 THIS is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations from above;
o Jehovah here resolves to show
What his almighty grace can do.
—2 This remedy did wisdom find,
To heal diseases of the mind;
o This sovereign balm, whose virtues can
Restore the ruined creature, man.
—3 The gospel bids the dead revive;
Sinners obey the voice, and live;
Dry bones are raised, and clothed afresh,
And hearts of stone are turned to flesh.
4 (Where Satan reigned in shades of night,
The gospel strikes a heavenly light:
Our lusts its wondrous power controls,
And calms the rage of angry souls.
5 Lions and beasts of savage name
Put on the nature of the lamb;
e While the wide world esteems it strange,
a Gaze, and admire, and hate the change.)
—6 May but this grace my soul renew,
Let sinners gaze and hate me too;
o The word that saves me does engage
A sure defence from all their rage.

HYMN 139. L. M. *Sicilian. Pleyel's.* [*]

The Example of Christ.

1 MY dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word,
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

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2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will—
Such love, and meekness so divine—
I would transcribe and make them mine.

p 3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witnessed the fervour of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy victory too.

—4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here!
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name,
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

HYMN 140. C. M. *Mear.* [*]

The Examples of Christ and the Saints.

o 1 GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the vail, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be!

p 2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears:
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

—3 I ask them, whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
o Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb—
Their triumph to his death.

—4 They marked the footsteps he had trod,
(His zeal inspired their breast;)
And, following their incarnate God,
Possessed the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For his own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

HYMN 141. C. M. *St. Martin's.* [*]

Preaching, Baptism, and the Lord's Supper.

1 MY Saviour God, my Sovereign Prince,
Reigns far above the skies;
But brings his graces down to sense,
And helps my faith to rise.

2 My eyes and ears shall bless his name;
They read and hear his word;

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My touch and taste shall do the same,
When they receive the Lord.

3 Baptismal water is designed
To seal his cleansing grace;
While, at his feast of bread and wine,
He gives his saints a place.

4 But not the waters of a flood
Can make my flesh so clean,
As, by his Spirit and his blood,
He'll wash my soul from sin.

5 Not choicest meats, nor noblest wines,
So much my heart refresh,
As when my faith goes through the signs,
And feeds upon his flesh.

6 I love the Lord, who stoops so low,
To give his word a seal;
But the rich grace his hands bestow,
Exceeds the figures still.

HYMN 142. S. M. *Peckham.* [b *]

Faith in Christ our Sacrifice.

e 1 NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

o 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

p 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,—
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

— 4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,—
When hanging on the cursed tree,—
And hopes her guilt was there.

u 5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;

s We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

HYMN 143. C. M. *Armley.* [b *]

Flesh and Spirit.

1 WHAT different powers of grace and sin
Attend our mortal state!

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I hate the thoughts that work within,
And do the works I hate.
p 2 Now I complain, and groan, and die,
While sin and Satan reign:
9 Now raise my songs of triumph high,
For grace prevails again.
—3 So darkness struggles with the light,
Till perfect day arise;
Water and fire maintain the fight,
Until the weaker dies.
4 Thus will the flesh and spirit strive,
And vex and break my peace;
o But I shall quit this mortal life,
And sin forever cease.]

HYMN 144. L. M. *Old Hundred.* [*]

Effusions of the Spirit: Success of the Gospel.

1 GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
When the divine disciples met;
Whilst on their heads the Spirit came,
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.
e 2 What gifts, what miracles he gave!
And power to kill, and power to save!
Furnished their tongues with wondrous words,
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.
—3 Thus armed, he sent the champions forth,
o From east to west, from south to north;
d "Go—and assert your Saviour's cause;
"Go—spread the mystery of his cross."
—4 These weapons of the holy war,
Of what almighty force they are—
To make our stubborn passions bow,
And lay the proudest rebel low!
5 Nations, the learned and the rude,
Are by those heavenly arms subdued:
While Satan rages at his loss,
And hates the doctrine of the cross.
6 Great King of grace, my heart subdue
I would be led in triumph too—
A willing captive to my Lord—
And sing the victories of his word.

HYMN 145. C. M. *Barby.* [*]

Sight through a Glass, and Face to Face.

1 I LOVE the windows of thy grace,
Through which my Lord is seen;

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And long to meet my Saviour's face,
Without a glass between.
e 2 Oh, that the happy hour were come,
To change my faith to sight!
—I should behold my Lord at home,
In a diviner light.
o 3 Haste, my Beloved, and remove
These interposing days;
—Then shall my passions all be love,
And all my powers be praise.]

HYMN 146. L. M. *Babylon. Carthage.* [b]

Vanity of Creatures; or, no Rest on Earth.

1 MAN has a soul of vast desires;
He burns within with restless fires;
Tossed to and fro, his passions fly
From vanity to vanity.

2 In vain on earth we hope to find
Some solid good to fill the mind:
We try new pleasures; but we feel
The inward thirst and torment still.

3 So, when a raging fever burns,
We shift from side to side, by turns;
And 'tis a poor relief we gain,
To change the place, but keep the pain.

4 Great God, subdue this vicious thirst,
This love to vanity and dust;
Cure the vile fever of the mind,
And feed our souls with joys refined.

HYMN 147. C. M. *Barby.* [*]

The Creation of the World. Gen. i.

1 ["NOW let a spacious world arise,"
Said the Creator Lord:
At once th' obedient earth and skies
Rose at his sovereign word.

2 (Dark was the deep: the waters lay
Confused, and drowned the land;
He called the light; the new-born day
Attends on his command.

3 He bids the clouds ascend on high;
The clouds ascend, and bear
A watery treasure to the sky,
And float on softer air.

4 The liquid element below
Was gathered by his hand;

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The rolling seas together flow,
And leave the solid land.

5 With herbs and plants of flowery birth,
The naked globe he crowned;
Ere there was rain to bless the earth,
Or sun to warm the ground.

6 Then he adorned the upper skies:
Behold the sun appears:
The moon and stars in order rise,
To mark out months and years.

7 Out of the deep th' almighty King
Did vital beings frame;
The painted fowls of every wing,
And fish of every name.)

8 He gave the lion and the worm,
At once, their wondrous birth;
And grazing beasts of various form,
Rose from the teeming earth.

9 Adam was framed of equal clay,
Though sovereign of the rest;
Designed for nobler ends than they,
With God's own image blessed.

10 Thus glorious in the Maker's eye,
The young creation stood;
He saw the building from on high,
His word pronounced it good.

11 Lord, while the frame of nature stands,
Thy praise shall fill my tongue;
But the new world of grace demands
A more exalted song.]

HYMN 148. C.M. *Canterbury. St. Ann's.*[b *]

God reconciled in Christ.

s 1 DEAREST of all the names above,
My Jesus and my God—
Who can resist thy heavenly love,
Or trifle with thy blood?

—2 'Tis by the merits of thy death,
The Father smiles again;
'Tis by thine interceding breath,
The Spirit dwells with men.

e 3 Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find

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a The holy, just, and sacred Three,
Are terrors to my mind.
e 4 But if Emmanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy begins;
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sins.
—5 While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast;
I love th' Incarnate Mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

HYMN 149. C. M. *Arundel.* [*]

Honour to Magistrates.

1 [ETERNAL Sovereign of the sky,
And Lord of all below,
We mortals to thy Majesty
Our first obedience owe.

2 Our souls adore thy throne supreme,
And bless thy providence;
For magistrates of meaner name,
Our glory and defence.

3 (The crowns of all those princes shine,
With rays above the rest,
Where laws and liberties combine,
To make the nation blest.)

4 Kingdoms on firm foundations stand,
While virtue finds reward;
And sinners perish from the land,
By justice and the sword.

5 Let Cæsar's due be ever paid
To Cæsar and his throne;
But consciences and souls were made
To be the Lord's alone.]

HYMN 150. C. M. *Plymouth.* [b]

The Deceitfulness of Sin.

1 SIN has a thousand treacherous arts
To practise on the mind;
With flattering looks she tempts our hearts,
But leaves a sting behind.

2 With names of virtue she deceives
The aged and the young;
And while the heedless wretch believes,
She makes his fetters strong.

3 She pleads for all the joys she brings,
And gives a fair pretence;

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But cheats the soul of heavenly things,
And chains it down to sense.

4 So on a tree divinely fair,
Grew the forbidden food;
Our mother took the poison there,
And tainted all her blood.

HYMN 151. L. M. *Islington.* [*]

Prophecy and Inspiration.

1 'TWAS by an order from the Lord,
The ancient prophets spoke his word;
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warmed their hearts with heavenly fire.

2 The works and wonders which they wrought,
Confirmed the messages they brought;
The prophet's pen succeeds his breath,
To save the holy words from death.

c 3 Great God, mine eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his Name who died for me.

o 4 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost, and vanish in the wind:
—Here I can fix my hope secure;
This is thy word, and must endure.

HYMN 152. C. M. *Bedford.* [*]

Sinai and Sion. Heb. xii. 18, &c.

e 1 NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke;—

o 2 But we are come to Sion's hill,
The city of our God;
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.

c 3 Behold th' innumerable host
Of angels clothed in light!
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turned to sight!

4 Behold the blest assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven;
Hear God, the Judge of all, declare
Their vilest sins forgiven.

—5 The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make;

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All join in Christ, their living head,
And of his grace partake.
o 6 In such society as this,
My weary soul would rest:
The man who dwells where Jesus is,
Must be forever blest.

HYMN 153. C. M. *Reading.* [b]

Distemper, Folly, and Madness of Sin

e 1 SIN, like a venomous disease,
Infects our vital blood;
—The only balm is sovereign grace,
And the physician God.
e 2 Our beauty and our strength are fled,
And we draw near to death;
o But Christ the Lord recalls the dead,
With his almighty breath.
e 3 Madness, by nature, reigns within,
The passions burn and rage;
—Till God's own Son, with skill divine,
The inward fire assuage.
e 4 (We lick the dust, we grasp the wind,
And solid good despise:
—Such is the folly of the mind,
Till Jesus make us wise.)
e 5 We give our souls the wounds they feel,
We drink the poisonous gall,
o And rush with fury down to hell—
— But heaven prevents the fall.
6 (The man possessed among the tombs,
Cuts his own flesh, and cries:
o He foams and raves, till Jesus comes,
And the foul spirit flies.)

HYMN 154. L. M. *Armley.* [b *]

Self-Righteousness insufficient.

1 "WHERE are the mourners," saith the Lord,
"Who wait and tremble at my word—
"Who walk in darkness all the day?
"Come, make my name your trust and stay.
2 ("No works, no duties of your own,
"Can for the smallest sin atone;
"The robes that nature may provide,
"Will not your least pollutions hide.
3 "The softest couch that nature knows,
"Can give the conscience no repose;

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o "Look to my righteousness, and live;
"Comfort and peace are mine to give.)
—4 "Ye sons of pride, who kindle coals
"With your own hands, to warm your souls,
"Walk in the light of your own fire,
"Enjoy the sparks that ye desire:—
e 5 "This is your portion at my hands,—
"Hell waits you with her iron bands;
a "Ye shall lie down in sorrow there,
"In death, and darkness, and despair."

HYMN 155. C. M. *Tunbridge.* [b]

Christ our Passover.

e 1 LO, the destroying angel flies
To Pharaoh's stubborn land!
The pride, the flower of Egypt dies
By his vindictive hand.

o 2 He passed the tents of Jacob o'er,
Nor poured the wrath divine;
He saw the blood on every door,
And blessed the peaceful sign.

—3 Thus the appointed Lamb must bleed,
To break th' Egyptian yoke;
o Thus Israel is from bondage freed,
And 'scapes the angel's stroke.

e 4 Lord, if my heart were sprinkled too
With blood so rich as thine,
Justice no longer would pursue
This guilty soul of mine.

—5 Jesus our passover was slain,
And has at once procured
o Freedom from Satan's heavy chain,
And God's avenging sword.

HYMN 156. C. M. *Plymouth.* [b]

Satan's various Temptations.

1 I HATE the tempter, and his charms,
I hate his flattering breath;
The serpent takes a thousand forms,
To cheat our souls to death.

2 He feeds our hopes with airy dreams,
Or kills with slavish fear;
And holds us still in wide extremes,
Presumption or despair

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3 Now he persuades, *How easy 'tis*
To walk the road to heaven;
Anon he swells our sins, and cries,
They cannot be forgiven.
4 (He bids young sinners, *Yet forbear*
To think of God or death;
For prayer and grave devotion are
But melancholy breath.
5 He tells the aged, *They must die,*
And 'tis too late to pray;
In vain for mercy now they cry,
For they have lost their day.)
6 Thus he supports his cruel throne,
By mischief and deceit;
And drags the sons of Adam down
To darkness and the pit.
7 Almighty God, cut short his power;
Let him in darkness dwell;
And that he vex the earth no more,
Confine him down to hell.

HYMN 157. C. M. *Reading.* [b]

The same.

1 NOW Satan comes with dreadful roar,
And threatens to destroy;
He worries whom he can't devour,
With a malicious joy.
2 Ye sons of God, oppose his rage;
Resist, and he'll be gone:
—Thus did our dearest Lord engage,
And vanquish him alone.
3 Now he appears almost divine,
Like innocence and love;
—But the old serpent lurks within,
When he assumes the dove.
4 Fly from the false deceiver's tongue,
Ye sons of Adam, fly!
Our parents found the snare too strong;
Nor should the children try.

HYMN 158. L. M. *Geneva. Babylon.* [b]

Few saved; or, The almost Christian.

1 BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveller.

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d 2 *Deny thyself and take thy cross,*
e Is the Redeemer's great command;
—Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.
p 3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed—almost a saint—
And makes his own destruction sure.
—4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain,
Create my heart entirely new:
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

HYMN 159. C. M. *Plymouth. Wantage.* [*]

Unconverted State; or, Converting Grace.

1 GREAT King of glory and of grace,
We own, with humble shame,
How vile is our degenerate race,
And our first father's name.
—2 From Adam flows our tainted blood,—
The poison reigns within;
Makes us averse to all that's good,
And willing slaves to sin.
3 [Daily we break thy holy laws,
And then reject thy grace;
Engaged in the old serpent's cause,
Against our Maker's face.]
4 We live estranged afar from God,
And love the distance well;
With haste we run the dangerous road,
That leads to death and hell.
e 5 And can such rebels be restored?
Such natures made divine?
o Let sinners see thy glory, Lord,
And feel this power of thine.
e 6 We raise our Father's name on high,
Who his own Spirit sends,
e To bring rebellious strangers nigh,
And turn his foes to friends.

HYMN 160. L. M. *Armley.* [*]

Custom in Sin.

1 LET the wild leopards of the wood
Put off the spots that nature gives;
Then may the wicked turn to God,
And change their tempers, and their lives

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2 As well might Ethiopian slaves
Wash out the darkness of their skin;
The dead as well may leave their graves,
As old transgressors cease to sin.

3 Where vice has held its empire long,
'Twill not endure the least control;
None, but a power divinely strong,
Can turn the current of the soul.

4 Great God, I own thy power divine,
That works to change this heart of mine;
I would be formed anew, and bless
The wonders of creating grace.

HYMN 161. C. M. *Reading.* [b]

Christian Virtues; or, Difficulty of going to Heaven

1 STRAIT is the way, the door is strait,
That leads to joys on high;
'Tis but a few that find the gate,
While crowds mistake and die.

2 Beloved self must be denied,
The mind and will renewed;
Passion suppressed and patience tried,
And vain desires subdued.

3 (Flesh is a dangerous foe to grace,
Where it prevails and rules;
Flesh must be humbled, pride abased,
Lest they destroy our souls.)

4 The love of gold be banished hence,
That vile idolatry;
And every member, every sense,
In sweet subjection lie.

5 The tongue, that most unruly power,
Requires a strong restraint;
We must be watchful every hour,
And pray, but never faint.

6 Lord! can a feeble, helpless worm,
Fulfill a task so hard?
Thy grace must all my work perform,
And give the free reward.

HYMN 162. C. M. *Swanwick.* [*]

Meditation of Heaven; or, The Joy of Faith.

1 MY thoughts surmount these lower skies,
And look within the vail;
There springs of endless pleasure rise,
The waters never fail.

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—2 There I behold, with sweet delight,
The blessed Three in One;
And strong affections fix my sight
On God's incarnate Son.

o 3 His promise stands forever firm;
His grace shall ne'er depart;
—He binds my name upon his arm,
And seals it on his heart.

4 Light are the pains that nature brings:
How short our sorrows are—
When with eternal, future things,
The present we compare!

o 5 I would not be a stranger still
To that celestial place,
Where I forever hope to dwell
Near my Redeemer's face.

HYMN 163. C. M. *Reading.* [*]

Complaint of Desertion and Temptations.

1 [DEAR Lord, behold our sore distress
Our sins attempt to reign,
Stretch out thine arm of conquering grace,
And let thy foes be slain.

2 (The lion, with his dreadful roar,
Affrights thy feeble sheep:
Reveal the glory of thy power,
And chain him to the deep.

3 Must we indulge a long despair?
Shall our petitions die?
Our mournings never reach thine ear,
Nor tears affect thine eye?)

4 If Thou despise a mortal groan,
Yet hear a Saviour's blood;
An Advocate, so near the throne,
Pleads and prevails with God.

5 He brought the Spirit's powerful sword,
To slay our deadly foes:
Our sins shall die beneath thy word,
And hell in vain oppose.

6 How boundless is our Father's grace
In height, and depth, and length!
He made his Son our righteousness,
His Spirit is our strength.]

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HYMN 164. C. M. *Windsor* [b]

The End of the World.

1 [WHY should this earth delight us so?
Why should we fix our eyes
On these low grounds, where sorrows grow,
And every pleasure dies?

2 While Time his sharpest teeth prepares
Our comforts to devour,
There is a land above the stars,
And joys above his power.

3 Nature shall be dissolved and die,
The sun must end his race;
The earth and sea forever fly
Before my Saviour's face.

4 When will that glorious morning rise?
When the last trumpet sound,
And call the nations to the skies,
From underneath the ground?]

HYMN 165. C. M. *Wantage. China.* [b]

Unfruitfulness, Ignorance, and unsanctified Affections.

1 LONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord;
But still how weak my faith is found—
And knowledge of thy word!

2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain;
How small a portion of thy grace
My memory can retain!

3 [My dear Almighty, and my God,
How little art thou known,
By all the judgments of thy rod,
And blessings of thy throne!]

4 (How cold and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!
How low my hopes of joys above!
How few affections there!)

5 Great God, thy sovereign power impart,
To give thy word success;
Write thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.

6 (Show my forgetful feet the way,
That leads to joys on high;
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.)

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HYMN 166. C. M. *Mitcham.* [*]

The Divine Perfections.

1 [HOW shall I praise th' eternal God,
That Infinite UNKNOWN?
s Who can ascend his high abode,
Or venture near his throne?
2 (The great Invisible! he dwells
Concealed in dazzling light:
s But his all-searching eye reveals
The secrets of the night.
—3 Those watchful eyes that never sleep,
Survey the world around;
e His wisdom is a boundless deep,
Where all our thoughts are drowned.)
o 4 (Speak we of strength? his arm is strong,
To save or to destroy;
e Infinite years his life prolong,
And endless is his joy.)
—5 (He knows no shadow of a change,
Nor alters his decrees;
g Firm as a rock his truth remains,
To guard his promises.)
p 6 (Sinners before his presence die:
How holy is his name!
d His anger and his jealousy
Burn like devouring flame.)
e 7 Justice, upon a dreadful throne,
Maintains the rights of God;
o While Mercy sends her pardons down,
Bought with a Saviour's blood.
e 8 Now to my soul, immortal King,
— Speak some forgiving word;
o Then 'twill be double joy to sing
o The glories of my Lord.]

HYMN 167. L. M. *Psalm* 97. [*]

The same.

1 [GREAT God! thy glories shall employ
My holy fear, my humble joy;
My lips, in songs of honour, bring
Their tribute to th' eternal King.
2 (Earth and the stars, and worlds unknown,
Depend, precarious, on his throne;
All nature hangs upon his word,
And grace and glory own their Lord.)

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3 (His sovereign power what mortal knows?
If he commands, who dare oppose?
With strength he girds himself around,
And treads the rebels to the ground.)
4 (Who shall pretend to teach him skill,
Or guide the counsels of his will?
His wisdom, like a sea divine,
Flows deep and high beyond our line.)
5 (His Name is holy, and his eye
Burns with immortal jealousy;
He hates the sons of pride, and sheds
His fiery vengeance on their heads.)
6 (The beamings of his piercing sight
Bring dark hypocrisy to light;
Death and destruction naked lie,
And hell uncovered to his eye.)
7 (Th' eternal law before him stands:
His justice, with impartial hands,
Divides to all their due reward,
Or by the sceptre or the sword.)
8 (His mercy, like a boundless sea,
Washes our load of guilt away;
While his own Son came down and died,
To engage his justice on our side.)
9 (Each of his words demands my faith;
My soul can rest on all he saith;
His truth inviolably keeps
The largest promise of his lips.)
10 Oh, tell me, with a gentle voice,
Thou art my God, and I'll rejoice:
Filled with thy love, I dare proclaim
The brightest honours of thy name.

HYMN 168. L.M. *Old Hundred. Psalm* 97. [*]

The same.

1 JEHOVAH reigns—his throne is high,
His robes are light and majesty;
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.
e 2 His terrors keep the world in awe
His justice guards his holy law;—
o His love reveals a smiling face,
His truth and promise seal the grace.
—3 Through all his works his wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs;

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o His power is sovereign to fulfill
The noblest counsels of his will.

e 4 And will this glorious Lord descend,
To be my Father and my Friend?
g Then let my songs with angels join!
Heaven is secure, if God be mine.

HYMN 169. P. M. *Triumph* [*]

The same.

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes,
Are light and majesty;
His glories shine
With beams so bright,
No mortal eye
Can bear the sight.

g 2 The thunders of his hand,
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand,
To guard his holy law;
e And where his love
Resolves to bless,
o His truth confirms
And seals the grace.

— 3 Through all his ancient works,
Surprising wisdom shines;
Confounds the powers of hell,
And breaks their cursed designs
o Strong is his arm—
And shall fulfill
g His great decrees,
His sovereign will.

e 4 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend—
And will he write his name,
My Father and my Friend?
o I love his name,
I love his word;
u Join, all my powers,
And praise the Lord.

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HYMN 170. L.M. *Psalm* 97. *Old Hundred.* [*]

God incomprehensible and sovereign.

1 [CAN creatures, to perfection, find
Th' eternal, uncreated Mind?
Or can the largest stretch of thought
Measure and search his nature out?

2 'Tis high as heaven! 'tis deep as hell!
And what can mortals know or tell?
His glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all the shining worlds on high.

3 But man, vain man, would fain be wise;
Born like a wild young colt, he flies
Through all the follies of his mind,
And smells and snuffs the empty wind.]

4 God is a King of power unknown;
Firm are the orders of his throne;
e If he resolve, who dare oppose,
Or ask him why, or what he does?

—5 He wounds the heart, and he makes whole;
He calms the tempests of the soul;
e When he shuts up in long despair,
Who can remove the heavy bar?

g 6 He frowns—and darkness veils the moon—
The fainting sun grows dim at noon;
The pillars of heaven's starry roof
Tremble and start at his reproof.

7 He gave the vaulted heaven its form,
The crooked serpent and the worm;
He breaks the billows with his breath,
And smites the sons of pride to death.

—8 These are a portion of his ways,
e But who shall dare describe his face?
e Who can endure the light? or stand
To hear the thunders of his hand?

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

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HYMNS

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

BOOK III.

PREPARED FOR THE HOLY ORDINANCE OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

HYMN 1. L. M. *Gloucester.* [* b]

The Lord's Supper instituted. 1 Cor. xi. 23, &c.

1 'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed him to his foes—

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blessed and brake;
e What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake!

d 3 *This is my body—broke for sin—*
Receive and eat the living food:
—Then took the cup and blessed the wine:
d *'Tis the new covenant in my blood.*

4 [For us his flesh with nails was torn;
He bore the scourge, he left the thorn;
And justice poured upon his head
Its heavy vengeance, in our stead.

5 For us his vital blood was spilt,
To buy the pardon of our guilt;
When for black crimes of biggest size,
He gave his soul a sacrifice.]

6 *Do this*, he cried, *till time shall end,*
In memory of your dying friend;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord.

o 7 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate;
We show thy death, we sing thy name
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

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HYMN 2. S. M. *Dover.* [*]

Communion with Christ and with Saints. 1 Cor. x. 16,17.

1 [JESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board,
Here pardoned rebels sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2 For food he gives his flesh;
He bids us drink his blood:
Amazing favour! matchless grace—
Of our descending God!]

3 This holy bread and wine
Maintain our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And interest in his death.

4 Our heavenly Father calls
Christ and his members one;
c We the young children of his love,
o And he the First-born Son.

5 We are but several parts
Of the same broken bread;
One body hath its several limbs,
o But Jesus is the head.

o 6 Let all our powers be joined,
His glorious Name to raise:
Pleasure and love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

HYMN 3. C. M. *York.* [*]

The New Covenant sealed.

1 "THE promise of my Father's love
Shall stand forever good"—
e He said—and gave his soul to death,
And sealed the grace with blood.

—2 To this dear covenant of thy word
I set my worthless name;
I seal th' engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble claim.

3 The light, and strength, and pardoning grace,
And glory shall be mine;
My life and soul, my heart and flesh,
And all my powers are thine.

4 I call that legacy my own,
Which Jesus did bequeath;
p 'Twas purchased with a dying groan,
And ratified in death.

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o 5 Sweet is the memory of his name,
Who blessed us in his will;
And to his testament of love,
Made his own life the seal.

HYMN 4. C. M. *Canterbury.* [b]

Christ's dying Love.

e 1 HOW condescending, and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
e Our misery reached his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down.
e 2 [When Justice, by our sins provoked,
Drew forth his dreadful sword;
—He gave his soul up to the stroke,
Without a murmuring word.]
p 3 He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
o To raise us to his throne:
—There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows,
e But cost his heart a groan.
—4 This was compassion like a God—
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.
o 5 Now, though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great:
e Well he remembers Calvary—
Nor let his saints forget.
e 6 [Here we behold his bowels roll,
— As kind as when he died;
p And see the sorrows of his soul,
Bleed through his wounded side.
—7 Here we receive repeated seals
Of Jesus' dying love:
Hard is the wretch who never feels
One soft affection move.]
p 8 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record;
—And, with our joy for pardoned guilt,
Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

HYMN 5. C. M. *Barby.* [*]

Christ the Bread of Life. John vi. 31, 35, 39

1 LET us adore th' eternal Word;
g 'Tis he our souls hath fed:
—Thou art the living stream, O Lord,
And thou th' immortal bread.

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2 [The manna came from lower skies,
But Jesus from above;
Where the fresh springs of pleasure rise,
And rivers flow with love.
3 The Jews, the fathers, died at last,
Who ate the heavenly bread;
But these provisions which we taste,
Can raise us from the dead.]
o 4 Blest be the Lord, who gives his flesh,
To nourish dying men;
And often spreads his table fresh,
Lest we should faint again.
—5 Our souls shall draw their heavenly breath,
While Jesus finds supplies;
Nor shall our graces sink to death,
o For Jesus never dies.
e 6 Daily our mortal flesh decays,
o But Christ our life shall come;
o His unresisted power shall raise
Our bodies from the tomb.

HYMN 6. L. M. *Bath.* [*]

The Memorial of our absent Lord. John xvi. 16. Luke xxii. 19. John xiv. 3.

1 JESUS is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not;
e And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.
2 He knows what wandering hearts we have,
Apt to forget his lovely face;
—And, to refresh our minds, he gave
These kind memorials of his grace.
o 3 The Lord of life this table spread,
With his own flesh and dying blood;
We on the rich provision feed,
And taste the wine, and bless our God.
—4 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem;
o Christ and his love fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fixed on him.
—5 Whilst he is absent from our sight,
o 'Tis to prepare our souls a place,
That we may dwell in heavenly light,
g And live forever near his face.
—6 [Our eyes look upwards to the hills,
Whence our returning Lord shall come

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We wait thy chariot's awful wheels,
To fetch our longing spirits home.]

HYMN 7. L. M. *Gloucester.* [b]

Crucifixion to the World by the Cross of Christ. Gal. vi. 14.

1 [WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain, I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

c 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God
—All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to thy blood.

c 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

e 4 (His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree;
—Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.)

o 5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love, so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.]

HYMN 8. C. M. *Bethlehem.* [*]

The Tree of Life.

1 [COME, let us join a joyful tune,
To our exalted Lord:
Ye saints on high, around his throne,
And we around his board.

• 2 While once upon this lower ground,
Weary and faint ye stood;
—What dear refreshment here ye found,
From this immortal food.

o 3 The tree of life, that, near the throne,
In heaven's high garden grows;
Laden with grace, bends gently down
Its ever-smiling boughs.

—4 (Hovering among the leaves, there stand
The sweet celestial Dove;
And Jesus on the branches hangs
The banner of his love.)

5 ('Tis a young heaven of strange delight
While in his shade we sit;—

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His fruit is pleasing to the sight,
And to the taste as sweet.
o 6 New life it spreads through dying hearts,
And cheers the drooping mind;
Vigor and joy the juice imparts,
Without a sting behind.)
—7 Now let the flaming weapon stand,
And guard all Eden's trees:
There's ne'er a plant in all that land,
That bears such fruit as these.
8 Infinite grace our souls adore,
Whose wondrous hand has made
This living branch of sovereign power
To raise and heal the dead.]

HYMN 9. S. M. *Watchman.* [*]

The Spirit, the Water, and the Blood. 1 John v. 6.

1 [LET all our tongues be one,
To praise our God on high,
Who from his bosom sent his Son,
To fetch us strangers nigh.
2 Nor let our voices cease
To sing the Saviour's name;
Jesus, th' Ambassador of peace,
How cheerfully he came!
e 3 It cost him cries and tears,
To bring us near to God;
Great was our debt, and he appears
To make the payment good.
e 4 (My Saviour's pierced side
Poured out a double flood,
—By water we are purified,
And pardoned by the blood.
5 Infinite was our guilt,
But he our Priest atones;
g On the cold ground his life was spilt,
And offered up with groans.)
s 6 Look up, my soul, to him
Whose death was thy desert;
And humbly view the living stream
Flow from his breaking heart.
7 There, on the cursed tree,
In dying pangs he lies!
Fulfills his Father's great decree,
And all our wants supplies.
— 8 Thus the Redeemer came,
By water and by blood;

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And when the Spirit speaks the same,
We feel his witness good.
9 While the eternal Three
Bear their record above;
e Here I believe he died for me,
And sealed my Saviour's love.
10 (Lord, cleanse my soul from sin,
Nor let thy grace depart;
—Great Comforter, abide within,
And witness to my heart.)]

HYMN 10. L. M. *Green's.* [*]

Christ crucified, the Wisdom and Power of God

1 NATURE with open volume stands,
To spread her Maker's praise abroad;
And every labour of his hands
d Shows something worthy of a God:—
o 2 But in the grace that rescued man,
His brightest form of glory shines;
p Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn,
In precious blood and crimson lines.
o 3 (Here his whole Name appears complete;
—Nor wit can guess, nor reason prove,
Which of the letters best is writ,
o The power, the wisdom, or the love.)
e 4 Here I behold his inmost heart,
Where grace and vengeance strangely join,
Piercing his Son with sharpest smart,
To make the purchased pleasures mine.
o 5 Oh! the sweet wonders of that cross,
Where God, the Saviour, loved and died!
Her noblest life my spirit draws,
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.
e 6 I would forever speak his name,
In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
g And worship at his Father's throne.

HYMN 11. C. M. *St. Ann's.* [*]

Pardon brought to our Senses.

1 [LORD, how divine thy comforts are!
How heavenly is the place,
Where Jesus spreads the sacred feast
Of his redeeming grace!
2 There the rich bounties of our God,
And sweetest glories shine·

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There Jesus says that I am his,
And my Beloved's mine.

3 Here (says the kind, redeeming Lord,
And shows his wounded side)
See here the spring of all your joys,
That opened when I died!

4 He smiles, and cheers my mournful heart,
And tells of all his pain:
All this, says he, I bore for thee:
And then he smiles again.

5 What shall we pay our heavenly King,
For grace so vast as this!
He brings our pardon to our eyes,
And seals it with a kiss.

6 Let such amazing loves as these
Be sounded all abroad;
Such favours are beyond degrees,
And worthy of a God.

7 To Him who washed us in his blood
Be everlasting praise;
Salvation, honour, glory, power,
Eternal as his days.]

HYMN 12. L. M. *Sicilian.* [b *]

The Gospel Feast. Luke xiv. 16, &c.

1 [HOW rich are thy provisions, Lord!
Thy table, furnished from above!
The fruits of life o'erspread the board,
The cup o'erflows with heavenly love.

2 Thine ancient family, the Jews,
Were first invited to the feast:
We humbly take what they refuse,
And Gentiles thy salvation taste.

3 We are the poor, the blind, the lame;
And help was far, and death was nigh!
But at the gospel call, we came,
And every want received supply.

4 From the high way that leads to hell,
From paths of darkness and despair,
Lord, we are come with thee to dwell,
Glad to enjoy thy presence here.]

5 What shall we pay th' eternal Son,
Who left the heaven of his abode-

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And to this wretched earth came down,
To bring us wanderers back to God!

6 It cost him death to save our lives;
To buy our souls it cost his own;
And all the unknown joys he gives,
Were bought with agonies unknown.

o 7 Our everlasting love is due
To him who ransomed sinners lost;
e And pitied rebels, when he knew
The vast expense his love would cost.

HYMN 13. C. M. *Zion. Hymn 2d.* [*]

Divine Love making a Feast, and calling in the Guests
Luke xiv. 17, 22, 23.

b 1 HOW sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors—
—While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!

e 2 [Here every bowel of our God,
With soft compassion rolls;
—Here peace and pardon, bought with blood,
Is food for dying souls.]

o 3 While all our hearts, and all our songs,
Join to admire the feast;
—Each of us cry, with thankful tongues,
e "Lord, why was I a guest?"

4 "Why was I made to hear thy voice,
"And enter while there's room—
"When thousands make a wretched choice,
"And rather starve than come?"

o 5 'Twas the same love that spread the feast
That sweetly forced us in;
e Else *we* had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

—6 (Pity the nations, O our God,
Constrain the earth to come;
o Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

—7 We long to see thy churches full,
o That all the chosen race
May with one voice, and heart, and soul
Sing thy redeeming grace.)

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HYMN 14. L. M. *Shoel.* [*]

The Song of Simeon, (Luke ii. 28;) *or, A Sight of Christ makes death easy.*

1 NOW have our hearts embraced our God;
We would forget all earthly charms,
And wish to die, as Simeon would,
With his young Saviour in his arms.

2 Our lips would learn that joyful song,
Were but our hearts prepared like his:
"Our souls still waiting to be gone,
"And at thy word depart in peace.

3 "Here we have seen thy face, O Lord,
"And viewed salvation with our eyes—
"Tasted and felt the living word,
"The bread descending from the skies.

4 "Thou hast prepared this dying Lamb,
"Hast set his blood before our face—
"To teach the terrors of thy Name,
"And show the wonders of thy grace.

5 "He is our light—our morning Star
"Shall shine on nations yet unknown;
"The glory of thine Israel here,
"And joy of spirits near the throne."

HYMN 15. C. M. *Zion.* [*]

Our Lord Jesus at his own Table.

1 [THE memory of our dying Lord
Awakes a thankful tongue:
How rich he spread his royal board,
And blessed the food and sung!

2 Happy the men who eat this bread
But doubly blessed was he,
Who gently bowed his loving head,
And leaned it, Lord, on thee.

3 By faith the same delights we taste,
As that great favourite did;
And sit, and lean on Jesus' breast,
And take the heavenly bread.

4 Down from the palace of the skies,
Hither the King descends;
"Come, my beloved, eat (he cries)
"And drink salvation, friends.

5 "My flesh is food and physic too,
"A balm for all your pains,

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"And the red streams of pardon flow
"From these my pierced veins."
6 Hosanna to his bounteous love,
For such a feast below!
And yet he feeds his saints above,
With nobler blessings too.
7 Come, the dear day, the glorious hour,
That brings our souls to rest;
Then we shall need these types no more,
But dwell at th' heavenly feast.]

HYMN 16. C. M. *Canterbury.* [* b]

The Agonies of Christ.

1 [NOW let our pains be all forgot,
Our hearts no more repine;
Our sufferings are not worth a thought,
Lord, when compared with thine.
2 In lively figures here we see
The bleeding Prince of Love;
Each of us hopes, he died for me,
And then our griefs remove.
3 Our humble faith here takes her rise,
While sitting round his board;
And back to Calvary she flies,
To view her groaning Lord.
• 4 His soul, what agonies it felt
When his own God withdrew!
And the large load of all our guilt
Lay heavy on him too.
—5 But the Divinity within
Supported him to bear:
o Dying, he conquered hell and sin!
And made his triumph there.
g 6 Grace, wisdom, justice, joined and wrought
The wonders of that day;
No mortal tongue, nor mortal thought,
Can equal thanks repay.
o 7 Our hymns should sound like those above,
Could we our voices raise;
e Yet, Lord, our hearts shall all be love,
o And all our lives be praise.]

HYMN 17. S. M. *St. Thomas's.* [*]

Incomparable Food; or, The Flesh and Blood of Christ.

1 WE sing th' amazing deeds,
That grace divine performs;

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e Th' eternal God comes down and bleeds,
To nourish dying worms.
— 2 This soul-reviving wine,
Dear Saviour, 'tis thy blood;
o We thank that sacred flesh of thine,
For this immortal food.
— 3 The banquet that we eat,
Is made of heavenly things;
Earth has no dainties half so sweet
As our Redeemer brings.
e 4 In vain had Adam sought,
And searched his garden round;
For there was no such blessed fruit,
In all the happy ground.
5 [Th' angelic host above
Can never taste this food;
They feast upon their Maker's love,—
But not a Saviour's blood.]
— 6 On us th' Almighty Lord
Bestows this matchless grace;
And meets us with some cheering word,
With pleasure in his face.
7 [Come, all ye drooping saints,
And banquet with the King;
This wine will drown your sad complaints,
And tune your voice to sing.]
o 8 Salvation to the Name
Of our adored Christ:
o Through this wide earth his grace proclaim,
His glory in the high'st.

HYMN 18. L. M. *Shoel.* [*]

The same.

1 [JESUS! we bow before thy feet!
Thy table is divinely stored;
Thy sacred flesh our souls have eat;
'Tis living bread; we thank thee, Lord!
e 2 And here we drink our Saviour's blood;
—We thank thee, Lord! 'tis generous wine:
e Mingled with love, the fountain flowed,
From that dear, bleeding heart of thine.
—3 On earth is no such sweetness found,
For the Lamb's flesh is heavenly food;
In vain we search the globe around,
For bread so fine, or wine so good.

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4 Carnal provisions can, at best,
But cheer the heart, or warm the head;
But the rich cordial that we taste,
Gives life eternal to the dead.

o 5 Joy to the Master of the feast,
His name our souls forever bless;
o To God the King, and God the Priest,
A loud hosanna round the place.]

HYMN 19. L. M. *Wells.* [*]

Not ashamed of Christ crucified.

1 [AT thy command, our dearest Lord,
Here we attend thy dying feast;
Thy blood, like wine, adorns thy board,
And thine own flesh feeds every guest.

2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in One who died!
We hope for heavenly crowns above,
From a Redeemer crucified.

3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And fling their scandals on the cause;
We come to boast our Saviour's name,
And make our triumphs in his cross.

4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,
He that was dead has left his tomb;
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till he come.]

HYMN 20. C. M. *St. Martin's.* [*]

Provisions for the Table of our Lord.

1 [LORD, we adore thy bounteous hand
And sing the solemn feast;
Where sweet, celestial dainties stand,
For every willing guest.

2 The tree of life adorns the board,
With rich, immortal fruit;
And ne'er an angry, flaming sword,
To guard the passage to't.

3 The cup stands crowned with living juice;
The fountain flows above,
And runs down streaming, for our use,
In rivulets of love.

4 The food's prepared by heavenly art,
The pleasure's well refined;

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They spread new life through every heart,
And cheer the drooping mind.

e 5 Shout, and proclaim the Saviour's love,
Ye saints that taste his wine;
Join with your kindred saints above,
In loud hosannas join.

s 6 A thousand glories to the God
Who gives such joy as this;
Hosanna! let it sound abroad,
And reach where Jesus is.]

HYMN 21. C. M. *St. Martin's.* [*]

The Triumphal Feast for Christ's Victory over Sin, Death, and Hell.

1 [COME, let us lift our voices high,
High as our joys arise;
And join the songs above the sky,
Where pleasure never dies.

2 Jesus, the God, who fought and bled,
And conquered when he fell;
Who rose, and, at his chariot wheels,
Dragged all the powers of hell:—

3 Jesus, the God, invites us here
To this triumphal feast;
And brings immortal blessings down
For each redeemed guest.]

4 The Lord! how glorious is his face!
How kind his smiles appear!
b And oh! what melting words he says,
To every humble ear:—

d 5 "For you, the children of my love,
"It was for you I died:
e "Behold my hands—behold my feet—
"And look into my side!

p 6 "These are the wounds for you I bore,
"The tokens of my pains,
"When I came down to free your souls
"From misery and chains.

7 ["Justice unsheathed its fiery sword,
"And plunged it in my heart!
"Infinite pangs for you I bore,
"And most tormenting smart.

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8 "When hell, and all its spiteful powers,
"Stood dreadful in my way;
"To rescue those dear lives of yours,
"I gave my own away.

9 "But while I bled, and groaned, and died,
"I ruined Satan's throne;
"High on my cross I hung, and spied
"The monster tumbling down.]

o 10 "Now you may triumph at my feast,
"And taste my flesh, my blood;
"And live eternal ages blest—
"For 'tis immortal food."

e 11 Victorious God! what can we pay,
For favours so divine?
—We would devote our hearts away,
To be forever thine.

o 12 We give thee, Lord, our highest praise,
The tribute of our tongues;
—But themes so infinite as these,
Exceed our noblest songs.

HYMN 22. L. M. *Quercy.* [*]

The Compassion of a Dying Christ.

1 OUR spirits join to adore the Lamb;—
e Oh, that our feeble lips could move,
—In strains immortal as his name,
p And melting as his dying love!

e 2 Was ever equal pity found?
e The Prince of heaven resigns his breath,
And pours his life out on the ground,
—To ransom guilty worms from death.

e 3 Rebels, we broke our Maker's laws;
—He from the threatening set us free;
v Bore the full vengeance on his cross,
And nailed the curses to the tree.

4 [The law proclaims no terror now,
And Sinai's thunder roars no more:
From all his wounds new blessings flow,
A sea of joy without a shore.

5 Here we have washed our deepest stains,
And healed our wounds with heavenly blood,

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Blest fountain! springing from the veins
Of Jesus, our incarnate God.]

—6 In vain our mortal voices strive
To speak compassion so divine;
o Had we a thousand lives to give,
A thousand lives should all be thine.

HYMN 23. C. M. *Colchester.* [b *]

Grace and Glory by the Death of Christ.

1 SITTING around our Father's board,
We raise our tuneful breath;
p Our faith beholds her dying Lord,
— And dooms our sins to death.

e 2 We see the blood of Jesus shed,
o Whence all our pardons rise;
e The sinner views th' atonement made,
— And loves the sacrifice.

e 3 Thy cruel thorns, thy shameful cross,
o Procure us heavenly crowns:
—Our highest gain springs from thy loss—
Our healing from thy wounds.

4 Oh! 'tis impossible that we,
Who dwell in feeble clay,
Should equal sufferings bear for thee,
Or equal thanks repay.

HYMN 24. C. M. *Abridge. Barby.* [*]

Pardon and Strength from Christ.

1 FATHER, we wait to feel thy grace,
To see thy glories shine:
The Lord will his own table bless,
And make the feast divine.

2 We touch, we taste the heavenly bread,
We drink the sacred cup;
With outward forms our sense is fed,
Our souls rejoice in hope.

3 We shall appear before the throne
Of our forgiving God,
Dressed in the garments of his Son,
And sprinkled with his blood.

4 We shall be strong to run the race,
And climb the upper sky;

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Christ will provide our souls with grace—
He bought a large supply.
5 [Let us indulge a cheerful frame,
For joy becomes a feast!
We love the memory of his name,
More than the wine we taste.]

HYMN 25. C. M. *Swanwick.* [*]

Divine Glories and Graces.

1 HOW are thy glories here displayed!
Great God! how bright they shine!
While at thy word, we break the bread,
And pour the flowing wine!

e 2 Here thy revenging justice stands,
And pleads his dreadful cause;
o Here saving mercy spreads her hands,
Like Jesus on the cross.

—3 Thy saints attend, with every grace,
On this great sacrifice;
And love appears, with cheerful face,
And faith with fixed eyes.

e 4 Our hope in waiting posture sits,
To heaven directs her sight;
o Here every warmer passion meets,
And warmer powers unite.

o 5 Zeal and revenge perform their part,
And rising sin destroy;
s Repentance comes with aching heart—
— Yet not forbids the joy.

6 Dear Saviour, change our faith to sight,
Let sin forever die;
o Then shall our souls be all delight,
And every tear be dry.

I CANNOT persuade myself to put a full period to these Divine Hymns, until I have addressed a special Song of Glory to God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Though the *Latin* name of it, *Gloria Patri*, be retained in the *English* nation from the *Roman* church; and though there may be some excesses of superstitious honour paid to the words of it, which may have wrought some unhappy prejudices in weaker Christians; yet I believe it still to be one of the noblest parts of Christian worship. The subject of it is the doctrine of the Trinity, which is that peculiar glory of the Divine Nature, that our Lord *Jesus Christ* has so clearly revealed unto men, and is so necessary to

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true Christianity. The action is praise, which is one of the most complete and exalted parts of heavenly worship. I have cast the Song into a variety of forms, and have fitted it, by a plain version, or a larger paraphrase, to be sung either alone or at the conclusion of another Hymn. I have also added a few *Hosannas*, or Ascriptions of Salvation to Christ, in the same manner, and for the same end.

A SONG OF PRAISE

To the ever-blessed Trinity, God the Father, Son, and Spirit.

HYMN 26. 1st L. M. *Weldon.* [*]

1 BLEST be the Father and his love,
To which celestial source we owe
Rivers of endless joy above,
And rills of comfort here below.

o 2 Glory to thee, great Son of God,
e From whose dear, wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood—
Pardon and life for dying souls!

—3 We give thee, sacred Spirit, praise,
Who in our hearts of sin and woe,
o Mak'st living springs of grace arise,
o And into boundless glory flow.

g 4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, we adore;
That sea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom or a shore.

HYMN 27. 1st C. M. *Bethlehem.* [*]

1 GLORY to God the Father's name—
Who from our sinful race,
Chose out his favourites to proclaim
The honours of his grace.

2 Glory to God the Son be paid—
e Who dwelt in humble clay;
p And, to redeem us from the dead,
Gave his own life away.

—3 Glory to God the Spirit give—
From whose almighty power,
Our souls their heavenly birth derive
And bless the happy hour.

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g 4 Glory to God who reigns above,
Th' eternal Three in One,
Who by the wonders of his love,
Has made his nature known.

HYMN 28. 1st S. M. *St. Thomas's.* [*]

1 [LET God the Father live
Forever on our tongues:
Sinners from his first love derive
The ground of all their songs.

2 Ye saints, employ your breath
In honour of the Son;
Who bought your souls from hell and death,
By offering up his own.

3 Give to the Spirit praise
Of an immortal strain;
Whose light, and power, and grace conveys
Salvation down to men.

4 While God the Comforter
Reveals our pardoned sin,
O may the blood and water bear
The same record within!

5 To the great One in Three,
That seals this grace in heaven,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal glory given.]

HYMN 29. 2d L. M.

1 GLORY to God the Trinity,
Whose name has mysteries unknown:
In essence One, in persons Three;
A social nature, yet alone.

2 When all our noblest powers are joined,
The honours of thy name to raise;
Thy glories overmatch our mind,
And angels faint beneath the praise.

HYMN 30. 2d C. M.

1 THE God of mercy be adored,
Who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by his redeeming word,
And new-creating breath.

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2 To praise the Father and the Son,
And Spirit, all divine—
The One in Three, and Three in One—
Let saints and angels join.

HYMN 31. 2D S. M.

1 LET God the Maker's Name,
Have honour, love, and fear;
To God the Saviour, pay the same,
And God the Comforter.

2 Father of lights above,
Thy mercy we adore;
The Son of thy eternal love,
And Spirit of thy power.

HYMN 32. 3D L. M.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

HYMN 33. OR THUS.

ALL glory to the wondrous name,
Father of mercy, God of love:
Thus we exalt the Lord, the Lamb;
And thus we praise the heavenly Dove.

HYMN 34. 3D C. M.

NOW let the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be adored;
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

HYMN 35. OR THUS.

HONOUR to the Almighty Three,
And everlasting One;
All glory to the Father be,
The Spirit, and the Son.

HYMN 36. 3D S. M.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

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HYMN 37. OR THUS.

GIVE to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son:
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honour done.

HYMN 38. H. M. *Allerton.* [*]

Song of Praise to the Blessed Trinity.

1 I GIVE immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all my comforts here,
And better hopes above;
o He sent his own Eternal Son | e To die for sins That man had done.

— 2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too;
e Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe:
o And now he lives, | And sees the fruit
o And now he reigns, | Of all his pains.

— 3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live:
o His work completes | And fills the soul
The great design, | With joy divine.

g 4 Almighty God, to thee
Be endless honour done;
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One.
e Where reason fails, | o There faith prevails,
With all her powers— | And love adores.

HYMN 39. H. M. *Bethesda.* [*]

1 [TO Him who chose us first,
Before the world began;
To Him who bore the curse
To save rebellious man;
To Him who formed | Is endless praise
Our hearts anew, | And glory due.

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2 The Father's love shall run
Through our immortal songs;
We bring to God the Son
Hosannas on our tongues:
Our lips address | With equal praise,
The Spirit's name | And zeal the same.

3 Let every saint above,
And angels round the throne,
Forever bless and love
The sacred Three in One.
Thus heaven shall raise | When earth and time
His honours high, | Grow old and die.]

HYMN 40. H. M.

TO God the Father's throne
Perpetual honours raise;
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praise;
And while our lips | Our faith adores
Their tribute bring, | The name we sing.

HYMN 41. OR THUS.

[TO our eternal God,
The Father, and the Son,
And Spirit all divine,
Three mysteries in one,
Salvation, power, | By all on earth,
And praise be given, | And all in heaven.]

THE HOSANNA;

or, Salvation ascribed to CHRIST.

HYMN 42. L. M.

1 HOSANNA to King David's Son,
Who reigns on a superior throne
We bless the Prince of heavenly birth,
Who brings salvation down to earth.

2 Let every nation, every age,
In this delightful work engage;
Old men and babes in Zion sing
The growing glories of her King.

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HYMN 43. C. M.

1 HOSANNA to the Prince of Grace:
Zion, behold thy King;
Proclaim the Son of David's race,
And teach the babes to sing.

2 Hosanna to th' incarnate Word,
Who from the Father came;
Ascribe salvation to the Lord,
With blessings on his Name.

HYMN 44. S. M.

1 HOSANNA to the Son
Of David, and of God;
Who brought the news of pardon down,
And bought it with his blood.

2 To Christ, th' Anointed King,
Be endless blessings given;
Let the whole earth his glory sing,
Who made our peace with Heaven.

HYMN 45. H. M.

1 HOSANNA to the King,
Of David's ancient blood;
Behold he comes to bring
Forgiving grace from God:
Let old and young | And at his feet
Attend his way, | Their honours lay.

2 Glory to God on high;
Salvation to the Lamb;
Let earth, and sea, and sky,
His wondrous love proclaim:
Upon his head | And every age
Shall honours rest, | Pronounce him blest.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK OF HYMNS.

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HYMNS

SELECTED

FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS.

HYMN 1. L. M. *Old Hundred.* [*]

Being of God. Ps. civ.

e 1 THERE is a God—all nature speaks,
Through earth, and air, and sea, and skies;
o See, from the clouds his glory breaks,
When the first beams of morning rise!

—2 The rising sun, serenely bright,
O'er the wide world's extended frame,
Inscribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.

o 3 The flowery tribes all blooming rise,
Above the weak attempts of art;
e The smallest worms, the meanest flies,
Speak sweet conviction to the heart.

—4 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
e Confess the footsteps of the God;—
a Bow down before him—and adore. STEELE.

HYMN 2. C. M. *Tunbridge.* [b *]

Goodness of God. Nahum i. 7.

1 YE humble souls, approach your God,
With songs of sacred praise;
For he is good, immensely good,
And kind are all his ways.

2 All nature owns his guardian care;
In him we live and move;
o But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.

e 3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ransom rebel worms;
—'Tis here he makes his goodness known,
In its divinest forms.

e 4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come;
'Tis here our hope relies:
o A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.

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—5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
The souls who trust in thee;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward,
With bliss divinely free.
o 6 Great God, to thy almighty love
What honours shall we raise?
Not all the raptured songs above
Can render equal praise. STEELE

HYMN 3. C. M. *Mitcham. Arundel.* [*]

God the Creator.

1 ETERNAL Wisdom, thee we praise,
Thee the creation sings;
With thy loved name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace rings.
g 2 Thy hand,—how wide it spread the sky!
How glorious to behold!
—Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starred with sparkling gold.
3 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the gazing sight,
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.
g 4 Infinite strength, and equal skill,
Shine through the worlds abroad;
e Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder—God.
—5 But still the wonders of thy grace
e Our softer passions move;
Pity divine in Jesus' face,
We see, adore, and love. WATTS.

HYMN 4. C. M. *Bedford.* [*]

Sovereignty and Dominion of GOD.

a 1 KEEP silence—all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod;
My soul stands trembling while she sings
The honours of her God.
e 2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave—TO BE.
3 Chained to his throne a volume lies,
With all the fates of men;

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With every angel's form and size,
Drawn by th' eternal pen.

—4 His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsels shine;
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfills some deep design.

5 (Here he exalts neglected worms,
To sceptres and a crown;
And there, the following page he turns,
And treads the monarch down.

6 Not Gabriel asks the reason why,
Nor God the reason gives;
Nor dares the favourite angel pry
Between the folded leaves.)

c 7 My God, I would not long to see
My fate, with curious eyes;
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.

—8 In thy fair book of life and grace,
O may I find my name,
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord—the Lamb. WATTS.

HYMN 5. L. P. M. *St. Helen's.* [*]

GOD'S *Name proclaimed.* Ex. xxxiv. 6—8.

1 ATTEND, my soul, the voice divine,
And mark what beaming glories shine
Around thy condescending God!
To us—to us, he still proclaims,
e His awful, his endearing names;
o Attend, and sound them all abroad

d 2 "Jehovah I, the sovereign Lord,
"The mighty God, by heaven adored,
"Down to the earth my footsteps bend
e "My heart the tenderest pity knows,
"Goodness, full-streaming, wide o'erflows,
"And grace and truth shall never end.

3 "My patience long can crimes endure,
"My pardoning love is ever sure,
"When penitential sorrow mourns;
"To millions, through unnumbered years,
"New hope and new delight it bears;
"Yet wrath against the sinner burns."

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o 4 Make haste, my soul, the vision meet,
e All prostrate at thy Sovereign's feet,
— And drink the tuneful accents in:
o Speak on, my Lord, repeat the voice,
Diffuse these heart-expanding joys,
Till heaven repeat the rapturous scene.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 6. C. M. *Colchester.* [*]

Adam; or, The Fall of Man. Gen. iii.

1 ON man, in his own image made,
How much did God bestow!
The whole creation homage paid,
And owned him lord below.

o 2 He dwelt in Eden's garden, stored
With sweets for every sense;
And there, with his descending Lord,
He walked in confidence.

e 3 But oh! by sin how quickly changed!
His honour forfeited;
His heart, from God and truth estranged,
His conscience, filled with dread.

—4 Now from his Maker's voice he flies,
Which was before his joy:
And thinks to hide amidst the trees,
From an all-seeing eye.

5 Compelled to answer to his name,—
With stubbornness and pride,
He cast on God himself the blame,
Nor once for mercy cried.

o 6 But grace, unasked, his heart subdued,
And all his guilt forgave:
By faith the promised SEED he viewed,
And felt the power to save.

NEWTON.

HYMN 7. H. M. *Allerton.* [*]

Types of the Messiah. Heb. iv. 2.

1 ISRAEL in ancient days
Not only had a view
Of Sinai in a blaze,
But learned the gospel too:
The types and figures were a glass,
In which they saw the Saviour's face.

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2 The paschal sacrifice,
And blood-besprinkled door,—
Seen with enlightened eyes,
And once applied with power,
Would teach the need of other blood,
To reconcile an angry God.

3 The lamb, the dove, set forth
His perfect innocence,
Whose blood of matchless worth
Should be the soul's defence:
For he who can for sin atone,
Must have no failings of his own.

4 The scape-goat, on his head,
The people's trespass bore;
And to the desert led,
Was to be seen no more:
In him our Surety seemed to say,
"Behold, I bear your sins away."

5 Dipped in his fellow's blood,
The living bird went free:
The type, well understood,
Expressed the sinner's plea—
Described a guilty soul enlarged,
And by a Saviour's death discharged.

6 Jesus, I love to trace,
Throughout the sacred page,
The footsteps of thy grace,
The same in every age!
O grant that I may faithful be
To clearer light vouchsafed to me! COWPER.

HYMN 8. 7s. *Redeeming Love.* [*]

Birth of the Saviour.

1 HARK! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!
"Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
"God and sinners reconciled!"

2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With th' angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

4 Veiled in flesh—the Godhead see,
Hail th' incarnate Deity;

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Pleased as man with men to appear,
Jesus our Emmanuel here.

o 5 Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.

e 6 Mild, he lays his glory by;
Born, that man no more may die;
Born, to raise the sons of earth;
Born, to give them second birth. RIPPON & COL.

HYMN 9. C. M. *Bethlehem.* [*]

Joy of Angels at the Saviour's Birth.

1 WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

e 2 "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,
o "Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
"To you and all mankind.

b 3 "To you, in David's town, this day,
"Is born of David's line,
"The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
"And this shall be the sign:—

4 "The heavenly Babe you there shall find,
"To human view displayed,
e "All meanly wrapped in swaddling bands,
"And in a manger laid."

—5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:—

s 6 "All glory be to God on high,
"And to the earth be peace;
g "Good will henceforth from heaven to men,
"Begin, and never cease." PATRICK or TATE.

HYMN 10. C. M. *Devizes.* [*]

Angel's Song. Luke ii. 8—14.

o 1 "SHEPHERDS, rejoice; lift up your eyes
"And send your fears away;
"News from the region of the skies—
u "Salvation's born to-day!

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2 "Jesus, the God, whom angels fear,
"Comes down to dwell with you;
"To-day he makes his entrance here,
"But not as monarchs do.

3 "No gold, nor purple swaddling bands,
"Nor royal, shining things;
"A manger for his cradle stands,
"And holds the King of kings!

4 "Go, shepherds, where the Infant lies,
"And see his humble throne;
"With tears of joy in all your eyes,
"Go, shepherds, kiss the Son."

5 Thus Gabriel sang—and straight around,
The heavenly armies throng:
They tune their harps to lofty sound,
And thus conclude the song:—

6 "Glory to God who reigns above,
"Let peace surround the earth;
"Mortals shall know their Maker's love,
"At their Redeemer's birth." Watts's Lyr.

HYMN 11. 8, 6 & 5. *Christmas.* [*]

Christmas Morn.

1 LIFT up your heads in joyful hope,
Salute the happy morn:
Each heavenly power,
Proclaim the glad hour;
Lo, Jesus the Saviour is born!

2 All glory be to God on high,
To him all praise is due;
The promise is sealed—
The Saviour's revealed—
And proves that the record is true.

3 Let joy around like rivers flow;
Flow on, and still increase;
Spread o'er the glad earth,
At Emmanuel's birth—
For heaven and earth are at peace.

4 Now the good will of God is shown
Towards Adam's helpless race;
Messiah is come—
To ransom his own—
To save them by infinite grace.

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e 5 Then let us join the heavens above,
Where hymning seraphs sing;
s Join all the glad powers—
For their Lord is ours—
Our Prophet, our Priest, and our King. MADAN'S Col.

HYMN 12. C. P. M. *Pilgrim.* [b]

Infancy of the Saviour.

p 1 O SIGHT of anguish! view it near,—
What weeping innocence is here
A manger for his bed!
—The brutes yield refage to his woe—
e Men, worse than brutes, no pity show,
Nor give him friendly aid!
o 2 Why do no rapid thunders roll?
Why do not tempests rock the pole?
e O miracle of grace!
o Or why no angels on the wing,
Warm for the honour of their King,
e To punish all the race!
e 3 Though now an INFANT bathed in tears,
o He called to form the rolling spheres;
g And seraphs owned his nod!
e Helpless he calls, but men delay—
e Ungrateful sinners disobey
The first-born Son of God!
—4 Say, radiant seraphs, throned in light,
o Did love e'er tower so high a flight?—
e Or glory sink so low?
—This wonder angels scarce declare;
Angels the rapture scarce can bear,
Or equal praise bestow.
e 5 Redemption! 'tis a boundless theme;
Thou boundless Mind, our hearts inflame,—
With ardour from above:
d Words are but faint, let joy express—
Vain is mere joy—let actions bless—
This prodigy of love.

HYMN 13. C. M. *Arundel.* [*]

Christ's Ministry. Luke iv. 18, 19.

d 1 HARK,—the glad sound!—the Saviour comes
The Saviour promised long!
—Let every heart prepare a throne—
And every voice a song.

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2 On him the Spirit, largely poured,
Exerts its sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes—the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst—
The iron fetters yield!

4 He comes—from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.

5 He comes—the broken heart to bind—
The bleeding soul to cure;
And, with the treasures of his grace,
To enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 14. L. M. *Islington.* [*]

Christ's Example.

1 AND is the gospel peace and love?
Such let our conversation be;
The serpent blended with the dove,—
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife;
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life.

3 O how benevolent and kind!
How mild—how ready to forgive!
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.

4 To do his heavenly Father's will,
Was his employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright

5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labours of his life were love;
Then, if we bear the Saviour's name,
By his example let us move. STEELE

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HYMN 15. L. M. *Weldon.* [*]

Christ's Transfiguration. Matt. xvii. 4.

1 WHEN at this distance, Lord, we trace
The various glories of thy face,
What transport pours o'er all our breast,
And charms our cares and woes to rest!

2 With thee, in the obscurest cell,
On some bleak mountain would I dwell;
Rather than pompous courts behold,
And share their grandeur and their gold

d 3 Away, ye charms of mortal joy!
Raptures divine my thoughts employ!
o I see the King of glory shine;—
e I feel his love, and call him mine.

—4 On Tabor thus his servants viewed
His lustre, when transformed he stood;
And, bidding earthly scenes farewell,
Cried, "Lord, 'tis pleasant here to dwell.

—5 Yet still our elevated eyes
To nobler visions long to rise;
o That grand assembly would we join,
Where all thy saints around thee shine.

d 6 That mount—how bright! those forms—how fair!
o 'Tis good to dwell forever there:
—Come, death, dear envoy of our God,
And bear me to that blest abode. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 16. L. M. *Dresden.* [*]

Christ weeping over Jerusalem. Luke xix. 41, 42.

p 1 WHAT venerable sight appears!—
The Son of God—dissolved in tears.—
Trace, O my soul, with sad surprise,
The sorrows of a Saviour's eyes.

e 2 For whom, blest Jesus, we would know,
Doth such a sacred torrent flow?—
What brother, or what friend of thine,
Is graced and mourned with drops divine?

—3 Nor brother, there, nor friend I see—
d But sons of pride and cruelty;
Who like rapacious tigers stood,
Impatient, panting for thy blood.

p 4 Dear Lord, and did thy gushing eyes
Thus stream o'er dying enemies?

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And can thy tenderness forget
The sinner humbled at thy feet?

e 5 With deep remorse our bowels move,—
That we have wronged such matchless love;
e Thy gentle pity, Lord, display,
And smile these trembling fears away.

—6 Give us to shine before thy face,
Eternal trophies of thy grace;
o Where songs of praise thy saints employ,
And mingle with a Saviour's joy. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 17. 7s. *St. John's.* [b]

Gethsemane; or, Agony in the Garden. Matt. xxvi. 36–45.

1 MANY woes had Christ endured,
Many sore temptations met,
Patient and to pains inured!
e But the sorest trial yet
Was to be sustained in thee,—
a Gloomy—sad—Gethsemane!

e 2 Came at length the dreadful night!
d Vengeance, with his iron rod,
Stood, and with collected might,
Bruised the harmless Lamb of God:
p See, my soul, the Saviour see—
Prostrate in Gethsemane.

e 3 There my God bore all my guilt;
—This, through grace, can be believed!
e But the torments which he felt,
Are too vast to be conceived:
None can penetrate through thee—
a Doleful—dark—Gethsemane.

4 All my sins against my God—
e All my sins against his laws—
All my sins against his blood—
All my sins against his cause:—
e Sins as boundless as the sea!
Hide me, O Gethsemane!

—5 Here's my claim, and here alone;
None a Saviour more can need;
Deeds of righteousness I've none;
Not a work that I can plead:
Not a glimpse of hope for me,
Only in Gethsemane.

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e 6 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One almighty God of love,
Praised by all the heavenly host,
In thy shining courts above—
We poor sinners, gracious Three,
Praise thee for Gethsemane. HARE.

HYMN 18. C. M. *China.* [b]

The Saviour's Death.

e 1 FROM whence these direful omens round,
Which heaven and earth amaze?
Wherefore do earthquakes cleave the ground?
Why hides the sun his rays?

—2 Well may the earth astonished shake,
And nature sympathize·
The sun as darkest night be black—
a Their Maker, JESUS—dies.

p 3 Behold, fast streaming from the tree—
His all-atoning blood!
d Is this the INFINITE?—'tis he—
My Saviour and my God.

p 4 For me—these pangs his soul assail,
For me—this death is borne;
My sins gave sharpness to the nail,
And pointed every thorn.

—5 Let sin no more my soul enslave;
d Break, Lord, its tyrant chain;
e O save me, whom thou cam'st to save,
Nor bleed—nor die in vain.

HYMN 19. L. M. *Carthage. Munich.* [b *]

It is finished. John xix. 30.

1 'TIS finished:—so the Saviour cried;
And meekly bowed his head, and died!
'Tis finished:—yes, the race is run,—
The battle fought, the victory won.

2 'Tis finished:—all that Heaven decreed,
And all that ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfilled, as was designed,
In me, the Saviour of mankind.

3 'Tis finished:—Aaron now no more
Must stain his robes with purple gore;
The sacred veil is rent in twain,
The Jewish rites no more remain

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4 'Tis finished:—this my dying groan
Shall sins of every kind atone;
o Millions shall be redeemed from death,
—By this my last expiring breath.

5 'Tis finished:—Heaven is reconciled,
And all the powers of darkness spoiled:
o Peace, love, and happiness, again
Return and dwell with sinful men.

—6 'Tis finished:—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round:
s 'Tis finished:—let the echo fly,
Through heaven and hell, through earth and sky.

DR. STENNET.

HYMN 20. L. M. *Dresden.* [b *]

CHRIST'S *Dying, Rising, and Reigning.*

p 1 HE dies!—the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!
a A solemn darkness veils the skies!
d A sudden trembling shakes the ground!

e 2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two,
For him who groaned beneath your load
p He shed a thousand drops for you—
A thousand drops of richer blood.

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree—
a The Lord of glory dies for men!
o But, lo! what sudden joys we see!
d Jesus the dead—revives again!

o 4 The rising God forsakes the tomb!
Up to his Father's court he flies!
g Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies!

u 5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns;
o Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
d And led the tyrant Death—in chains.

s 6 Say, "Live forever, glorious King,
"Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
d Then ask—"O Death, where is thy sting?
"And where thy victory, boasting Grave?

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HYMN 21. 7s. *Redeeming Love.* [*]

Christ's Resurrection. Matt. xxviii. 6.

d 1 HARK! the herald angels say,
Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day!
e Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Let the glorious tidings fly.

e 2 Love's redeeming work is done!
The battle's fought, the victory won!
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

—3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal—
Christ has burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ has opened Paradise.

o 4 Lives again our glorious King,
d "Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
e Once he died our souls to save,
d "Where's thy victory, boasting Grave?"

—5 What though once we perished all,
Partners of our parents' fall?—
o Second life we shall receive,
And in Christ forever live. CUDWORTH.

HYMN 22. 7s. *Epiphany.* [*]

Christ's Ascension.

s 1 HAIL, the day that saw him rise,
Ravished from our wishful eyes;
e Christ, awhile to mortals given,
o Reascends his native heaven:
—There the pompous triumph waits;
e Lift your heads, eternal gates!
"Wide unfold the radiant scene,
"Take the King of glory in!"

—2 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves;
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.
Still for us he intercedes,
Prevalent his death he pleads;
Next himself prepares a place,
Harbinger of human race.

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e 3 Master, (may we ever say,)
Taken from the world away,
See thy faithful servants, see,
Ever gazing up to thee.
Grant, though parted from our sight,
—High above yon azure height,—
Grant our souls may thither rise—
Following thee beyond the skies.

o 4 Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love;
Looking when our Lord shall come—
Looking for a happier home.
o There we shall with thee remain,
Partners of thy endless reign;
There thy face unclouded see—
Find a heaven of heavens in thee.

HYMN 23. L. M. *Oporto.* [*]

CHRIST'S *Death, Resurrection, and Ascension.* Acts ii. 32—36.

1 COME, tune, ye saints, your noblest strains,
Your dying, rising Lord to sing;
And echo, to the heavenly plains,
The triumphs of your Saviour King.

2 In songs of grateful rapture tell,
How he subdued your potent foes;
Subdued the powers of death and hell,
And, dying, finished all your woes:

3 Then to his glorious throne on high,
Returned; while hymning angels round,
Through the bright arches of the sky,
The God, the conquering God, resound.

4 Almighty love, victorious power!
Not angel tongues can e'er display
The wonders of that dreadful hour—
The joys of that illustrious day.

5 Then well may mortals try in vain,
In vain their feeble voices raise;
Yet Jesus hears the humble strain,
And kindly owns our wish to praise.

6 Dear Saviour, let thy wondrous grace
Fill every heart, and every tongue;
Till the full glories of thy face
Inspire a sweeter, nobler song. STEELE.

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HYMN 24. 7s. *Redeeming Love.* [*]

CHRIST'S *Resurrection and Ascension.* Matt. xxviii. 2

d 1 ANGELS, roll the rock away!
Death, yield up the mighty prey!
s See, the Saviour quits the tomb—
Glowing with immortal bloom.

u 2 Shout, ye seraphs; Gabriel, raise
Thine eternal trump of praise;
—Let the earth's remotest bound
Echo to the blissful sound.

o 3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes;
See the Conqueror mount the skies;
Troops of angels on the road,
Hail and sing th' incarnate God.

g 4 Heaven unfolds her portals wide—
Glorious Hero, through them ride;
King of glory, mount thy throne;
Boundless empire is thine own.

s 5 Praise him, ye celestial choirs,
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres;
Praise him in the noblest songs,
From ten thousand thousand tongues.

—6 Let Emmanuel be adored—
d Ransom, Mediator, Lord;
o To creation's utmost bound,
Let th' immortal praise resound. GIBBONS.

HYMN 25. 8, 7, & 4. *Tamworth.* [*]

Praise to the REDEEMER.

1 MIGHTY God, while angels bless thee,
e May an infant lisp thy name?
—Lord of man, as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme.
o Hallelujah.
Hallelujah, hallelujah. Amen

—2 Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days!
o Sounded through the wide creation,
Be thy just, exalted praise. Hal.

g 3 For the grandeur of thy nature—
Grand beyond a seraph's thought—
For created works of power,
Works with skill and kindness wrought. Hal

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4 For thy providence that governs,
Through thine empire's wide domain;
e Wings an angel—guides a sparrow—
o Blessed be thy gentle reign. Hal.

e 5 But thy rich, thy free redemption,
Dark through brightness all along!
s Thought is poor, and poor expression;
a Who dare sing that awful song? Hal.

—6 Brightness of the Father's glory,
e Shall thy praise unuttered lie?
d Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence!
o Sing the Lord, who came to die. Hal.

e 7 Did archangels sing thy coming?
Did the shepherds learn their lays?
—Shame would cover me, ungrateful,
Should my tongue refuse to praise. Hal.

8 From the highest throne in glory,
a To the cross of deepest woe—
All to ransom guilty captives!
s Flow, my praise, forever flow. Hal.

o 9 Go, return, immortal Saviour;
Leave thy footstool, take thy throne·
g Thence return, and reign forever;
Be the kingdom all thine own.
Hallelujah, &c. Robinson.

HYMN 26. C. M. *Marlborough.* [*]

Coronation of Christ. Cant. iii. 11.

1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him—Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this floating ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown him—Lord of all.

3 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
o And crown him—Lord of all.

—4 Hail him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David, Lord, did call:
The God incarnate! Man Divine!
o And crown him—Lord of all.

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—5 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
o And crown him—Lord of all.

e 6 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
—Go spread your trophies at his feet,
o And crown him—Lord of all.

7 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
g To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him—Lord of all. DUMAN.

HYMN 27. 6 & 4. *Trinity.* [*]

Jesus is King. Rev. xiv. 3.

1 LET us awake our joys,
Strike up with cheerful voice—
Each creature, sing;
Angels—begin the song,
Mortals—the strains prolong,
In accents sweet and strong,—
o "Jesus is King."

—2 Proclaim abroad his name,
Tell of his matchless fame—
What wonders done;
Shout through hell's dark profound,
Let the whole earth resound,
Till the high heavens rebound—
"The victory's won."

—3 He vanquished sin and hell,
And the last foe will quell;
e Mourners, rejoice!
His dying love adore:
o Praise him now raised in power,
And triumph evermore,
With a glad voice.

o 4 All hail the glorious day,
When through the heavenly way,
g Lo, he shall come!
e While they who pierced him wail,
His promise shall not fail;
o Saints, see your King prevail;
d Come, dear Lord, come! KINGSBURY

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HYMN 28. H. M. *Triumph.* [*]

The Kingdom of Christ. Phil. iv. 4.

s 1 REJOICE—the Lord is King!
Your God and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

2 Rejoice—the Saviour reigns!
The God of truth and love;
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

—3 His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules air, earth, and heaven:
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given:
o Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

—5 He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy,
And every bosom swell,
With pure seraphic joy;
o Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

o 6 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the Judge shall come—
And take his servants up
To their eternal home:
g We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice:
The trump of God shall sound—rejoice! RIPPON.

HYMN 29. C. M. *Swanwick.* [*]

Glories of God in Redemption. Isai. xliv. 23.

g 1 FATHER—how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
o Known through the earth by thousand signs
By thousands through the skies.

d 2 But when we view thy strange design,
To save rebellious worms;
p Where vengeance and compassion join,
In their divinest forms;—

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g 3 Here the whole Deity is known;
e Nor dares a creature guess—
e Which of the glories brightest shone—
d The justice or the grace.

b 4 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains:
Bright seraphs learn Emmanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

o 5 O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
s Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue. WATTS'S LYR.

HYMN 30. 6 & 4. C. M. *Bermondsey.* [*]

Worthy the Lamb. Rev. v. 12.

o 1 GLORY to God on high:
Let heaven and earth reply—
o Praise ye his Name!
—His love and grace adore,
e Who all our sorrows bore;
—And sing for evermore—
o Worthy the Lamb.

—2 All they around the throne
o Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his Name;
We, who have felt his blood
Sealing our peace with God,
Sound his dear Name abroad—
o Worthy the Lamb.

—3 Join, all ye ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
o Praise ye his name:
o In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
o Shouting with heart and voice—
u Worthy the Lamb.

e 4 What though we change our place—
—Yet we shall never cease
Praising his name:
o To him our songs we bring—
s Hail him our gracious King,
And without ceasing sing,
Worthy the Lamb. HILL'S COL.

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HYMN 31. L. M. *Munich. Moreton.* [*]

Christ's Intercession. Heb. vii. 25.

1 HE lives—the great Redeemer lives;
o What joy the blest assurance gives!—
—And now before his Father God,
Pleads the full merits of his blood.

e 2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice, armed with frowns, appears;
—But in the Saviour's lovely face,
o Sweet mercy smiles—and all is peace!

—3 Hence, then, ye black, despairing thoughts—
Above our fears, above our faults,
o His powerful intercessions rise;
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.

e 4 In every dark, distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
—Let this dear hope repel the dart—
That Jesus bears us on his heart.

5 Great Advocate, almighty Friend!
On him our humble hopes depend;
o Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail. STEELE.

HYMN 32. 8 & 7. *Calvary.* [*]

Praise to the Redeemer.

1 HAIL, thou once despised Jesus!
Thou didst free salvation bring;
By thy death thou didst release us
From the tyrant's deadly sting.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid;
Great High Priest, by God anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.

3 Contrite sinners are forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood:
Opened is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made for man with God.

g 4 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side

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e 5 There for sinners thou art pleading;
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in heaven we appear.

o 6 Glory, honour, power and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
o Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give. RIPPON'S COL.

HYMN 33. 7s. *Redeeming Love.* [*]

Redeeming Love.

o 1 NOW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
—Ye who Jesus' kindness prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye who see the Father's grace,
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
o As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

c 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears;
o See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancelled by redeeming love.

e 4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin!
—Now from bliss no longer rove;
Stop, and taste redeeming love.

o 5 Welcome, all by sin oppressed—
Welcome to his sacred rest:
d Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing—but redeeming love.

o 6 He subdued th' infernal powers;
His tremendous foes and ours
From their cursed empire drove,
Mighty in redeeming love.

o 7 Hither, then, your music bring,
u Strike aloud each joyful string;
—Mortals, join the hosts above—
g Join to praise redeeming love MADAN'S COL.

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HYMN 34. C. M. *Windsor. Plymouth.* [*]

The Necessity of Renewing Grace.

e 1 HOW helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load!
e The heart, unchanged, can never rise
To happiness and God.

p 2 The will perverse, the passions blind,
In paths of ruin stray;
Reason, debased, can never find
The safe, the narrow way.

e 3 Can aught, beneath a power divine,
The stubborn will subdue?
o 'Tis thine, almighty Saviour, thine,
To form the heart anew.

—4 'Tis thine the passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise;
And make the scales of error fall,
From reason's darkened eyes.

5 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live;
A beam of heaven, a vital ray—
'Tis thine alone to give.

p 6 O change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine!
o Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine!

HYMN 35. S. M. *Watchman.* [*]

Prayer for the Spirit. John xiv. 26.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds—
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

3 Revive our drooping faith;
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

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4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart—
To sanctify the soul—
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

o 5 Dwell, Spirit, in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
e Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee. HART

HYMN 36. L. M. *Carthage.* [b]

Sorrow for Sin.

p 1 O THAT my load of sin were gone!
O that I could at last submit!
At Jesus' feet to lay me down—
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.

e 2 Rest for my soul I long to find:
Saviour of all, if mine thou art—
Give me thy meek, thy lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

—3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God;
Thy light and easy burden prove—
The cross, all stained with hallowed blood—
The labour of thy dying love.

d 5 I would—but thou must give the power;
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

o 6 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay;
Appear, in my poor heart appear;
My God, my Saviour, come away.

HYMN 37. C. M. *Canterbury. Wantage.* [b]

Repentance.

1 HOW oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word!

2 Yet sovereign mercy calls—"Return,
Dear Lord, and may I come?

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My vile ingratitude I mourn:
O take the wanderer home.

3 And canst thou—wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardoned rebel live,
To speak thy wondrous love?

4 Almighty grace, thy healing power,
How glorious—how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore,
So vile a heart as mine.

5 Thy pardoning love—so free—so sweet—
Dear Saviour, I adore;
O keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more. STEELE.

HYMN 38. L. M. *Armley.* [b]

Sinner submitting to God.

1 WEARY of struggling with my pain,
Hopeless to burst this sinful chain,
At length I give the contest o'er,
And seek to free myself no more.

2 From my own works at last I cease—
God, who creates, must seal my peace;
Fruitless my toil, and vain my care,
Unless thy sovereign grace I share.

e 3 Lord, I despair myself to heal;
I see my sin, but cannot feel;
I cannot, till thy Spirit blow,
And bid th' obedient waters flow.

—4 'Tis thine a heart of flesh to give;
Thy gifts I only can receive;
Here, then, to thee I all resign;
To draw, redeem, and seal is thine.

o 5 Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure;
Make my infected nature pure;
Peace, righteousness, and joy, impart,
And pour thyself into my heart.

HYMN 39. C. M. *Reading.* [b *]

Sinner resolving to go to Christ. Esth. iv. 16.

1 COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve:—

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o 2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
"Hath like a mountain rose;
"I know his courts, I'll enter in,
"Whatever may oppose.

e 3 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
"And there my guilt confess;
p "I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
"Without his sovereign grace.

o 4 "I'll to the gracious King approach,
"Whose sceptre pardon gives;
—"Perhaps he may command my touch—
"And then the suppliant lives.

5 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,—
"Perhaps will hear my prayer;
e "But if I perish, I will pray,
"And perish only there.

—6 "I can but perish if I go,
"I am resolved to try;
"For if I stay away, I know
"I must forever die." JONES

HYMN 40. 7 & 6. *Clark's.* [b *]

The Heart healed by Mercy.

1 SIN enslaved me many years,
And led me bound and blind;
I'll at length a thousand fears
Came swarming o'er my mind.
o Where (I said in deep distress)
Will these sinful pleasures end?
How shall I secure my peace,
And make the Lord my friend?

—2 Friends and ministers said much,
The gospel to enforce;
e But my blindness still was such,
I chose a legal course:
Much I fasted, watched, and strove,
Scarce would show my face abroad;
e Feared, almost, to speak or move—
A stranger still to God.

—3 Thus afraid to trust his grace,
Long time did I rebel;
e Till, despairing of my case,
Down at his feet I fell:

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o Then my stubborn heart he broke,
And subdued me to his sway;
By a simple word he spoke—
d "Thy sins are done away." COWPER

HYMN 41. L. M. *Islington.* [*]

The happy Change.

e 1 IN sin, by blinded passions led,
In search of fancied good we range;
The paths of disappointment tread,
To nothing fixed—but love of change.

—2 But when the Holy Ghost imparts
A knowledge of the Saviour's love;
Our wandering, weary, restless hearts
Are then renewed, no more to rove.

o 3 Now a new principle takes place,
Which guides and animates the will;
—This love, another name for grace,
Constrains to good, and bars from ill.

o 4 By love's pure light we soon perceive
Our noblest bliss, and proper end;
And gladly every idol leave,
To love and serve our Lord and Friend.

HYMN 42. L. M. *Portugal.* [b *]

The Influences of the Spirit experienced. John xiv. 16 17

e 1 DEAR Lord—and shall thy Spirit rest
In such a wretched heart as mine?
d Unworthy dwelling!—glorious Guest!
Favours astonishing—divine!

e 2 When sin prevails, and gloomy fear,
And hope almost expires in night;
Lord, can thy Spirit then be here
—Great spring of comfort, life, and light?

o 3 Sure the blest Comforter is nigh;
'Tis he sustains my fainting heart;
Else would my hopes forever die,
And every cheering ray depart.

—4 When some kind promise glads my soul,
Do I not find his healing voice
The tempest of my fears control,
And bid my drooping powers rejoice?

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5 Whene'er to call the Saviour mine,
With ardent wish my heart aspires,
Can it be less than Power Divine,
Which animates these strong desires?

6 And when my cheerful hope can say,
d "I love my God, and taste his grace,"
e Lord, is it not thy blissful ray,
Which brings this dawn of sacred peace?

—7 Let thy kind Spirit in my heart
Forever dwell, O God of love;
o And light, and heavenly peace impart—
Sweet earnests of the joys above. STEELE

HYMN 43. 8s. *Bethany.* [*]

Power of Faith. Rom. i. 17.

1 THE moment a sinner believes,
And trusts in his crucified God,
o His pardon at once he receives—
Redemption in full through his blood.

o 2 Though thousands and thousands of foes
Against him in malice unite—
Their rage he, through Christ, can oppose,
Led forth by the Spirit to fight.

—3 The faith that unites to the Lamb,
And brings such salvation as this,
Is more than mere fancy, or name—
d The work of God's Spirit it is.

o 4 It treads on the world, and on hell,
It vanquishes death and despair,
e And what is still stranger to tell,
d It overcomes heaven by prayer.

o 5 It says to the mountains, "Depart,"
That stand betwixt God and the soul;
e It binds up the broken in heart,
And makes wounded consciences whole;—

—6 Bids sins of a crimson-like dye
Be spotless as snow, and as white;
o And raises the sinner on high,
To dwell with the angels of light. HART.

HYMN 44. S. M. *Peckham.* [*]

Preciousness of Faith. Eph. ii. 8. 2 Pet. i. 1.

1 FAITH—'tis a precious grace,
Where'er it is bestowed·

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It boasts of a celestial birth,
And is the gift of God.

2 Jesus it owns as King,
And all-atoning Priest;
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.

3 To him it leads the soul,
When filled with deep distress;
Flies to the fountain of his blood,
And trusts his righteousness.

4 Since 'tis thy work alone,
And that divinely free;
Lord, send the Spirit of thy Son,
To work this faith in me. BEDDOME.

HYMN 45. C. M. *Arundel.* [*]

Faith encouraged by ancient Example. Heb. xi. 13.

o 1 RISE, O my soul, pursue the path,
By ancient worthies trod;
Aspiring, view those holy men,
Who lived and walked with God.

—2 Though dead, they speak in reason's ear,
And in example live;
Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds,
Still fresh instruction give.

o 3 'Twas through the Lamb's most precious blood,
They conquered every foe;
And to his power and matchless grace,
Their crowns of life they owe.

—4 Lord, may I ever keep in view
The patterns thou hast given—
And ne'er forsake the blessed road,
That led them safe to heaven. NEEDHAM.

HYMN 46 L. M. *Oporto.* [*]

The new Convert.

1 THE new-born child of gospel grace,
Like some fair tree when summer's nigh
Beneath EMMANUEL'S shining face,
Lifts up his blooming branch on high.

2 No fears he feels—he sees no foes—
No conflict yet his faith employs;

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Nor has he learned to whom he owes
The strength and peace his soul enjoys.

e 3 But sin soon darts its cruel sting;
And, comforts sinking day by day,
What seemed his own, a self-fed spring,
Proves but a brook that glides away.

—4 When Gideon armed his numerous host,
The Lord soon made his numbers less;
And said, "Lest Israel vainly boast,
d "My arm secured me this success."

e 5 Thus will he bring our spirits down,
And draw our ebbing comforts low;
—That, saved by grace, but not our own,
We may not claim the praise we owe. COWPER

HYMN 47. C. M. *Canterbury.* [*]

Comforts, true and false.

1 O GOD, whose favourable eye
The sin-sick soul revives;
Holy and heavenly is the joy,
Thy shining presence gives;—

e 2 Not such as hypocrites suppose,
Who, with a graceless heart,
Taste not of thee, but drink a dose,
Prepared by Satan's art.

—3 Intoxicating joys are theirs,
Who, while they boast their light,
And seem to soar above the stars,
Are plunging into night.

e 4 Lulled in a soft and fatal sleep,
They sin, and yet rejoice;
e Were they indeed the Saviour's sheep,
Would they not hear his voice?

—5 Be mine the comforts that reclaim
The soul from Satan's power;
e That make me blush for what I am,
And hate my sin the more.

—6 'Tis joy enough, my All in All,
At thy dear feet to lie;
Thou wilt not let me lower fall,
And none can higher fly. COWPER.

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HYMN 48. C. M. *Mear.* [*]

Zeal, true and false.

1 ZEAL is that pure and heavenly flame
The fire of love supplies;
e While that which often bears the name,
Is self in a disguise.

e 2 True zeal is merciful and mild,
Can pity and forbear;
d The false is headstrong, fierce and wild,
And breathes revenge and war.

—3 While zeal for truth the Christian warms,
He knows the worth of peace;
But self contends for names and forms,
Its party to increase.

4 Zeal has attained its highest aim,
Its end is satisfied,
If sinners love the Saviour's name;
Nor seeks it aught beside.

d 5 But self, however well employed,
Has its own ends in view;
And says, as boasting Jehu cried,
"Come, see what I can do."

—6 Self may its poor reward obtain,
And be applauded here;
But zeal the best applause will gain,
When Jesus shall appear.

7 Dear Lord, the idol self dethrone,
And from our hearts remove;
And let no zeal by us be shown,
But that which springs from love. NEWTON.

HYMN 49. C. M. *Abridge.* [b]

Not go away from Christ. John vi. 67—69.

1 WHEN any turn from Zion's way,
e (Alas, what numbers do!)
—Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
d "Wilt thou forsake me too?"

e 2 Ah, Lord! with such a heart as mine
Unless thou hold me fast,
I feel I must, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last.

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—3 Yet thou alone hast power, I know,
To save a wretch like me;
e To whom, or whither could I go,
If I should turn from thee?
—4 Beyond a doubt, I rest assured,
Thou art the CHRIST of God;
o Who hast eternal life secured,
By promise and by blood.
—5 No voice but thine can give me rest,
And bid my fears depart;
o No love but thine can make me blest,
And satisfy my heart.
e 6 What anguish has this question stirred,
a "If I will also go?"
—Yet, Lord, relying on thy word,
d I humbly answer—No! NEWTON.

HYMN 50. L. M. *Carthage.* [b *]

Not ashamed of Jesus. Mark viii. 38.

1 JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee!
Scorned be the thought, by rich and poor,
O may I scorn it more and more.
2 Ashamed of Jesus!—sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine,
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
3 Ashamed of Jesus!—that dear Friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
p 4 Ashamed of Jesus!—yes, I may—
When I've no sins to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fear to quell, no soul to save.
—5 Till then, (nor is my boasting vain,)
Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
And, O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me! GEORGE

HYMN 51. C. M. *Colchester.* [*]

Inconstancy in Religion. Hosea vi. 4.

1 PERPETUAL Source of light and grace
We hail thy sacred Name

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Through every year's revolving round,
Thy goodness is the same.

2 On us, all worthless as we are,
It wondrous mercy pours;
o Sure as the heaven's established course,
And plenteous as the showers.

e 3 Inconstant service we repay,
And treacherous vows renew;
False as the morning's scattering cloud,
And transient as the dew.

p 4 In flowing tears our guilt we mourn,
And loud implore thy grace,
To bear our feeble footsteps on,
In all thy righteous ways.

o 5 Armed with this energy divine,
Our souls shall steadfast move;
o And with increasing transports press
On to thy courts above.

—6 So by thy power the morning sun
Pursues his radiant way;
o Brightens each moment in his race,
o And shines to perfect day. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 52. C. M. *Canterbury.* [b]

O that I were as in months past. Job xxix. 2.

b 1 SWEET was the time, when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood,
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

o 2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And when the evening shades prevailed,
His love was all my song.

—3 (In vain the tempter spread his wiles,
The world no more could charm;
I lived upon my Saviour's smiles,
And leaned upon his arm.)

e 4 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I called each promise mine

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e 5 But now—when evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns:
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

6 My prayers are now a chattering noise,
For Jesus hides his face;
I read—the promise meets my eyes—
But will not reach my case.

—7 Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail—
O make my soul thy care;
e I know thy mercy cannot fail;
— Let me that mercy share. NEWTON.

HYMN 53. 8s. *Bethany.* [b]

Faith fainting.

e 1 ENCOMPASSED with clouds of distress,
Just ready all hope to resign,
I pant for the light of thy face,
And fear it will never be mine:
p Disheartened with waiting so long,
I sink at thy feet with my load;
All-plaintive I pour out my song,
And stretch forth my hands unto God.

—2 Shine, Lord, and my terror shall cease;
The blood of atonement apply;
And lead me to Jesus for peace,—
The rock that is higher than I:
o Speak, Saviour, for sweet is thy voice;
Thy presence is fair to behold;
—Attend to my sorrows and cries,—
e My groanings that cannot be told.

—3 If sometimes I strive, as I mourn,
My hold on thy promise to keep;
o The billows more fiercely return,
And plunge me again in the deep.
—While harassed and cast from thy sight,
The tempter suggests, with a roar,
d "The Lord has forsaken thee quite;
"Thy God will be gracious no more."

e 4 Yet, Lord, if thy love has designed
No covenant blessing for me,
Ah, tell me, how is it I find
Some pleasure in waiting for thee?

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o Almighty to rescue thou art;
Thy grace is my shield and my tower:
o Come, succour and gladden my heart,
Let this be the day of thy power. RIPPON'S COL.

HYMN 54. 7s. *Fairfax.* [b]

Self-Examination.

1 'TIS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought:—
o Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?

2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull, this lifeless frame?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name.

3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove—
Every trifle give me pain—
If I knew a Saviour's love?

e 4 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild;
Filled with unbelief and sin—
Can I deem myself a child?

5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mixed with all I do;
d You who love the Lord indeed,
Tell me—is it so with you?

o 6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

7 Could I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorred—
Find, at times, the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?

—8 Lord, decide the doubtful case!
Thou, who art thy people's sun,
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

9 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day. NEWTON.

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HYMN 55. 8s. *Consolation.* [*]

The Holy Spirit addressed under Darkness.

1 DESCEND, Holy Spirit, the Dove,
And visit a sorrowful breast,
e My burden of guilt to remove,
And bring me assurance and rest;
Thou only hast power to relieve
A sinner o'erwhelmed with his load;
The sense of redemption to give,
And sprinkle his heart with the blood.

2 With me, if of old thou hast strove,
And kindly withheld me from sin;
Resolved, by the strength of thy love,
My worthless affections to win;
The work of thy mercy revive,
Invincible mercy exert,
And keep my weak graces alive,
And set up thy rest in my heart.

3 If, when I have put thee to grief,
And madly to folly returned,
Thy goodness has been my relief,
And lifted me up as I mourned;
O Spirit of pity and grace,
Relieve me again and restore;
My spirit in holiness raise,
To fall, and to grieve thee, no more.

e 4 If now I lament after God,
And pant for a taste of his love—
s If Jesus, who poured out his blood,
Obtained me a mansion above;—
o Come, heavenly Comforter, come,
Sweet witness of mercy divine!
e And make me thy permanent home,
And seal me eternally thine. RIPPON

HYMN 56. L. M. *Sicilian.* [* b]

Prayer answered by Crosses.

1 I ASKED the Lord that I might grow
In faith, and love, and every grace;
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek more earnestly his face.

2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,
And he, I trust, has answered prayer;

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But it has been in such a way,
As almost drove me to despair.

3 I hoped that in some favoured hour,
At once he'd answer my request;
And by his love's constraining power,
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.

e 4 Instead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart;
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.

a 5 Yea, more—with his own hand he seemed
Intent to aggravate my woe;
Crossed all the fair designs I schemed,
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.

c 6 Lord, why is this? I trembling cried;
Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?
d "'Tis in this way (the Lord replied,)
"I answer prayer for grace and faith.

7 "These inward trials I employ,
"From self and pride to set thee free,
"And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
"That thou mayst seek thy all in me." NEWTON.

HYMN 57. L. M. *Pleyel's.* [*]

Inconstancy lamented.

1 DEAR Jesus, when, when shall it be,
That I no more shall break with thee?
When will this war of passion cease,
And I enjoy a lasting peace?

o 2 Here I repent, and sin again,
Sometimes revive, sometimes am slain;
Slain with the same malignant dart,
Which, oh! too often wounds my heart.

—3 When, gracious Lord, when shall it be,
That I shall find my all in thee—
o The fulness of thy promise prove,
And feast on thine eternal love? DORRINGTON.

HYMN 58. L. M. *Bath.* [b *]

Conflict between Sin and Holiness. Gal. v. 17

1 WHAT jarring natures dwell within—
Imperfect grace, remaining sin!

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Not this can reign, nor that prevail,
Though each by turns my heart assail.

e 2 Now I complain, and groan, and die—
o Now raise my songs of triumph high;
o Sing a rebellious passion slain,
e Or mourn to feel it live again.

o 3 One happy hour beholds me rise,
Borne upwards to my native skies;
When faith assists my soaring flight,
To realms of joy, and worlds of light.

e 4 Scarce a few hours or minutes roll,
Ere earth reclaims my captive soul;
—I feel its sympathetic force,
And headlong urge my downward course.

e 5 How short the joys thy visits give!
How long thine absence, Lord, I grieve!
What clouds obscure my rising sun,
Or interrupt its rays at noon!

—6 Great God, assist me through the fight,
Make me to triumph in thy might:
Thou the desponding heart canst raise,
The victory mine, and thine the praise.

CRUTTENDON.

HYMN 59. C. M. *Tunbridge.* [*]

Watchfulness and Prayer.

e 1 ALAS, what hourly dangers rise!
What snares beset my way!
—To heaven then let me lift my eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

p 2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears!
e My weak resistance, ah, how vain!
e How strong my foes and fears!

—3 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
e Though trembling and afraid.

—4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
e Or soon my strength will fail.

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—5 When strong temptations fright my heart,
Or lure my feet aside;
o My God, thy powerful aid impart—
My guardian and my guide.

—6 Still keep me in thy heavenly way,
o And bid the tempter flee;
—And never let me go astray
From happiness and thee. STEELE.

HYMN 60. 8, 7 & 4. *Helmsley.* [*]

Hope encouraged. Ps. xlii. 5.

e 1 O MY soul, what means this sadness?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
o Let thy griefs be turned to gladness;
Bid thy restless fears be gone:
Look to Jesus,
And rejoice in his dear name.

—2 What though Satan's strong temptations
Vex and grieve thee day by day;
And thy sinful inclinations
Often fill thee with dismay;
o Thou shalt conquer—
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood.

—3 Though ten thousand ills beset thee,
From without and from within;
o Jesus saith he'll ne'er forget thee,
But will save from hell and sin:
He is faithful
To perform his gracious word.

—4 Though distresses now attend thee,
And thou tread'st the thorny road;
e His right hand shall still defend thee,
Soon he'll bring thee home to God!
Therefore praise him—
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

—5 O that I could now adore him,
Like the heavenly host above,
o Who forever bow before him,
And unceasing sing his love!
e Happy songsters!
When shall I your chorus join? FAWCETT

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HYMN 61. C. M. *Bedford.* [*]

Lively Hope and gracious Fear.

e 1 I WAS a grovelling creature once,
And basely cleaved to earth;
I wanted spirit to renounce
The clod that gave me birth.

—2 But God has breathed upon a worm,
And sent me from above,
Wings such as clothe an angel's form,—
The wings of joy and love.

o 3 With these, to Pisgah's top I fly,
And there delighted stand;
To view, beneath a shining sky,
The spacious promised land.

o 4 The Lord of all the vast domain
Has promised it to me;—
The length and breadth of all the plain,
As far as faith can see.

—5 How glorious is my privilege!
To thee for help I call;
e I stand upon a mountain's edge,
O save me, lest I fall!

—6 Though much exalted in the Lord,
My strength is not my own;
e Then let me tremble at his word,
And none shall cast me down. COWPER

HYMN 62. L. P. M. *Sheffield.* [*]

Assurance. Jer. xxxi. 3.

1 JESUS, I know, hath died for me,—
This is my hope, my joy, my rest!
Hither, when hell assails, I flee,
And look into my Saviour's breast:
o Away, sad doubts, and anxious fear—
e Mercy is all that's written there.

2 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
e Though strength, and health, and friends, be gone
Though joys be withered all, and dead,
And every comfort be withdrawn;
g Steadfast on this my soul relies—
Father, thy mercy never dies.

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—3 Fixed on this rock will I remain,
e When heart shall fail, and flesh decay;—
g A rock which shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away!
s Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love! LYNDALL.

HYMN 63. L. M. *Psalm 97th.* [b]

Christ, the Believer's Ark. 1 Pet. iii. 20, 21.

1 THE deluge, at the Almighty's call,
In what impetuous streams it fell!
Swallowed the mountains in its rage,
And swept a guilty world to hell.

2 In vain the tallest sons of pride
Fled from the close pursuing wave;
Nor could their mightiest towers defend,
Nor swiftness 'scape, nor courage save.

e 3 How dire the wreck! how loud the roar!
How shrill the universal cry—
Of millions in the last despair—
Re-echoed from the lowering sky.

e 4 Yet Noah, humble, happy saint,
Surrounded with the chosen few,
Sat in his ark, secure from fear,
And sang the grace that steered him through.

o 5 So may I sing, in Jesus safe,
While storms of vengeance round me fall;
Conscious how high my hopes are fixed,
Beyond what shakes this earthly ball.

—6 Enter thine ark, while patience waits,
Nor ever quit that sure retreat;
o Then the wide flood that buries earth,
Shall waft thee to a fairer seat.

s 7 Nor wreck nor ruin there is seen;
There not a wave of trouble rolls;
But the bright rainbow round the throne,
Seals endless life to all their souls. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 64. 8 & 7. *Emmaus.* [*]

Christ, a Friend closer than a Brother. Prov. xviii. 24.

1 ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend:
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end:

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They who once his kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.

c 2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could, or would have shed their blood?
o But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in him to God:
o This is boundless love indeed!
Jesus is a Friend in need.

c 3 When he lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name;
—Now above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same:
Still he calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

c 4 Oh for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often,
What a Friend we have above:
o But when home our souls are brought,
We will love thee as we ought. NEWTON.

HYMN 65. C. M. *St. Ann's. Mear.* [b]

Manna, or Daily Supply. Exod. xvi. 18.

1 MANNA to Israel well supplied
The want of other bread;
While God is able to provide,
His people will be fed.

2 Of his kind care, how sweet a proof!
It suited every taste:
Who gathered most had just enough,
Enough who gathered least.

o 3 'Tis still our gracious Lord provides,
Our comforts and our cares;
His own unerring hand provides,
And gives us each our shares.

c 4 He knows how much the weak can bear,
And helps them when they cry;
o The strongest have no strength to spare,
For such he'll strongly try.

—5 Daily they saw the manna come,
And cover all the ground;
But what they tried to keep at home,
Corrupted soon was found.

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e 6 Vain their attempts to store it up;
This was to tempt the Lord:
o Israel must live by faith and hope,
And not upon a hoard. NEWTON.

HYMN 66. C. M. *York.* [*]

Joys of Saints. Neh. ix. 10.

1 JOY is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil;
e All we can boast, till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.

—2 But where the Lord has planted grace,
And made his glories known;—
o There fruits of heavenly joy and peace,
Are found—and there alone.

e 3 A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,
— A sense of pardoning love,—
o A hope that triumphs over death,
o Gives joys like those above.

—4 To take a glimpse within the vail,
To know that God is mine—
o Are springs of joy that never fail,
Unspeakable, divine.

—5 These are the joys which satisfy,
And sanctify the mind;
o Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind. NEWTON

HYMN 67. C. M. *Hymn 2d.* [*]

Walking with God. Gen. v. 24.

1 OH! for a closer walk with God,—
A calm and heavenly frame;
And light to shine upon the road,
That leads me to the Lamb!

e 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus, and his word?

—3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
e But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.

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—4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be—
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,—
Calm and serene my frame;
o And purer light shall mark the road,
That leads me to the Lamb. COWPER.

HYMN 68. C. M. *Abridge.* [*]

Light shining out of Darkness.

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

o 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break
With blessings on your head.

—4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
e Behind a frowning providence
o He hides a smiling face.

—5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

e 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
e God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain. COWPER.

HYMN 69. L. M. *Pleyel's.* [b]

Afflictions sanctified by the Word.

1 O HOW I love thy holy word,
Thy gracious covenant, O Lord!

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It guides me in the peaceful way;
I think upon it all the day.

2 What are the mines of shining wealth?
The strength of youth, the bloom of health?—
What are all joys, compared with those,
Thine everlasting word bestows?

3 Long unafflicted, undismayed,
In pleasure's path secure I strayed:
—Thou mad'st me feel thy chastening rod,
And straight I turned unto my God

4 What though it pierced my fainting heart—
I bless the hand that caused the smart;
It taught my tears awhile to flow,
But saved me from eternal woe.

5 Oh! hadst thou left me unchastised,
Thy precepts I had still despised;
And still the snare in secret laid,
Had my unwary feet betrayed.

6 I love thee, therefore, O my God,
And breathe towards thy dear abode;
Where, in thy presence, fully blest,
Thy chosen saints forever rest. COWPER.

HYMN 70. C. M. *Barby.* [*]

Submission.

1 O LORD, my best desire fulfill,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand,
That wipes away my tears?

3 No, let me rather freely yield
What most I prize, to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.

4 Thy favour, all my journey through,
Thou art engaged to grant;
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.

5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way
Shall I resist them both?
A poor blind creature of a day?
And crushed before the moth?

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—6 But ah! my inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway;
Else the next cloud that veils my skies,
Drives all these thoughts away. COWPER.

HYMN 71. C. M. *Bedford.* [* b]

Resignation. It is the Lord. 1 Sam. iii. 18.

1 IT is the Lord—enthroned in light,
Whose claims are all divine;
Who has an undisputed right,
To govern me and mine.

2 It is the Lord—who governs all—
My wealth, my friends, my ease;
And of his bounties may recall
Whatever part he please.

e 3 It is the Lord—should I distrust,
Or contradict his will?
—Who cannot do but what is just,
And must be righteous still?

4 It is the Lord—who can sustain
Beneath the heaviest load,
o From whom assistance I obtain,
To tread the thorny road.

—5 It is the Lord—whose matchless skill
Can from afflictions raise—
e Matter, eternity to fill
With ever-growing praise.

—6 It is the Lord—my covenant God,
o Thrice blessed be his Name!—
Whose gracious promise, sealed with blood,
Must ever be the same.

e 7 His covenant will my soul defend,
Should nature's self expire;
g And the great Judge of all descend
In awful, flaming fire. GREEN.

HYMN 72. C. M. *Tunbridge.* [*]

Self-denial; or, Bearing the Cross. Mark viii. 38.

e 1 DIDST thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame,
And bear the cross for me?
And shall I fear to own thy name,
Or thy disciple be?

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—2 Inspire my soul with life divine,
And make me truly bold;
Let knowledge, faith, and meekness shine,
Nor love, nor zeal, grow cold.

3 Let mockers scoff, the world defame,
And treat me with disdain;
Still may I glory in thy name,
And count reproach my gain.

4 To thee I cheerfully submit,
And all my powers resign;
Let Wisdom point out what is fit,
And I'll no more repine. KIRHAM

HYMN 73. C. M. *Reading.* [*]

Contentment. Phil. iv. 11.

1 FIERCE passions discompose the mind,
As tempests vex the sea;
But calm content and peace we find,
When, Lord, we trust in thee.

2 In vain by reason, and by rule,
We try to bend the will;
For none, but in the Saviour's school,
Can learn the heavenly skill.

3 Since at his feet my soul has sat,
His gracious words to hear;
Contented with my present state,
I cast on him my care.

4 "Art thou a sinner, soul?" he said,
"Then how canst thou complain?
"How light thy troubles here, if weighed
"With everlasting pain!

5 "If thou of murmuring wouldst be cured,
"Compare thy griefs with mine;
"Think what my love for thee endured—
"And thou wilt not repine.

6 "'Tis I appoint thy daily lot,
"And I do all things well;
"Thou soon shalt leave this wretched spot,
"And rise with me to dwell.

7 "In life my grace shall strength supply,
"Proportioned to thy day;
"At death thou still shalt find me nigh,
"To wipe thy tears away."

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8 Thus I, who once my wretched days
In vain repining spent;
Taught in my Saviour's school of grace,
Have learned to be content. COWPER.

HYMN 74. C. M. *St. Ann's.* [*]

The Lord will provide. Gen. xxii. 14.

1 THE saints should never be dismayed,
Nor sink in hopeless fear;
For when they least expect his aid,
The Saviour will appear.

2 This Abra'am found: he raised the knife,
d God saw, and said, "Forbear;—
"Yon ram shall yield his meaner life:
"Behold the victim there."

—3 Once David seemed Saul's certain prey·
d But hark! the foe's at hand:
—Saul turns his arms another way,
To save the invaded land.

4 When Jonah sunk beneath the wave,
He thought to rise no more;
o But God prepared a fish, to save,
And bear him to the shore.

—5 Blest proofs of power and grace divine
That meet us in his word!
May every deep-felt care of mine
Be trusted with the Lord.

6 Wait for his seasonable aid,
And though it tarry, wait:
The promise may be long delayed;
But cannot come too late. COWPER.

HYMN 75. H. M. *Allerton.* [*]

The Lord my Banner. Exod. xvii. 15.

• 1 BY whom was David taught
To aim the dreadful blow,
When he Goliah fought,
And laid the Gittite low?
—No sword nor spear the stripling took,
But chose a pebble from the brook.

• 2 'Twas Israel's God and King,
Who sent him to the fight;
Who gave him strength to sling,
And skill to aim aright·

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—Ye feeble saints, your strength endures,
Because young David's God is yours.

e 3 Who ordered Gideon forth,
To storm the invader's camp,—
With arms of little worth,
A pitcher and a lamp?
The trumpets made his coming known;
And all the host was overthrown.

o 4 Oh! I have seen the day,
When, with a single word—
God helping me to say,
e "My trust is in the Lord,"—
o My soul has quelled a thousand foes,
Fearless of all that could oppose.

e 5 But unbelief, self-will,
Self-righteousness and pride—
How often do they steal
My weapons from my side!
o Yet David's Lord, and Gideon's Friend,
Will help his servant to the end. COWPER

HYMN 76. C. M. *York.* [*]

The Lord that healeth. Exod. xv.

l HEAL us, EMMANUEL;—here we are,
Waiting to feel thy touch:
Deep wounded souls to thee repair;
e And, Saviour, we are such.

—2 Our faith is feeble, we confess,
We faintly trust thy word;
e But wilt thou pity us the less?—
d Be that far from thee, Lord!

—3 Remember him who once applied,
With trembling, for relief;
d "Lord, I believe," with tears he cried;
"O help my unbelief."

—4 She, too, who touched thee in the press,
And healing virtues stole,
d Was answered, "Daughter, go in peace;
"Thy faith hath made thee whole."

—5 Concealed amidst the gathering throng
She would have shunned thy view;
And if her faith was firm and strong,
Had some misgivings too.

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6 Like her with hopes and fears we come,
To touch thee if we may;
o Oh! send us not despairing home—
Send none unhealed away. COWPER.

HYMN 77. L. M. *Armley.* [*]

The Lord send Peace. Judg. vi. 24.

e 1 JESUS, whose blood so freely streamed
To satisfy the law's demand—
o By thee from guilt and wrath redeemed,
Before the Father's face we stand.

2 To reconcile offending man,
Make Justice drop her angry rod!
s What creature would have formed the plan?
Or who fulfill it, but—a God?

3 No drop remains of all the curse,
For wretches who deserved the whole:
No arrows, dipped in wrath, to pierce
The guilty, but returning soul.

s 4 Peace, by such means, so dearly bought
What rebel could have hoped to see?
p Peace—by his injured Sovereign wrought
His Sovereign fastened to the tree!

5 Now, Lord, thy feeble worm prepare;
For strife with earth and hell begins;
Confirm and gird me for the war;
They hate the soul who hates his sins.

e 6 Let them in horrid league agree!
They may assault, they may distress;
o But cannot quench thy love to me,
Nor rob me of the Lord, my peace. COWPER.

HYMN 78. C. M. *Hymn 2d. Sunday.* [*]

Thankfulness for Providential Goodness.

1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
o Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Thy providence my life sustained,
And all my wants redressed,
When in the silent womb I lay;
Or hung upon the breast.

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3 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learned
To form themselves in prayer.

e 4 When in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
o Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

5 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renewed my face;
e And when in sin and sorrow sunk,
o Revived my soul with grace.

e 6 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
e Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

—7 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
o And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

e 8 Through all eternity—to thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
e For O, eternity's too short,
To utter all thy praise. ADDISON

HYMN 79. C. M. *Swanwick.* [*]

Encouragement to trust and love God. Ps. xxxiv.

1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

o 2 Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all who are distressed,
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

o 3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Protection he affords to all,
Who make his Name their trust.

—4 O make but trial of his love,—
Experience will decide,
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

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e 5 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear:
o Make you his service your delight,
Your wants shall be his care. TATE.

HYMN 80. 8 & 7. *Love divine.* [*]

Grateful Recollection. 1 Sam. vii. 12.

1 COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
o Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above:
o Praise, the mount,—I'm fixed upon it—
u Mount of God's unchanging love.

—2 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by thine help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
e Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
o He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed with precious blood

e 3 Oh! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
—Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee
e Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love—
d Here's my heart—O take and seal it;
Seal it from thy courts above. ROBINSON.

HYMN 81. 8s. *Consolation.* [*]

Excellences of Christ.

1 HOW shall I my Saviour set forth?
How shall I his beauties declare?
O how shall I speak of his worth,
Or what his chief dignities are?
o His angels can never express,
Nor saints who sit nearest his throne,
How rich are his treasures of grace:—
e No! this is a mystery unknown.

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g 2 In him all the fulness of God
Forever transcendently shines;
e Though once like a mortal he stood,
To finish his gracious designs.
p Though once he was nailed to the cross,
Vile rebels like me to set free;
—His glory sustained no loss,
g Eternal his kingdom shall be.

—3 His wisdom, his love, and his power,
Seemed then with each other to vie;
e When sinners he stooped to restore,
p Poor sinners condemned to die!
d He laid all his grandeur aside,
And dwelt in a cottage of clay:
Poor sinners he loved, till he died
To wash their pollution away.

—4 O sinner, believe and adore
The Saviour so rich to redeem;
No creature can ever explore
The treasures of goodness in him·
d Come, all ye who see yourselves lost,
And feel yourselves burdened with sin,
Draw near, while with terror you're tossed;
Believe—and your peace shall begin.

—5 Now, sinner, attend to his call,
d "Whoso hath an ear let him hear!"
—He promises mercy to all,
Who feel their sad wants, far and near;
o He riches has ever in store,
And treasures that never can waste:
o Here's pardon, here's grace, yea, and more—
u Here's glory eternal at last. RIPPON'S COL.

HYMN 82. L. M. *Armley.* [*]

All good in CHRIST.

1 THOU only Sovereign of my heart,
My Refuge, my almighty Friend;—
s And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?

2 Whither, ah! whither shall I go—
A wretched wanderer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and woe
One glimpse of happiness afford?

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—3 Eternal life thy words impart,
On these my fainting spirit lives;
o Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,
Than all the round of nature gives.

—4 Let earth's alluring joys combine;
e While thou art near, in vain they call:
o One smile, one blissful smile of thine,
My dearest Lord, outweighs them all.

—5 Thy Name, my inmost powers adore;
o Thou art my life, my joy, my care;
d Depart from thee?—'tis death—'tis more!
'Tis endless ruin—deep despair!

e 6 Low at thy feet my soul would lie;
Here safety dwells, and peace divine;
—Still let me live beneath thine eye,
o For life, eternal life is thine. STEELE.

HYMN 83. L. M. *Leeds.* [*]

Temptation; or, Safety in the Storm.

d 1 THE billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast my wintry sky;
Out of the depths to thee I call,
e My fears are great, my strength is small.

—2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me through the storm!
Defend me from each threatening ill,
d Control the waves—say, "Peace—be still!"

—3 Amidst the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hopes on thee;
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.

e 4 Dangers of every shape and name
Attend the followers of the Lamb,
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
And leave it to return no more.

—5 Though tempest-tossed and half a wreck,
My Saviour through the floods I seek;
e Let neither winds, nor stormy rain,
Force back my shattered bark again. COWPER

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HYMN 84. 7s. *Hotham.* [*]

Christ, the Refuge from the Storm. Deut. xxxiii. 27.

1 JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is nigh!
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone—
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,—
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,—
Thou art full of truth and grace

COWPER

HYMN 85. H. M. *Allerton.* [*]

Jesus, the Pilot. Luke viii. 22.

1 JESUS, at thy command,
I launch into the deep;
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep:
For thee I fain would all resign,
And sail to heaven with thee and thine!

2 Thou art my Pilot wise;
My compass is thy word;
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord!
I trust thy faithfulness and power,
To save me in the trying hour.

3 Though rocks and quicksands deep
Through all my passage lie:

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Yet thou wilt safely keep,
And guide me with thine eye:
My anchor, hope, shall firm abide,
And I each boisterous storm outride.

4 By faith I see the land,
The port of endless rest;
My soul, thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast.
O may I reach the heavenly shore,
Where winds and waves distress no more.

5 Whene'er becalmed I lie,
And storms and winds subside;
Lord, to my succour fly,
And keep me near thy side:
For more the treacherous calm I dread,
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

6 Come, heavenly Wind, and blow
A prosperous gale of grace,
To waft me from below,
To heaven, my destined place:
Then, in full sail, my port I'll find,
And leave the world, and sin, behind.

HUNTINGDON.

HYMN 86. L. M. *Castle Street.* [*]

My Redeemer liveth. Job xix. 25.

1 "I KNOW that my Redeemer lives;"
What comforts this sweet sentence gives!
He lives, he lives, who once was dead,
He lives, my ever-living head!

2 He lives—triumphant from the grave,
He lives—eternally to save;
He lives—all glorious in the sky,
He lives—exalted there on high

3 He lives—to bless me with his love,
He lives—to plead for me above;
He lives—my hungry soul to feed,
He lives—to help in time of need.

4 He lives—to grant me rich supply,
He lives—to guide me with his eye;
He lives—to comfort me when faint,
He lives—to hear my soul's complaint

5 He lives—to silence all my fears,
He lives—to stoop and wipe my tears;

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He lives—to calm my troubled heart,
He lives—all blessings to impart.

6 He lives—my kind, wise, heavenly Friend,
He lives—and loves me to the end;
He lives—and while he lives I'll sing,
He lives—my prophet, priest, and king.

7 He lives—and grants me daily breath,
He lives—and I shall conquer death!
He lives—my mansion to prepare,
He lives—to bring me safely there.

o 8 He lives—all glory to his name!
He lives—my Jesus, still the same:
e O the sweet joy this sentence gives,
o "I know that my Redeemer lives!" MEDLEY.

HYMN 87. 7s. *Fairfax.* [*]

Life and Strength in Christ.

1 SON of God, thy blessing grant,
Still supply my every want;
Tree of life, thine influence shed;
With thy sap my spirit feed.

e 2 Tenderest branch, alas! I lie,
Withered, without thee, and die;
Weak as helpless infancy;
O confirm my soul in thee!

3 Unsustained by thee, I fall;
Send the strength for which I call:
Weaker than a bruised reed,
Help I every moment need.

4 All my hopes on thee depend;
—Love me, save me to the end!
Give me the continuing grace,
o Take the everlasting praise. MADAN'S COL.

HYMN 88. L. M. *Castle Street.* [*]

Jehovah-Jesus.

1 MY song shall bless the Lord of all;
My praise shall climb to his abode;
d *Thee*, SAVIOUR, by that name I call,
The great Supreme, the mighty God.

—2 Without beginning, or decline,
Object of faith, and not of sense;
g Eternal ages saw Him shine—
He shines eternal ages hence

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e 3 As much when in the manger laid,
o Almighty ruler of the sky,
—As when the six days' work he made
o Filled all the morning stars with joy.
—4 Of all the crowns Jehovah bears
Salvation is his dearest claim;
That gracious sound well pleased he hears,
And owns EMMANUEL for his name.
o 5 A cheerful confidence I feel,
My well-placed hopes with joy I see;
My bosom glows with heavenly zeal,
To worship him who died for me.
e 6 As man, he pities my complaint;
o His power and truth are all divine;
—He will not fail, he cannot faint,
g Salvation's sure, and must be mine. COWPER.

HYMN 89. L. M. *Leeds.* [*]

Assurance in Christ our Righteousness. **Isa. xiv. 24. Jer. xxiii. 6.**

1 JESUS, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
o 'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.
e 2 When from the dust of death I rise,
To claim my mansion in the skies;
—E'en then shall this be all my plea—
d "Jesus hath lived—and died for me!"
—3 Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully, through thee absolved I am,
From sin's tremendous curse and shame
4 Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
Thus all the armies bought with blood,
o Saviour of sinners, thee proclaim—
e Sinners, of whom the chief I am.
—5 This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruined nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue;
The robe of Christ is ever new.
o 6 O let the dead now hear thy voice;
o Now bid thy banished ones rejoice;
—Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
g "JESUS THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS." WESLEY

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HYMN 90. C. M. *Arundel.* [*]

Holy Fortitude; or, The Christian Soldier.

1 AM I a soldier of the cross?
A follower of the Lamb?
e And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

—2 Must I be carried to the skies,
On flowery beds of ease?
e Whilst others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

—3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
e Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

o 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
e Increase my courage, Lord;
o I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
o They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

o 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies—
g The glory shall be thine. WATTS

HYMN 91. 8, 7, & 4. *Tamworth.* [*]

God the Pilgrim's Guide. Ps. xlviii. 14.

1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open, Lord, the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer!
Be thou still my strength and shield.

e 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;

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o Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises—
I will ever give to thee. ROBINSON.

HYMN 92. L. P. M. *Devotion.* [*]

The Christian's Shepherd. Ps. xxiii.

1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

e 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscapes flow.

e 3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray;
—His bounty shall my pains beguile;
o The barren wilderness shall smile,
With lively greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

o 4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
e My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dismal shade. ADDISON

HYMN 93. L. M. *Oporto.* [*]

Ministry of Angels. Ps. xci. 11.

1 SEE, Gabriel swift descends to earth,
Glad to foretell a Saviour's birth;
Hark!—a full choir of angels sing,
The new-born Saviour, and the King.

e 2 Behold these swift-winged envoys wait
On Jesus, in his humble state;
p The desert and the garden prove
Their glowing zeal, their tender love.

o 3 They saw the Conqueror mount on high,
To glorious worlds beyond the sky;

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Escorted by a shining band,
To take his place at God's right hand.

—4 Still are these glorious hosts above
Employed in messages of love;
On saints below they cheerful wait,
Nor think the work beneath their state.

5 Jesus, my Lord, my living Friend,
May these thy servants me attend,
Through life; and when I quit this clay,
o Safe to thine arms my soul convey. NEEDHAM.

HYMN 94. C. M. *Devizes.* [*]

Servants of God always safe.

1 HOW are thy servants blessed, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
o Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

—2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

e 3 When by the dreadful tempest borne,
High on the broken wave,
o They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

—4 The storm is laid—the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will:
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

e 5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
o We'll praise thee for thy mercies past;
e And humbly hope for more.

—6 Our life, while thou preserv'st that life
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
o Shall join our souls to thee. ADDISON.

HYMN 95. L. M. *Pleyel's.* [*]

Confidence and Joy in God. Hab. iii. 17, 18.

e 1 ALTHOUGH the vine its fruit deny,
Although the olive yield no oil;

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The withering fig-tree droop and die,
The field delude the tiller's toil;—

2 Although the stall no herd afford,
p And perish all the bleating race;
o Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
s The God of my salvation praise.

e 3 Though comfortless my soul remain,
And not a gleam of light appear;
a Though joy be sought, and sought in vain,
And though despair itself be near;—

p 4 Although assurance all be lost,
And blooming hopes cut off I see;
o Yet will I in my Saviour trust,
g And glory that he died for me. WESLEY.

HYMN 96. C. M. *Zion.* [*]

Christ the Believer's Song.

e 1 THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to hear of thee;
—No music's like thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.

e 2 O may we ever hear thy voice,
In mercy to us speak;
o And in our Priest will we rejoice,
Thou great Melchisedec.

—3 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
While in this world we stay;
o We'll sing our Jesus' lovely name,
When all things else decay.

—4 When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all the favoured throng,
s Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song. MADAN'S COL.

HYMN 97. 7s. *St. John's.* [*]

Adieu to the vain World.

d 1 WORLD, adieu! thou real cheat;
Oft have thy deceitful charms
Filled my heart with fond conceit,
Foolish hopes and false alarms:
—Now I see as clear as day,
How thy follies pass away.

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e 2 Vain, thy entertaining sights;
False, thy promises renewed;
All the pomp of thy delights
Does but flatter and delude:
Thee I quit for heaven above,
Object of the noblest love.

—3 Let not, Lord, my wandering mind
Follow after fleeting toys;
Since in thee alone I find
Solid and substantial joys,—
o Joys that, never overpast,
Through eternity shall last.

e 4 Lord, how happy is a heart,
After thee while it aspires!
—True and faithful as thou art,
Thou shalt answer its desires:
g It shall see the glorious scene
Of thine everlasting reign. MADAN'S COL.

HYMN 98. 7 & 6. *Amsterdam.* [*]

The Pilgrim's Song.

o 1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Towards heaven thy native place:
p Sun, and moon, and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove:
s Rise, my soul, and haste away,
To seats prepared above.

—2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
e So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face;
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

d 3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;
Press onward to the prize;
o Soon our Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies.
e Yet a season, and you know,
Happy entrance will be given;
o All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven. MADAN'S COL.

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HYMN 99. 10 & 11. *Walworth.* [*]

View of Heaven. Rev. xxii. 1—5.

1 ON wings of faith mount up, my soul, and rise,
View thine inheritance beyond the skies;
Nor heart can think, nor mortal tongue can tell,
What endless pleasures in those mansions dwell:
There my Redeemer lives, all bright and glorious,
O'er sin, and death, and hell, he reigns victorious.

2 No gnawing grief, no sad heart-rending pain,
In that blest country can admission gain;
No sorrow there, no soul-tormenting fear,
For God's own hand shall wipe the falling tear:
There my Redeemer lives, &c.

3 Before the throne a crystal river glides,
Immortal verdure decks its cheerful sides;
There the fair tree of life majestic rears
Its blooming head, and sovereign virtue bears:
There my Redeemer lives, &c.

4 No rising sun his transient beams displays,
No sickly moon emits her feeble rays;
The Godhead there celestial glory sheds,
Th' exalted Lamb eternal radiance spreads:
There my Redeemer lives, &c.

5 One distant glimpse my eager passion fires!
Jesus, to thee my longing soul aspires!
When shall I at my heavenly home arrive—
When leave this earth, and when begin to live?
For there my Saviour is all bright and glorious,
O'er sin, and death, and hell, he reigns victorious.

STRAPHAN

HYMN 100. 7s. *St. John's.* [*]

Privileges of Adoption. 1 John iii. 1, 2.

1 BLESSED are the sons of God;
They are bought with Christ's own blood;
They are ransomed from the grave;
Life eternal they shall have:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

2 God did love them in his Son,
Long before the world begun;
They the seal of this receive,
When on Jesus they believe.

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With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

3 They are justified by grace;
They enjoy a solid peace;
All their sins are washed away;
They shall stand in God's great day:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

4 They produce the fruits of grace,
In the works of righteousness;
They are harmless, meek, and mild,
Holy, blameless, undefiled:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

5 They are lights upon the earth,
o Children of a heavenly birth;
One with God, with Jesus one;
Glory is in them begun:
g With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity. HUMPHREYS

HYMN 101. 8s. *Consolation.* [*]

Supreme Love to Christ.

1 MY gracious Redeemer I love,
His praises aloud I'll proclaim;
And join with the armies above,
To shout his adorable name.
To gaze on his glories divine,
Shall be my eternal employ—
To feel them incessantly shine,
My boundless, ineffable joy.

e 2 He freely redeemed with his blood
My soul from the confines of hell,
—To live on the smiles of my God,
And in his sweet presence to dwell;
o To shine with the angels of light,
With saints and with seraphs to sing;
g To view with eternal delight,—
My Jesus, my Saviour, my King.

e 3 In Mesech as yet I reside—
A darksome and restless abode!
Molested with foes on each side,
And longing to dwell with my God.

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e O when shall my spirit exchange
This cell of corruptible clay,
For mansions celestial, and range
Through realms of ineffable day?

4 My glorious Redeemer, I long
To see thee descend on the cloud,
Amidst the bright numberless throng,
And mix with the triumphant crowd.
e O when wilt thou bid me ascend,
To join in thy praises above—
To gaze on thee—world without end,
And feast on thy ravishing love?

—5 Nor sorrow, nor sickness, nor pain,
Nor sin, nor temptation, nor fear,
Shall ever molest me again,—
o Perfection of glory reigns there.
—This soul and this body shall shine,
In robes of salvation and praise;
And banquet on pleasures divine,
Where God his full beauty displays.

d 6 Ye palaces, sceptres, and crowns,
Your pride with disdain I survey;
Your pomps are but shadows and sounds,
And pass in a moment away:
o The crown that my Saviour bestows,
Yon permanent sun shall outshine,
g My joy everlastingly flows—
My God, my Redeemer is mine. FRANCIS.

HYMN 102. 5 & 6. *Newcastle.* [*]

Praise for Salvation.

1 OUR Saviour alone,
The Lord let us bless,
Who reigns on his throne,
The Prince of our peace;
Who evermore saves us,
By shedding his blood:
o All hail, holy Jesus,
Our Lord and our God!

— 2 We thankfully sing
Thy glory and praise,
d Thou merciful Spring
Of pity and grace;

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—Thy kindness forever
To men we will tell;
o And say, our dear Saviour
Redeemed us from hell.

— 3 Preserve us in love,
While here we abide:
O never remove
Thy presence, nor hide
Thy glorious salvation;
o Till each of us see,
With joy, the blest vision,
Completed in thee!

HYMN 103. S. M. *Nativity.* [*]

Song of Moses and the Lamb. Rev. xv. 3.

1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
o Wake, every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

e 2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
—Sing how he intercedes above,
e For those whose sins he bore.

— 3 Sing, till we feel our heart
Ascending with our tongue;
Sing, till the love of sin depart,
And grace inspires our song.

o 4 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
u Sing on, rejoicing every day,
In Christ, th' eternal King.

e 5 Soon shall we hear him say,
d "Ye blessed children, come;"
—Soon will he call us hence away,
And take his wanderers home.

o 6 Soon shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
g And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb. HAMMOND.

HYMN 104. 7s. *Redeeming Love.* [*]

The Christian's Song.

1 GRATEFUL notes and numbers bring,
While Jehovah's praise we sing;

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e Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Be thy glorious Name adored.

—2 Men on earth, and saints above,
Sing the great Redeemer's love:
Lord, thy mercies never fail;
o Hail, Celestial Goodness, hail!

e 3 Though unworthy, Lord, thine ear
—Can our humble praises hear;
o Purer praise we hope to bring,
When with saints we stand and sing.

4 Lead us to that blissful state,
Where thou reign'st supremely great:
e Look with pity from thy throne;
Send the Holy Spirit down.

—5 While on earth ordained to stay,
Guide our footsteps in thy way;
Till we come to reign with thee,
And thy glorious greatness see.

o 6 Then with angels we'll again
u Wake a louder, louder strain;
s There in joyful songs of praise,
We'll our grateful voices raise.

—7 There no tongue shall silent be,
All shall join sweet harmony;
g That through heaven's all-spacious round,
Praise to God may ever sound.

Lord, thy mercies never fail;
Hail, Celestial Goodness, hail!

HYMN 105. L. M. *Oporto.* [*]

Dignity and Happiness of the Christian.

1 HONOUR and happiness unite,
To make the Christian's name a praise
How fair the scene, how clear the light,
That fills the remnant of his days!

2 A kingly character he bears;
No change his priestly office knows;
Unfading is the crown he wears;
His joys can never reach a close.

3 Adorned with glory from on high
Salvation shines upon his face;

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His robe is of th' ethereal dye,
His steps are dignity and grace.

4 Inferior honours he disdains,
Nor stoops to take applause from earth;
The King of kings himself maintains
The expenses of his heavenly birth.

5 The noblest creature seen below,
Ordained to fill a throne above!
God gives him all he can bestow—
His kingdom of eternal love!

6 My soul is ravished at the thought—
Methinks from earth I see him rise;
Angels congratulate his lot,
And shout him welcome to the skies! COWPER.

HYMN 106. 5 & 6. *Wesley.* [*]

God's Servants should praise and extol Him.

1 YE servants of God,
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad
His wonderful Name:
The name all victorious
Of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save;
And still he is nigh,
His presence we have:
The great congregation
His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus our King.

3 Salvation to God,
Who sits on the throne—
Let all cry aloud,
And honour the Son:
Our Jesus's praises
The angels proclaim;
Fall down on their faces,
And worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore,
And give him his right;

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o All glory and power,
And wisdom and might:
g All honour and blessing,
With angels above;
And thanks never ceasing,
And infinite love

MADAN'S COL.

HYMN 107. 6 & 4. *Trinity.* [*]

Invocation to Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

1 COME, thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise!
e Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

o 2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall!
g Let thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made.
Our souls on thee be stayed,
e Lord, hear our call!

3 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend!
o Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success;
e Spirit of holiness,
On us descend!

—4 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour!
o Thou, who almighty art;
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

g 5 To the great ONE in THREE,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore!
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore!

MADAN'S COL.

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HYMN 108. L. M. *Babylon.* [b]

The Sinner weighed, and found wanting. Dan. iv. 27

1 RAISE, thoughtless sinner, raise thine eye—
Behold God's balance lifted high!
There shall his justice be displayed,
And there thy hope and life be weighed.

2 See in one scale his perfect law;
Mark with what force its precepts draw;
e Would'st thou the awful test sustain?—
d Thy works how light! thy thoughts how vain!

—3 Behold the hand of God appears,
To trace those dreadful characters;
d "*Tekel*—thy soul is wanting found,
"And wrath shall smite thee to the ground."

e 4 Let sudden fear thy nerves unbrace;
Let horror shake thy tottering knees;
p Through all thy thoughts let anguish roll,
And deep repentance melt thy soul.

—5 One only hope may yet prevail—
Christ has a weight to turn the scale;
o Still does the gospel publish peace,
And show a Saviour's righteousness.

—6 Great God, exert thy power to save;
Deep on the heart these truths engrave;
The ponderous load of guilt remove,
That trembling lips may sing thy love.

DODDRIDGE

HYMN 109. 7s. *Fairfax.* [b]

Sinner, prepare to meet God!

e 1 SINNER, art thou still secure?
Wilt thou still refuse to pray?
Can thy heart or hand endure,
In the Lord's avenging day?

d 2 See, his mighty arm is bared;
Awful terrors clothe his brow!
e For his judgment stand prepared—
Thou must either break or bow.

g 3 At his presence nature shakes,
Earth affrighted hastes to flee;
Solid mountains melt like wax:
p What will then become of thee!

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e 4 Who his advent may abide?
—You who glory in your shame,
Will you find a place to hide,
When the world is wrapped in flame?

5 Lord, prepare us by thy grace,
Soon we must resign our breath;
And our souls be called to pass
Through the iron gate of death.

6 Let us now our day improve,
Listen to the gospel voice;
Seek the things that are above,
Scorn the world's pretended joys. NEWTO

HYMN 110. C. M. *Bishopsgate.* [b]

Sinners entreated to forsake their Ways. Isa. lv. 7.

1 SINNERS, the voice of God regard;
e His mercy speaks to-day;
—He calls you by his sovereign word,
From sin's destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest,
You live devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast,
Deprive your souls of ease.

o 3 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travail all your days,
To reap immortal woe!

o 4 But he who turns to God shall live,
Through his abounding grace:
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those who seek his face.

—5 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing every sin;
Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

o 6 His love exceeds your highest thoughts;
He pardons like a God:
o He will forgive your numerous faults
Through a Redeemer's blood. FAWCETT

HYMN 111. 8, 7, & 4. *Littleton.* [b]

Sinners entreated to hear.

1 SINNERS, will you scorn the message,
Sent in mercy from above?

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e Every sentence—O how tender!
—Every line is full of love;
a Listen to it—
o Every line is full of love.

—2 Hear the heralds of the gospel
News from Zion's King proclaim,
o To each rebel sinner—"Pardon,
"Free forgiveness in his name."
e How important!
d Free forgiveness in his name!

—3 Tempted souls, they bring you succour;
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears;
And with news of consolation,
Chase away the falling tears:
s Tender heralds—
o Chase away the falling tears.

—4 False professors, grovelling worldlings,
Callous hearers of the word,
While the messengers address you,
Take the warnings they afford;
e We entreat you,
d Take the warnings they afford.

s 5 Who hath our report believed?
Who received the joyful word?
Who embraced the news of pardon,
Offered to you by the Lord!
p Can you slight it—
Offered to you by the Lord!

—6 O, ye angels, hovering round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way,
o Hasten to the court of heaven,
Tidings bear without delay:
s Rebel sinners
Glad the message will obey. ALLEN.

HYMN 112. 7s. *Fairfax.* [b *]

Burdened Sinners invited to Christ. Matt. ix. 23

1 COME, ye weary souls oppressed,
Find in Christ the promised rest;
On him all your burdens roll,
He can wound, and he make whole.

2 Ye who dread the wrath of God,
Come and wash in Jesus' blood:
To the Son of David cry;
In his word he's passing by.

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3 Naked, guilty, poor, and blind,
All your wants in Jesus find;
This the day of mercy is,
Now accept the proffered bliss. DECOURCY.

HYMN 113. 8s & 7s. *Calvary.* [b]

Suppliant Address to the Saviour. Mark x. 43.

1 JESUS, full of all compassion,
Hear thy humble suppliant's cry;
Let me know thy great salvation;
p See, I languish, faint, and die.
e 2 Guilty, but with heart relenting,
Overwhelmed with helpless grief—
Prostrate at thy feet repenting—
Send, O send me quick relief!
e 3 Whither should a wretch be flying,
But to him who comfort gives?
Whither, from the dread of dying,
But to him who ever lives?
—8 On the word thy blood hath sealed,
Hangs my everlasting all;
Let thine arm be now revealed,
Stay, O stay me, lest I fall!
e 9 In the world of endless ruin,
Let it never, Lord, be said,
d "Here's the soul that perished, suing
"For the boasted Saviour's aid!"
o 10 *Saved*—the deed shall spread new glory
Through the shining realms above;
s Angels sing the pleasing story,
All enraptured with thy love. TURNER.

HYMN 114. L. M. *Geneva.* [b *]

Vision of the Dry Bones. Ezek. xxxiv. 3.

1 LOOK down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
See Adam's race in ruin lie;
Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,
And scatters slaughtered millions round.
s 2 And can these mouldering corpses live?
And can these perished bones revive?
—That, mighty God, to thee is known;
That wondrous work is all thy own.
3 Thy ministers are sent in vain,
To prophesy upon the slain—

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e In vain they call, in vain they cry,
—Till thine almighty aid is nigh.
o 4 But if thy Spirit deign to breathe,
Life spreads through all the realms of death;
Dry bones obey thy powerful voice;
They move, they waken, they rejoice.
o 5 So when thy trumpet's awful sound
Shall shake the heavens, and rend the ground,
Dead saints shall from their tombs arise,
And spring to life beyond the skies. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 115. C. M. *Mear.* [*]

Converting Grace. Ps. xlv. 3—5.

1 HAIL, mighty Jesus, how divine
Is thy victorious sword!
The stoutest rebel must resign,
At thy commanding word.
e 2 Deep are the wounds thine arrows give,—
They pierce the hardest heart;
o Thy smiles of grace the slain revive,
And joy succeeds to smart.
g 3 Still gird thy sword upon thy thigh,
Ride with majestic sway;
Go forth, great Prince, triumphantly,
And make thy foes obey.
—4 And when thy victories are complete,
And all the chosen race
Shall round the throne of mercy meet,
To sing thy conquering grace—
e 5 O may my humble soul be found
Among that favoured band;
o And I with them thy praise will sound,
Throughout Emmanuel's land. WALLIN.

HYMN 116. L. M. *Bath.* [*]

Revival of Religion hoped for.

e 1 WHILE I to grief my soul gave way,
To see the work of God decline,
—Methought I heard the Saviour say,
g "Dismiss thy fears, the ark is mine.
—2 "Though for a time I hide my face,
"Rely upon my love and power,
"Still wrestle at the throne of grace,
"And wait for a reviving hour.

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o 3 "Take down thy long-neglected harp;
"I've seen thy tears, and heard thy prayer;
e "The winter season has been sharp,
o "But spring shall all its wastes repair."
—4 Lord, I obey—my hopes revive;
o Come, join with me, ye saints, and sing;
o Our foes in vain against us strive,
For God will help and triumph bring.

HYMN 117. C. M. *Plymouth.* [b *]

God's Regard to the actively pious. Mal. iii. 16, 17.

1 THE Lord on mortal worms looks down,
From his celestial throne;
And when the wicked swarm around,
He well discerns his own.

e 2 He sees the tender hearts, that mourn
The scandals of the times;
And join their efforts to oppose
The wide-prevailing crimes.

—3 Low in the social band he bows
His still attentive ear;
And, while his angels sing around,
Delights their voice to hear.

o 4 The chronicles of heaven shall keep
Their words in transcript fair;
In the Redeemer's book of life,
Their names recorded are.

d 5 "Yes," saith the Lord, "the world shall know
"These humble souls are mine:
"These, when my jewels I produce,
"Shall in full lustre shine.

6 "When deluges of fiery wrath
"My foes away shall bear;
"That hand which strikes the wicked through,
"Shall all my children spare." DODDRIDGE

HYMN 118. C. M. *Windsor.* [b]

Prayer for spiritual Healing.

1 THOU great Physician of the soul,
To thee I bring my case;
My raging malady control,
And heal me by thy grace.

2 Help me to state my whole complaint;
But where shall I begin?

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Nor words, nor thoughts can fully paint
This worse distemper—sin.

3 It lies not in a single part,
But through my frame is spread;
A burning fever in my heart,
A palsy in my head.

4 It makes me deaf, and dumb, and blind,
And impotent, and lame;
It overclouds, and fills my mind,
With folly, fear, and shame.

5 (A thousand evil thoughts intrude,
Tumultuous in my breast;
Which indispose me for my food,
And rob me of my rest.)

6 Lord, I am sick; regard my cry,
And set my spirit free;
Say, canst thou let a sinner die,
Who longs to live to thee? NEWTON.

HYMN 119. L. P. M. *Sheffield.* [b *]

Efficacy of God's Word. Jer. xxiii. 29.

e 1 WITH reverend awe, tremendous Lord,
We hear the thunders of thy word;
o The pride of Lebanon it breaks:
o Swift the celestial fire descends,
The flinty rock in pieces rends,
g And earth to its deep centre shakes.

—2 Arrayed in majesty divine;
Here sanctity and justice shine,
e And horror strikes the rebel through;
g While loud this awful voice makes known
The wonders which thy sword hath done,
a And what thy vengeance yet shall do.

o 3 So spread the honours of thy name;
g The terrors of a God proclaim;
—Thick let the pointed arrows fly;
e Till sinners, humbled in the dust,
Shall own the execution just,
—And bless the hand by which they die.

o 4 Then clear the dark, tempestuous day
And radiant beams of love display;
Each prostrate soul let mercy raise;
e So shall the bleeding captives feel

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Thy word, that gave the wound, can heal,
o And change their notes to songs of praise.
DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 120. C. M. *Abridge. Barby.* [*]

Light and Glory of the Word.

1 THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
g Majestic like the sun;
—It gives a light to every age,
d It gives—but borrows none.

—3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
o His truths upon the nations rise,
They rise,—but never set.

o 4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine,
With beams of heavenly day.

—5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love;
g Till glory breaks upon my view,
In brighter worlds above. COWPER.

HYMN 121. 7s. *St. John's.* [*]

Sabbath Morning.

1 SAFELY through another week,
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day:
o Day of all the week the best;
Emblem of eternal rest:

—2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name;
s Show thy reconciling face—
Take away our sin and shame:
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

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—3 Here we come thy Name to praise;
Let us feel thy presence near:
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;—
Make the fruits of grace abound,—
Bring relief from all complaints:
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above. NEWTON.

HYMN 122. H. M. *Bethesda.* [*]

Sabbath Morning.

1 WELCOME, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest;
I hail thy kind return,
Lord, make these moments blest.
—From the low train of mortal toys,
I soar to reach immortal joys.

—2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face:
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless the sacred hours:
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be indulged in vain. HAYWARD.

HYMN 123. C. M. *Sunday.* [*]

The Lord's Day.

1 THE Lord of Sabbath let us praise,
In concert with the blest,
Who, joyful, in harmonious lays
Employ an endless rest.

2 Lord, may we still remember thee,
And more in knowledge grow;

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—And may we more of glory see,
While waiting here below.

o 3 On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was displayed,
g By God the Eternal Word, than when
This universe was made.

o 4 He rises, who our souls hath bought,
o With grief and pain extreme:
g 'Twas great—to speak the world from nought—
'Twas greater—to redeem. DECOURCY'S Cox

HYMN 124. C. M. *Hymn 2d.* [* b]

Devotion.

e 1 WHILST thee I seek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes stilled;
—And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

e 2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed,—
To thee my thoughts would soar:
o Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.

—3 In each event of life, how clear
e Thy ruling hand I see!
e Each blessing to my soul most dear,
— Because conferred by thee.

o 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
e In every pain I bear,
o My heart shall find delight in praise,
e Or seek relief in prayer.

o 5 When gladness wings my favoured hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
e Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

—6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
o My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on thee. WILLIAMS

HYMN 125. C. M. *St. Ann's.* [* b]

Social Worship.

1 O LORD, our languid souls inspire,
For here we trust thou art!

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Send down a coal of heavenly fire,
To warm each waiting heart.

2 Show us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.

3 Within these walls let holy praise,
And love and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience peace,
The wounded spirit heal.

4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

5 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our prayers;
And, in the presence of our Lord,
Unbosom all our cares.

6 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforced by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round,
To come and fill the place. NEWTON.

HYMN 126. 7s. *Fairfax.* [b]

A Blessing humbly requested.

1 LORD, we come before thee now;
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O do not our suit disdain!
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion, now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace;
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

4 Send some message from thy word
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

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e 5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Those who are cast down, lift up,
Make them strong in faith and hope.

—6 Grant that all may seek, and find
Thee a God supremely kind:
Heal the sick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee. RIPPON.

HYMN 127. 8 & 7. *Love divine.* [*]

Love divine.

1 LOVE divine, all love excelling!
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling:
All thy faithful mercies crown.
e Jesus, thou art all compassion!
Pure, unbounded love, thou art!
o Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

a 2 Breathe, O breathe, thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
e Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promised rest.
—Take away the power of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be;
o End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

—3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive!
Suddenly return—and never—
o Never more thy temples leave!
—Then we should be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above;
o Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy precious love.

—4 Finish then thy new creation;
Pure, unspotted may we be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored by thee:
g Changed from glory unto glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
e Till we cast our crowns before thee,
a Lost in wonder, love, and praise! MADAN'S COL.

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HYMN 128. C. M. *Reading.* [b *]

Seed in different Grounds. Matt. xiii. 3.

1 YE sons of earth, prepare the plough,
Break up your fallow ground:
The sower is gone forth to sow,
And scatter blessings round.

2 The seed that finds a stony soil,
Shoots forth a hasty blade;
But ill repays the sower's toil,
Soon withered, scorched, and dead.

3 The thorny ground is sure to balk
All hopes of harvest there;
We find a tall and sickly stalk,
But not the fruitful ear.

4 The beaten path and highway side
Receive the trust in vain;
The watchful birds the prey divide,
And pick up all the grain.

o 5 But where the Lord of grace and power
Has blessed the happy field;
How plenteous is the golden store,
The deep-wrought furrows yield!

• 6 Father of mercies, we have need
Of thy preparing grace;
—Let the same hand that gives the seed,
Provide a fruitful place. COWPER.

HYMN 129. L. M *Sicilian.* [*]

Close of Worship.

1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord;
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss, forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every fettered soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace. HART

HYMN 130. L. M. *Portugal.* [*]

Close of Worship.

1 THE peace which God alone reveals,
And by his word of grace imparts,
Which only the believer feels,
Direct, and keep, and cheer our hearts

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2 And may the holy Three in One,
The Father, Word, and Comforter,
Pour an abundant blessing down
On every soul assembled here. NEWTON.

HYMN 131. C. M. *Hymn 2d.* [*]

Close of Worship.

1 NOW may the God of peace and love,
Who from th' imprisoned grave
Restored the Shepherd of the sheep,
Omnipotent to save;—

2 Through the rich merits of that blood,
Which he on Calvary spilt,
To make th' eternal covenant sure,
On which our hopes are built;—

3 Perfect our souls in every grace,
To accomplish all his will;
And all that's pleasing in his sight,
Inspire us to fulfill!

4 For the great Mediator's sake
We every blessing pray;
g With glory let his name be crowned,
Through heaven's eternal day. GIBBONS

HYMN 132. H. M. *Allerton.* [* b]

Jubilee.

• 1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow;
The gladly solemn sound
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound:
o The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!

— 2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
• The sin-atoning Lamb;
— Redemption by his blood,
Through all the world proclaim:
o The year, &c.

e 3 Ye who have sold for nought,
The heritage above,
— Come take it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love·
o The year, &c.

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— 4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
o The year, &c.

— 5 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace;
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face:
o The year, &c.

— 6 Jesus, our great high priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mourning souls, be glad:
s The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home! TOPLADY.

HYMN 133. C. M. *Zion.* *Hymn 2d.* [* b]

The Lord's Prayer.

1 FATHER of all, we bow to thee,
Who dwell'st in heaven adored;
But present still through all thy works,
The universal Lord.

2 Forever hallowed be thy name,
By all below the skies;
And may thy kingdom still advance,
Till grace to glory rise.

3 Thy glorious purpose, Lord, fulfill;
Let all thy glory see;
And, as in heaven thy will is done,
On earth so let it be.

4 Our wants with every morning grow
With food these wants supply;
And on our souls the BREAD bestow
To eat—and never die!

5 Our sins before thee we confess;
O may they be forgiven!
As we to others mercy show,
We mercy beg of heaven.

6 Still let thy grace our life direct;
From evil guard our way;
And in temptation's fatal path
Permit us not to stray.

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7 For thine's the power, the kingdom thine,
All glory's due to thee:
Thine from eternity they were,
And thine shall ever be.

HYMN 134. L. M. *Armley.* [b *]

Exhortation to Prayer.

1 WHAT various hind'rances we meet,
In coming to a mercy seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

e 4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side;
But when through weariness they failed,
That moment Amalek prevailed.

5 Have you no words? Ah, think again;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill a fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord hath done for me." COWPER.

HYMN 135. 7s. *Fairfax.* [*]

Power of Prayer. Acts xii. 5—12.

1 IN themselves as weak as worms,
How can poor believers stand,
When temptations, foes, and storms,
Press them close on every hand?

2 Weak indeed they feel they are,
But they know the throne of grace;
And the God, who answers prayer,
Helps them when they seek his face.

3 Though the Lord awhile delay,
Succour they at length obtain;

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He who taught their hearts to pray,
Will not let them cry in vain.

4 Wrestling prayer can wonders do,
Bring relief in deepest straits;
Prayer can force a passage through
Iron bars and brazen gates. NEWTON.

HYMN 136. C. M. *Bangor.* [b]

Public Fast. Joel i. 14.

1 SEE, gracious Lord, before thy throne,
Thy mourning people bend!
'Tis on thy sovereign grace alone,
Our humble hopes depend.

2 Tremendous judgments, from thy hand,
Thy dreadful powers display;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

3 How changed, alas! are truths divine,
For error, guilt, and shame!
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name.

4 O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
By thy resistless grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.

5 Then, should insulting foes invade,
We shall not sink in fear;
Secure of never-failing aid,
When God, our God, is near. STEELE

HYMN 137. C. M. *Wantage.* [b]

Public Fast. Gen. xviii. 23—32.

1 WHEN Abrah'm, full of sacred awe,
Before Jehovah stood;
And with a humble fervent prayer,
For guilty Sodom sued:—

2 With what success, what wondrous grace—
Was his petition crowned!
The Lord would spare, if in that place
Ten righteous men were found.

3 And could a single holy soul
So rich a boon obtain?
Great God, and shall a nation pray,
And plead with thee in vain?

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o 4 Still we are thine—we bear thy name;
Here yet is thine abode;
o Long has thy presence blessed our land—
e Forsake us not, O God! SCOTT.

HYMN 138. L. M. *Worship.* [b]

Public Fast. Ezek. ix. 4—6.

e 1 O RIGHTEOUS God, thou Judge supreme,
We tremble at thy dreadful name!
And all our crying guilt we own,
In dust and tears before thy throne.

e 2 So manifold our crimes have been,
Such crimson tincture dyes our sin,
That, could we all its horrors know,
Our streaming eyes with blood might flow.

o 3 Estranged from reverential awe,
We trample on thy sacred law:
p And though such wonders grace has done,
Anew we crucify thy Son.

e 4 Justly might this polluted land
Prove all the vengeance of thy hand;
a And bathed in heaven, thy sword might come,
To drink our blood and seal our doom.

e 5 Yet hast thou not a remnant here,
Whose souls are filled with pious fear?
O bring thy wonted mercy nigh,
While prostrate at thy feet they lie.

p 6 Behold their tears, attend their moan,
Nor turn away their secret groan:
With these we join our humble prayer;
Our nation shield, our country spare. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 139. L. M. *Psalm 97th.* [b]

Fast. God's Controversy. Mic. vi. 1—3.

e 1 LISTEN, ye hills; ye mountains, hear;
Jehovah vindicates his laws;
Trembling in silence at his bar,
Thou earth, attend thy Maker's cause.

d 2 Israel, appear; present thy plea;
And charge th' Almighty to his face;
Say, if his rules oppressive be;
Say, if defective be his grace.

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e 3 Eternal Judge, the action cease;
Our lips are sealed in conscious shame;
b 'Tis ours in sackcloth to confess,
—And thine, the sentence to proclaim.

4 Ten thousand witnesses arise;
Thy mercies and our crimes appear
More than the stars that deck the skies,
And all our dreadful guilt declare.

e 5 How shall we come before thy face,
And in thine awful presence bow?
What offerings can secure thy grace,
Or calm the terrors of thy brow?

e 6 Thousands of rams in vain might bleed;
Rivers of oil might blaze in vain;
Or the first-born's devoted head
With horrid gore thine altar stain.

—7 But thy own Lamb, all-gracious God,
Whom impious sinners dared to slay!
o Has sovereign virtue in his blood
To purge the nation's guilt away.

—8 With humble faith to that we fly;
With that may we be sprinkled o'er;
Trembling no more in dust we lie,
And dread thy hand and bar no more. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 140. L. M. *Weldon.* [*]

Thanksgiving: Seasons crowned with Goodness. Ps. lxv. 11.

1 ETERNAL Source of every joy!
Well may thy praise our lips employ;
While in thy temple we appear,
To hail thee Sovereign of the year.

2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole;
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

3 The flowery spring, at thy command,
Perfumes the air, and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

4 Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores;
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.

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5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.

6 Here in thy house let incense rise,
And circling sabbaths bless our eyes;
Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

RIPPON'S COL.

HYMN 141. L. M. *Green's.* [*]

Dedication of a House for Worship. Ps. lxxxvii. 5.

1 AND will the great, eternal God
On earth establish his abode?
And will he, from his radiant throne,
Avow our temple for his own?

2 We bring the tribute of our praise;
And sing that condescending grace,
Which to our notes will lend an ear,
And call us sinful mortals near.

3 Our Father's watchful care we bless,
Which guards our synagogues in peace!
That no tumultuous foes invade,
To fill our worshippers with dread.

4 These walls we to thy honour raise;
Long may they echo to thy praise;
And thou, descending, fill the place,
With choicest tokens of thy grace.

5 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the glories of his train;
While power divine his Word attends,
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.

6 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
That crowds were born to glory here. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 142. H. M. *Allerton.* [*]

Dedication of a House for Worship.

1 IN sweet exalted strains,
The King of glory praise;
O'er heaven and earth he reigns,
Through everlasting days;

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g He, with a nod, the world controls,
Sustains, or sinks, the distant poles.

e 2 To earth he bends his throne—
His throne of grace divine;
o Wide is his bounty known,
And wide his glories shine.
o Fair Salem, still his chosen rest,
Is with his smiles and presence blest.

— 3 Great King of glory, come,
And with thy favour crown
This temple as thy dome—
This people as thy own:
Beneath this roof, O deign to show,
How God can dwell with men below.

4 Here may thine ears attend
Thy people's humble cries;
And grateful praise ascend,
All fragrant, to the skies:
o Here may thy word melodious sound,
And spread celestial joys around.

— 5 Here may th' attentive throng
Imbibe thy truth and love;
And converts join the song
Of seraphim above:
o And willing crowds surround thy board,
With sacred joy, and sweet accord.

— 6 Here may our unborn sons
And daughters sound thy praise;
And shine like polished stones,
Through long succeeding days:
g Here, Lord, display thy saving power,
While temples stand, and men adore. FRANCIS.

HYMN 143. L. M. *Old Hundred.* [*]

Ordination: Joshua the High Priest. Zech. iii. 6, 7

1 GREAT Lord of angels, we adore
The grace that builds thy courts below:
And through ten thousand sons of light,
Stoops to regard what mortals do.

e 2 Amidst the wastes of time and death,
—Successive pastors thou dost raise,
Thy charge to keep, thy house to guide,
And form a people for thy praise

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o 3 The heavenly natives with delight
Hover around the sacred place;
Nor scorn to learn from mortal tongues
The wonders of redeeming grace.

—4 At length, dismissed from feeble clay,
Thy servants join th' angelic band;
o With them, through distant worlds they fly;
e With them, before thy presence stand.

o 5 O glorious hope! O blest employ!
e Sweet lenitive of grief and care!
When shall we reach those radiant courts,
And all their joy and honour share?

—6 Yet while these labours we pursue,
Thus distant from thy heavenly throne,
Give us a zeal and love like theirs,
g And half their heaven shall here be known.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 144. H. M. *Whitchurch.* [*]

Ordination. Ministers a sweet Savour to God. 2 Cor. ii. 15, 16

1 PRAISE to the Lord on high,
Who spreads his triumphs wide!
s While Jesus' fragrant name
Is breathed on every side:
—Balmy and rich the odours rise,
o And fill the earth, and reach the skies.

— 2 Ten thousand dying souls,
Its influence feel—and live;
Sweeter than vital air
The incense they receive:
o They breathe anew, and rise and sing—
o Jesus the Lord, their conquering King.

e 3 But sinners scorn the grace,
That brings salvation nigh:
They turn away their face,
a And faint, and fall, and die.
p So sad a doom, ye saints, deplore,
a For O! they fall to rise no more.

— 4 Yet, wise and mighty God,
Shall all thy servants be,
In those who live or die,
A savour sweet to thee;
o Supremely bright thy grace shall shine,
e Guarded with flames of wrath divine. DODDRIDGE

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HYMN 145. L. M. *Leeds. Oporto.* [*]

Gospel Ministry instituted by Christ. Eph. iv. 11, 12.

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy house,
Smile on our homage and our vows;
While, with a grateful heart, we share
These pledges of our Saviour's care.

2 The Saviour, when to heaven he rose
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Scattered his gifts on men below,
And wide his royal bounties flow.

3 Hence sprung th' apostles' honoured name,
Sacred beyond heroic fame;
Hence dictates the prophetic sage,
And hence the evangelic page.

4 In lower forms, to bless our eyes,
Pastors from hence and teachers rise;
Who, though with feebler rays they shine,
Still gild a long—extended line.

5 From Christ their varied gifts derive,
And fed by Christ their graces live:
* While, guarded by his potent hand,
'Midst all the rage of hell they stand.

o 6 So shall the bright succession run,
Through the last courses of the sun;
While unborn churches, by their care,
Shall rise and flourish, large and fair.

—7 Jesus our Lord their hearts shall know,
The spring whence all these blessings flow:
o Pastors and people shout his praise,
g Through the long round of endless days. DODDRIDGE

HYMN 146. C. M. *Sunday.* [*]

Gospel Treasure in earthen Vessels.

1 HOW rich thy bounty, King of kings!
Thy favours, how divine!
The blessings which thy gospel brings,
How splendidly they shine!

2 Gold is but dross, and gems but toys;
Should gold and gems compare,
How mean! when set against those joys,
Thy poorest servants share!

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c 3 Yet all these treasures of thy grace
Are lodged in urns of clay;
—And the weak sons of mortal race
Th' immortal gifts convey.
c 4 Feebly they lisp thy glories forth,
o Yet grace the victory gives;
e Quickly they moulder back to earth—
o Yet still the gospel lives.
—5 Such wonders power divine effects,
o Such trophies God can raise;
—His hand, from crumbling dust, erects
o His monuments of praise. SALISBURY COL

HYMN 147. L. M. *Carthage.* [* b]

Prayer for a sick Minister.

1 O THOU, before whose gracious throne,
We bow our suppliant spirit down;
View the sad breast, the streaming eye,
And let our sorrows pierce the sky.

2 Thou know'st the anxious cares we feel,
And all our trembling lips would tell;
Thou only canst assuage our grief,
And yield our woe-fraught heart relief.

3 With power benign, thy servant spare,
Nor turn aside thy people's prayer;
Avert thy swift-descending stroke,
Nor smite the shepherd of the flock.

4 Restore him, sinking to the grave;
Stretch out thine arm, make haste to save;
Back to our hopes and wishes give,
And bid our friend and father live.

5 Bound to each soul by tenderest ties,
In every breast his image lies;
Thy pitying aid, O God, impart,
Nor rend him from each bleeding heart.

6 Yet if our supplications fail,
And prayers and tears can nought prevail;
Be thou his strength, be thou his stay,
And guide him safe to endless day. EVAN'S COL

HYMN 148. C. M. *Canterbury.* [b *]

Death of a Minister.

1 HIS master taken from his head,
Elisha saw him go;

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And in desponding accents said,
e "Ah! what must Israel do?"

—2 But he forgot the Lord, who lifts
The beggar to the throne,
Nor knew that all Elijah's gifts
Would soon be made his own.

d 3 What!—when a Paul has run his course,
Or when Apollos dies—
Is Israel left without resource?
And have we no supplies?

o 4 Yes, while the dear Redeemer lives,
We have a boundless store;
—And shall be fed with what he gives,
g Who lives for evermore. COWPER.

HYMN 149. C. M. *Hymn 2d.* [b *]

Death of a Minister.

1 NOW let our mourning hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry;
Why should those eyes be drowned in grief,
Which view a Saviour nigh?

e 2 What though the arm of conquering death
Does God's own house invade?
p What though the prophet and the priest
Be numbered with the dead?—

—3 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged, and the young—
The watchful eye in darkness closed,
And mute th' instructive tongue;—

o 4 Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart;
His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.

d 5 "Lo, I am with you," saith the Lord;
"My church shall safe abide;
"For I will ne'er forsake my own,
"Whose souls in me confide."

o 6 Through every scene of life and death,
This promise is our trust;
And this shall be our children's song,
e When we are cold in dust. DODDRIDGE

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HYMN 150. C. M. *Colchester.* [*]

Christ the Refuge of the Church.

1 HE who on earth as man was known,
e And bore our sins and pains,
g Now, seated on th' eternal throne—
The God of glory reigns!

2 His hands the wheels of nature guide,
With an unerring skill;
And countless worlds, extended wide,
Obey his sovereign will.

3 While harps unnumbered sound his praise,
In yonder world above;
o His saints on earth admire his ways,
And glory in his love.

—4 His righteousness to faith revealed,
Wrought out for guilty worms,
o Affords a hiding-place, and shield,
From enemies and storms.

—5 When troubles, like a burning sun,
Beat heavy on their head;
o To this high rock his people run,
And find a pleasing shade.

e 6 How glorious He!—how happy they!—
In such a glorious friend!
o Whose love secures them all the way,
o And crowns them at the end.

HYMN 151. L. M. *Moreton.* [* b]

Covenant Engagements joyfully recognized. 2 Chr. xv. 15.

o 1 O HAPPY day, that fixed my choice,
On thee, my Saviour, and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

e 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him, who merits all my love!
o Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

d 3 'Tis done:—the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
He drew me—and I followed on—
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

—4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angels' bread to feast?

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5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear:
e Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 152. C. P. M. *Bradbury.* [*]

Covenant everlasting.

o 1 NOW for a hymn of praise to God!
Ye trophies of a Saviour's blood,
Join the sweet choir above;
All your harmonious accents bring,
Wake every high, celestial string,
To chant redeeming love.

—2 Ere God pronounced creation good,
Or bade the vast, unbounded flood
Through fixed channels run;
Ere light from ancient chaos sprung,
Or angels earth's formation sung,
He chose us in his Son.

g 3 Then was the covenant ordered sure
Through endless ages to endure,
By Israel's triune God:
—That none his covenant might evade,
With oaths and promises 'twas made,
e And ratified in blood.

o 4 God is the refuge of my soul,
Though tempests rage, though billows roll,
And hellish powers assail:
g Eternal walls are my defence,
Environed with Omnipotence—
What foe can e'er prevail?

—5 Then let infernal legions roar,
And waste their cursed, vengeful power;
d My soul their wrath disdains:
g In God, my refuge, I'm secure,
While covenant promises endure,
Or my Redeemer reigns.

HYMN 153. 11s. *Idumea.* [*]

Church in Affliction. Isa. xlix. 14—17.

e 1 O ZION, afflicted with wave upon wave,
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man can save
With darkness surrounded, by terrors dismayed,
In toiling and rowing, thy strength is decayed

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o 2 Loud roaring, the billows now nigh overwhelm,
—But skilful's the Pilot who sits at the helm;
o His wisdom conducts thee, his power thee defends;
In safety and quiet thy warfare he ends.

d 3 "O fearful! O faithless!" in mercy he cries;
"My promise, my truth, are they light in thine eyes?
"Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall stand;
"Through tempest and tossing I'll bring thee to land.

4 "Forget thee I will not—I cannot; thy name,
"Engraved on my heart doth forever remain;
"The palms of my hands while I look on I see,
The wounds I received when suffering for thee.

5 "I feel at my heart all thy sighs and thy groans,
"For thou art most near me, my flesh and my bones;
"In all thy distresses thy HEAD feels the pain—
"Yet all are most needful, not one is in vain.

6 "Then trust me, and fear not; thy life is secure,
"My wisdom is perfect, supreme is my power;
"In love I correct thee, thy soul to refine,
"To make thee at length in my likeness to shine."
JAY'S COL.

HYMN 154. 8 & 7. *Love divine.* [*]

Consolation of Israel. Luke ii. 25.

1 COME, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee:
Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the saints thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

2 Born, thy people to deliver;
Born a child—and yet a King;
Born to reign in us forever,
Now thy precious kingdom bring;
By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne. MADAN'S COL

HYMN 155. L. M. *Islington.* [b]

Christ's Address to the Church at Ephesus. Rev. ii. 1—7

1 THUS saith the Lord to Ephesus,
And thus he speaks to some of us;

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d "Amidst my churches, lo, I stand,
"And hold the pastors in my hand.
2 "Thy works to me are fully known,
"Thy patience and thy toil I own;
"Thy views of gospel truth are clear,
"Nor canst thou other doctrine bear.
3 "Yet I must blame, while I approve:
"Where is thy first, thy fervent love?
"Dost thou forget my love to thee,
"That thine is grown so faint to me?
4 "Recall to mind the happy days,
"When thou wast filled with joy and praise;
"Repent—thy former works renew,
"Then I'll restore thy comforts too.
5 "Return at once, when I reprove,
"Lest I thy candlestick remove;
"And thou, too late, thy loss lament;
"I warn before I strike:—Repent."
e 6 Hearken to what the Spirit saith
To him who overcomes by faith;
o "The fruit of life's unfading tree
"In Paradise his food shall be." NEWTON.

HYMN 156. C. M. *York.* [*]

Christ's Address to the Church at Smyrna. Rev ii 11

1 THE message first to Smyrna sent,
A message full of grace,
To all the Saviour's flock is meant,
In every age and place.
2 Thus to his church, his chosen bride,
Saith the great FIRST and LAST,
Who ever lives—though once he died!
d "Hold thy profession fast.
3 "Thy works and sorrow well I know,
"Performed and borne for me;
"Poor though thou art, despised and low,
"Yet who is rich like thee?
4 "I know thy foes, and what they say,
"How long they have blasphemed;
"The synagogue of Satan, they,
"Though they would Jews be deemed
5 "Though Satan for a season rage,
"And prisons be your lot;
"I am your friend, and I engage
"You shall not be forgot.

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6 "Be faithful unto death, nor fear
"A few short days of strife;
"Behold the prize you soon shall wear,
"A crown of endless life."
e 7 Hear what the Holy Spirit saith
Of all who overcome;
o "They shall escape the second death,
e "The sinner's awful doom!" NEWTON.

HYMN 157. 7 & 6. *Clark's. Hymn 5th.* [b*]

Christ's Address to the Church at Sardis. Rev. iii. 1—6.

d 1 "WRITE to Sardis," saith the Lord,
"And write what he declares;
"He whose Spirit, and whose Word,
"Upholds the seven stars;
"All thy works and ways I search,
"Find thy zeal and love decayed;
"Thou art called a living church,
"But thou art cold and dead.
2 "Watch—remember—seek, and strive,
"Exert thy former pains:
"Let thy timely care revive,
"And strengthen what remains:
"Cleanse thy heart, thy works amend,
"Former times to mind recall;
"Lest my sudden stroke descend,
"And smite thee once for all.
3 "Yet I number now in thee,
"A few who are upright;
"These my Father's face shall see,
"And walk with me in white:
"When in judgment I appear,
"They for mine shall stand confessed:
"Let my faithful servants hear,
"And woe be to the rest." COWPER

HYMN 158. L. M. *Oporto.* [*]

Christ's Address to the Church at Philadelphia. Rev iii. 7—13.

1 THUS saith the Holy One, and true,
To his beloved, faithful few;
"Of heaven and hell I hold the keys,
"To shut or open as I please.
2 "I know thy works, and I approve,
"Though small thy strength, sincere thy love;

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Go on my word and name to own,
For none shall rob thee of thy crown.

3 "Before thee see my mercy's door
"Stands open wide to shut no more;
"Fear not temptation's fiery day,
"For I will be thy strength and stay.

4 "Thou hast my promise, hold it fast;
"Thy trying hour will soon be past:
"Rejoice—for lo! I quickly come,
"To take thee to my heavenly home.

g 5 "A pillar there no more to move,
"Inscribed with all my names of love;
"A monument of mighty grace,
"Thou shalt forever have a place."

—6 Such is the conqueror's reward,
Prepared and promised by the Lord;
Let him who hath the ear of faith,
Attend to what the Spirit saith. NEWTON.

HYMN 159. L. M. *Newcourt.* [b]

Christ's Address to the Church at Laodicea. Rev. iii. 14—20.

d 1 HEAR, what the Lord, the great Amen,
The true and faithful Witness, says;
He formed the vast creation's plan,
And searches all our hearts and ways.

2 To some he speaks as once of old,
d "I know thee—thy profession's vain;
"Since thou art neither hot nor cold,
"I'll spit thee from me with disdain.

3 "Thou boastest, 'I am wise and rich,
"Increased in goods, and nothing need;'
"And dost not know thou art a wretch,
"Naked, and poor, and blind, and dead.

4 "Yet while I thus rebuke, I love;
"My message is in mercy sent,
"That thou mayst my compassion prove;
"I can forgive if thou repent.

5 "Wouldst thou be truly rich and wise,
"Come, buy my gold in fire well tried;
"My ointment, to anoint thine eyes,
"My robe, thy nakedness to hide.

6 "See, at thy door I stand and knock·
"Poor sinner, shall I wait in vain?

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"Quickly thy stubborn heart unlock,
"That I may enter with my train.
7 "Thou canst not entertain a king,
"Unworthy thou of such a guest!
"But I my own provision bring,
"To make thy soul a heavenly feast." NEWTON.

HYMN 160. S. M. *Newton.* [*]

Promise to Believers and their Children.

1 LORD, what our ears have heard,
Our eyes delighted trace;
Thy love in long succession shown
To Zion's chosen race.

2 Our children thou dost claim,
And mark them out for thine:
Ten thousand blessings to thy name,
For goodness so divine.

3 Thee let the fathers own,
And thee, the sons adore;
Joined to the Lord in solemn vows,
To be forgot no more.

4 Thy covenant may they keep,
And bless the happy bands,—
Which closer still engage their hearts,
To honour thy commands.

5 How great thy mercies, Lord!
How plenteous is thy grace!
Which, in the promise of thy love,
Includes our rising race.

6 Our offspring, still thy care,
Shall own their fathers' God;
To latest times thy blessings share,
And sound thy praise abroad. SALISBURY COL.

HYMN 161. C. M. *St. Ann's.* [*]

Christ's condescending Regard to little Children.
Mark x. 14.

1 SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand
With all engaging charms;
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms.

2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
"For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
"The Lord of angels came."

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o 3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.
—4 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear;
Ye children, seek his face;
o And fly with transports to receive
The blessings of his grace.
e 5 If orphans they are left behind,
— Thy guardian care we trust;
e That care shall heal our bleeding heart,
a If weeping o'er their dust. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 162. S. M. *Bingham.* [*]

Infants given to God in Baptism. Isa. lxv. 23.

1 GREAT God, now condescend
To bless our rising race;
Soon may their willing spirits bend
To thy victorious grace.
e 2 Oh, what a vast delight,
Their happiness to see!
Our warmest wishes all unite
To lead their souls to thee.
— 3 Now bless, thou God of love,
This ordinance divine;
Send thy good Spirit from above,
And make these children thine. FELLOWS.

HYMN 163. C. M. *York.* [*]

Young Persons invited to seek and love Christ. Prov viii. 17.

1 YE hearts with youthful vigor warm,
In smiling crowds draw near;
And turn from every mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.
2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you;
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your welfare to pursue.
d 3 "The soul who longs to see my face,
"Is sure my love to gain;
"And those who early seek my grace,
"Shall never seek in vain."
e 4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
If once compared with thee?

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What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see?
d 5 Away, ye false, delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind!
e 'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
And here true bliss I find. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 164. L. M. *Gloucester.* [*]

Early Piety. Matt. xii. 20.

1 HOW soft the words my Saviour speaks!
How kind the promises he makes!
A bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor will he quench the smoking flax.

2 The humble poor he won't despise,
Nor on the contrite sinner frown;
His ear is open to their cries,
He quickly sends salvation down.

3 When piety in early minds,
Like tender buds begins to shoot,
He guards the plants from threatening winds,
And ripens blossoms into fruit.

4 With humble souls he bears a part,
In all the sorrows they endure;
Tender and gracious is his heart,
His promise is forever sure.

5 He sees the struggles that prevail
Between the powers of grace and sin;
He kindly listens while they tell
The bitter pangs they feel within.

6 Though pressed with fears on every side,
They know not how the strife may end;
Yet he will soon the cause decide,
And judgment unto victory send. STENNET

HYMN 165. C. M. *Wareham.* [b *]

Young Persons entreated.

e 1 BESTOW, dear Lord, upon our youth,
The gift of saving grace;
And let the seed of sacred truth
Fall in a fruitful place.

—2 Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
Of pure and heavenly root;
But fairest in the youngest shows,
And yields the sweetest fruit.

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d 3 Ye careless ones, O hear betimes,
The voice of sovereign love!
e Your youth is stained with many crimes,
o But mercy reigns above.

d 4 True you are young, but there's a stone
Within the youngest breast,
Or half the crimes which you have done,
Would rob you of your rest.

—5 For you the public prayer is made,
Oh, join the public prayer!
p For you the secret tear is shed,
Oh, shed yourselves a tear.

6 We pray that you may early prove
The Spirit's power to teach;
You cannot be too young to love
That Jesus whom we preach. COWPER.

HYMN 166. 7s. *Redeeming Love.* [b *]

Prayer for young Persons.

1 NOW may fervent prayer arise,
Winged with faith, and pierce the skies;
Fervent prayer will bring us down
Gracious answers from the throne.

e 2 Shepherd of thy blood-bought sheep,
Teach the stony heart to weep;
Let the blind have eyes to see—
e See themselves—and look on thee.

—3 Let the minds of all our youth
Feel the force of sacred truth;
While the gospel call they hear,
May they learn to love and fear.

4 Show them what their ways have been;
Show them the desert of sin;
e Then thy dying love reveal;
This shall melt a heart of steel.

—5 Where thou hast thy work begun,
Give new strength the race to run;
Scatter darkness, clouds, and fears,
Wipe away the mourner's tears.

—6 Bless us all, both old and young:
Call forth praise from every tongue;
Let the whole assembly prove
All thy power, and all thy love. NEWTON

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HYMN 167. 7s. *Fairfax.* [b]

Prayer for Children.

1 GRACIOUS Lord, our children see;
By thy mercy *we* are free;
But shall these, alas! remain
Subjects still of Satan's reign?

2 Israel's infants, when of old,
Pharaoh threatened to withhold;
d Then thy Messenger said, "No:
"Let the children also go."

e 3 When the angel of the Lord,
Drawing forth his dreadful sword,
Slew with an avenging hand,
All the first-born of the land;—

o 4 Then thy people's doors he passed,
Where the bloody sign was placed:
e Hear us now upon our knees,
Plead the blood of Christ for these.

e 5 Lord, we tremble, for we know
How the fierce, malicious foe,
Wheeling round his watchful flight,
Keeps them ever in his sight.

—6 Spread thy pinions, King of kings!
Hide them safe beneath thy wings:
e Lest the ravenous birds of prey
Seize and bear the brood away. COWPER.

HYMN 168. 8 & 7. *Calvary.* [b]

Surrender to infinite Love. SACRAMENTAL.

1 WHEN I view my Saviour bleeding,
For my sins, upon the tree;
e O how wondrous!—how exceeding
Great his love appears to me!

e 2 Floods of deep distress and anguish,
To impede his labours, came;
—Yet they all could not extinguish
Love's eternal, burning flame.

e 3 Now redemption is completed,
Full salvation is procured:
e Death and Satan are defeated,
By the sufferings he endured.

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o 4 Now the gracious Mediator,
Risen to the courts of bliss,
Claims for me, a sinful creature,
Pardon, righteousness, and peace.

—5 Sure such infinite affection
Lays the highest claims to mine;
o All my powers, without exception,
Should in fervent praises join.

—6 Jesus, fit me for thy service;
Form me for thyself alone;
e I am thy most costly purchase;
Take possession of thy own. LEE.

HYMN 169. C. M. *Canterbury.* [b *]

Christ's Flesh Meat indeed. SACRAMENTAL. John vi. 53—56.

1 HERE at thy table, Lord, we meet,
To feed on food divine;
Thy body is the bread we eat,
Thy precious blood the wine.

2 He who prepares this rich repast,
Himself comes down and dies;
And then invites us thus to feast
Upon the sacrifice.

3 Here peace and pardon sweetly flow;
Oh, what delightful food!
We eat the bread and drink the wine—
But think on nobler good.

4 The bitter torments he endured,
Upon th' accursed tree,
For me—each welcome guest may say,
'Twas all procured for me.

5 Sure there was never love so free—
Dear Saviour—so divine!
Well thou mayst claim that heart of me,
Which owes so much to thine. STENNET

HYMN 170. C. M. *York. Barby.* [*]

Welcome to the Table. SACRAMENTAL.

1 THIS is the feast of heavenly wine,
And God invites to sup;
The juices of the living vine
Were pressed to fill the cup.

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o 2 Oh, bless the Saviour, ye who eat,
With royal dainties fed;
—Not heaven affords a costlier treat,
s For Jesus is the bread!

e 3 The vile, the lost—he calls to them;
d "Ye trembling souls, appear!
"The righteous in their own esteem
"Have no acceptance here.

4 "Approach, ye poor, nor dare refuse
"The banquet spread for you;"
e Dear Saviour, this is welcome news!
o Then I may venture too.

—5 If guilt and sin afford a plea,
And may obtain a place;
o Surely the Lord will welcome me,
And I shall see his face. COWPER.

HYMN 171. L. M. *Gloucester.* [b *]

Christ crucified. SACRAMENTAL.

1 WHEN, on the cross, my Lord I see,
Bleeding to death for wretched me;
—Satan and sin no more can move,
For I am all transformed to love.

2 His thorns and nails pierce through my heart;
In every groan I bear a part;
e I view his wounds with streaming eyes,
p But see,—he bows his head and dies!

—3 Come, sinners, view the Lamb of God,
a Wounded, and dead, and bathed in blood!
s Behold his side, and venture near;
—The well of endless life is here.

4 Here I forget my cares and pains;
I drink, yet still my thirst remains:
Only the fountain-head above
Can satisfy the thirst of love.

e 5 Oh that I thus could always feel!
Lord, more and more thy love reveal;
o Then my glad tongue shall loud proclaim
The grace and glory of thy Name.

o 6 Thy Name dispels my guilt and fear,
Revives my heart, and charms my ear;
Affords a balm for every wound,
d And Satan trembles at the sound. NEWTON

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HYMN 172. C. M. *Barby.* [b *]

Jesus hasting to suffer. SACRAMENTAL.

e 1 THE Saviour—what a noble flame
Was kindled in his breast,
—When, hasting to Jerusalem,
He marched before the rest!
o 2 Good-will to men, and zeal for God,
His every thought engross:
e He longs to be baptized with blood!
He pants to reach the cross!
e 3 With all his sufferings full in view,
And woes, to us unknown,
o Forth to the task his spirit flew—
'Twas love that urged him on.
e 4 Lord, we return thee—what we can!
o Our hearts shall sound abroad,
Salvation, to the dying MAN,
g And to the rising GOD!
—5 And while thy bleeding glories here
Engage our wondering eyes;
We learn our lighter cross to bear,
o And hasten to the skies. COWPER.

HYMN 173. 8, 7 & 4. *Helmsley.* [*]

It is finished. SACRAMENTAL.

e 1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
o See, it rends the rocks asunder—
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!
d "It is finished!"—
e Hear the Saviour—dying—cry.
d 2 It is finished!—O what pleasure
Do these precious words afford!
o Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
d It is finished!—
e Saints, the dying words record.
—3 Finished—all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finished—all that God had promised;
Death and hell no more shall awe:
d It is finished!
—Saints, from hence your comforts draw.

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o 4 Ransomed ones, approach the table—
Taste the soul-reviving food:
Nothing's half so sweet and pleasant,
As the Saviour's flesh and blood.
d It is finished—
—Christ has borne the heavy load.

o 5 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,—
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
e All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Emmanuel's name;
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb! BURDER's Cos.

HYMN 174. 7s. *Fairfax.* [* b]

It is good to be here. SACRAMENTAL.

1 LET me dwell on Golgotha,
a Weep and love my life away!
e While I see him on the tree,
a Weep—and bleed—and die for me!

—2 That dear blood for sinners spilt,
Shows my sin in all its guilt:
p Ah, my soul, behold the load!
a Hast thou slain the Lamb of God!

d 3 Hark! his dying word, "Forgive,
"Father, let the sinner live:
"Sinner, wipe thy tears away,
"I thy ransom freely pay."

—4 While I hear this grace revealed,
And obtain a pardon sealed,
All my soft affections move,
Wakened by the force of love.

d 5 Farewell, world, thy gold is dross,
Now I see the bleeding Cross;
—Jesus died to set me free,
From the law, and sin, and thee!

6 He has dearly bought my soul;
Lord, accept, and claim the whole;
To thy will I all resign,
e Now no more my own, but thine. NEWTON.

HYMN 175. H. M. *Bethesda.* [*]

The Fountain of Life. SACRAMENTAL.

1 HAIL, everlasting Spring!
Celestial Fountain, hail!

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Thy streams salvation bring,
The waters never fail:
Still they endure, and still they flow,
For all our woe a sovereign cure.

2 Blest be His wounded side,
And blest his bleeding heart,
Who all in anguish died,
Such favours to impart.
His sacred blood shall make us clean
From every sin—and fit for God

3 To that dear source of love,
Our souls this day would come:
And thither from above,
Lord, call the nations home;
That Jew and Greek, with rapt'rous songs,
On all their tongues, thy praise may speak.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 176. C. M. *Christmas.* [*]

Highway to Zion. Isa. xxxv. 8—10.

1 SING, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Your great Deliverer sing;
Pilgrims, for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.

2 See the fair way his hand has raised,
How holy, and how plain!
Nor shall the simplest traveller err,
Nor ask the track in vain.

3 Nor ravening lion shall destroy,
Nor lurking serpent wound;
Pleasure and safety, peace and praise,
Through all the path are found.

4 A hand divine shall lead you on,
Through all the blissful road;
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your smiling God.

5 There garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows all are fled.

6 March on in your Redeemer's strength;
Pursue his footsteps still;
And let the prospect cheer your eye,
While labouring up the hill.

DODDRIDGE.

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HYMN 177. 8 & 7. *Drummond.* [*]

Safety and Happiness of Zion. Isa. xxxiii. 20, 21.

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
e He whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode:
g On the rock of ages founded—
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

o 2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
e Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?
—Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near:
Thus deriving from their banner,
Light by night, and shade by day;
Safe they feed upon the manna,
Which he gives them when they pray. NEWTON.

HYMN 178. L. M. *Blendon.* [*]

God the Defence of Zion. Ezek. xlviii. 35.

1 AS birds their infant brood protect,
And spread their wings to shelter them;
Thus saith the Lord to his elect,
d "So will I guard Jerusalem."

e 2 And what then is Jerusalem,
This darling object of his care?
Where is its worth in God's esteem?
a Who built it?—Who inhabits there?

—3 Jehovah founded it in blood,
The blood of his incarnate Son;
There dwell the saints, once foes to God,
The sinners, whom he calls his own.

4 There, though besieged on every side,
Yet much beloved, and guarded well,

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o From age to age they have defied
The utmost force of earth and hell.

e 5 Let earth repent, and hell despair,
o This city has a sure defence;
d Her name is called, "THE LORD IS THERE;"
e And who has power to drive Him thence?

COWPER.

HYMN 179. 8 & 7. *Drummond.* [*]

Future Peace and Glory of Zion. Isa. lx. 15, 20

1 HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken
e "O my people, faint and few,
"Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
o "Fair abodes I build for you:
—"Scenes of heartfelt tribulation
"Shall no more perplex your ways:
d "You shall name your walls SALVATION,—
— "And your gates shall all be praise."

b 2 There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures, without end, shall flow;
—For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All his bounty shall bestow:
Still in undisturbed possession,
Peace and righteousness shall reign;
Never shall you feel oppression—
Hear the voice of war again.

3 Ye, no more your suns declining,
Waning moons no more shall see;
But, your griefs forever ending,
Find eternal noon in me.
o God will rise, and, shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night;
g He the Lord will be your glory,
God your everlasting light.

COWPER.

HYMN 180. L. M. *Worship.* [b]

Prayer for Zion.

1 INDULGENT Sovereign of the skies,
And wilt thou bow thy gracious ear?
While feeble mortals raise their cries,
Wilt thou, the great Jehovah, hear?

e 2 How shall thy servants give thee rest,
Till Zion's mouldering walls thou raise?

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—Till thy own power shall stand confessed,
And make Jerusalem a praise?

c 3 For this, a lowly suppliant crowd,
Here in thy sacred temple wait:
—For this we lift our voices loud,
And call, and knock at mercy's gate.

c 4 Look down, O God, with pitying eye,
And view the desolations round;
e See what wide realms in darkness lie,
—And hurl their idols to the ground.

o 5 Loud let the gospel trumpet blow,
And call the nations from afar;
Let all the isles their Saviour know,
And earth's remotest ends draw near. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 181. L. M. *Blendon.* [b *]

Prayer for Zion's Increase. Isa. li. 9.

d 1 ARM of the Lord, awake, awake!
Put on thy strength—the nations shake.
—And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.

2 Say to the heathen from thy throne,
d "I am Jehovah—God alone!"
—Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

e 3 No more let human blood be spilt—
Vain sacrifice for human guilt!
But to each conscience be applied
e The blood that flowed from Jesus' side.

o 4 Arm of the Lord, thy power extend,
Let Mahomet's impostures end;
Break superstition's Papal chain,
And the proud scoffer's rage restrain.

o 5 Let Zion's time of favour come;
O bring the tribes of Israel home:
And let our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Christ's one fold.

g 6 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim,
In every land of every name;
Let adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour—LORD OF ALL.

MISS. COM.

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HYMN 182. L. M. *Leeds.* [*]

Longing for the promised Spread of the Gospel. Dan.ii.45.

1 EXERT thy power, thy rights maintain,
e Insulted—everlasting King!
—The influence of thy crown increase,
And strangers to thy footstool bring.

e 2 We long to see that happy time,
That dear, expected, blessed day!
o When countless myriads of our race
The second Adam shall obey.

—3 The prophecies must be fulfilled,
Though earth and hell should dare oppose;
The STONE cut from the mountain's side,
Though unobserved, to empire grows.

4 Soon shall the blended Image fall,
Brass, silver, iron, gold, and clay;
And superstition's gloomy reign,
To light and liberty give way.

5 In one sweet symphony of praise,
o Gentile and Jew shall then unite;
And Infidelity, ashamed,
Sink in the abyss of endless night.

6 Soon Afric's long-enslaved sons
Shall join with Europe's polished race,
To celebrate, in different tongues,
The glories of redeeming grace.

g 7 From east to west, from north to south,
Emmanuel's kingdom shall extend;
—And every man, in every face,
Shall meet a brother and a friend. VOKE.

HYMN 183. C. M. *Mitcham.* [*]

Prayer for the Success of Missions. Ps. lxxii. 7, 8

1 LORD, send thy word, and let it fly,
Armed with thy Spirit's power;
e Ten thousand shall confess its sway,
And bless the saving hour.

o 2 Beneath the influence of thy grace,
The barren wastes shall rise,
With sudden greens, and fruits arrayed—
g A blooming Paradise.

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—3 True holiness shall strike its root
In each regenerate heart;—
Shall in a growth divine arise,
And heavenly fruits impart.

e 4 Peace, with her olives crowned, shall stretch
Her wings from shore to shore;
No trump shall rouse the rage of war,
Nor murderous cannon roar.

—5 Lord, for those days we wait—those days
Are in thy word foretold;
o Fly swifter, sun, and stars, and bring
This promised age of gold.

e 6 Amen—with joy divine, let earth's
Unnumbered myriads cry;
g Amen—with joy divine, let heaven's
Unnumbered choirs reply. GIBBONS.

HYMN 184. C. M. *Canterbury.* [*]

Prayer for Missionaries.

1 GREAT God, the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine;
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine.

o 2 But, Lord, thy greater love has sent
Thy gospel to mankind;
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasured in thy mind.

g 3 Lord, when shall these glad tidings spread—
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe and every soul
Shall hear the joyful sound?

p 4 O when shall *Afric's* sable sons
Enjoy the heavenly word?
And vassals long enslaved become
The freemen of the Lord?

e 5 When shall th' untutored *Heathen* tribes,
A dark, bewildered race,
Sit down at our Emmanuel's feet,
And learn and see his grace?

6 Haste, sovereign Mercy, and transform
Their cruelty to love:
Soften the tiger to the lamb,
The vulture to a dove.

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7 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
To spread the gospel's rays!
8 And build, on sin's demolished throne,
The temples of thy praise. RIPPON.

HYMN 185. 10s. *Walworth.* [*]

Prayer for the Latter Day Glory.

1 LORD of all worlds, incline thy bounteous ear,
Thy children's voice in tender mercy hear,
Bear thy blest promise, fixed as hills, in mind,
And shed renewing grace on lost mankind:
O let thy Spirit like soft dews descend;
Thy gospel run to earth's remotest end.

2 Let Zion's walls before thee ceaseless stand,
Dear as thine eye, and graven on thy hand;
From earth's far regions Jacob's sons restore,
Oppressed by man, and scourged by thee, no more;
Enriched with gold, adorned with heavenly grace,
Truth their sole guide, and all their pleasure praise.

3 Then Satan's kingdom shall from earth retire,
Dead forms dissolve, and furious zeal expire,
The Beast's fell throne shall darkness dire surround,
Mohammed's empire tumble to the ground;
The dreams of Infidels in smoke decay,
And all the foes of heaven shall fleet away.

4 In barren wilds shall living waters spring,
Fair temples rise, and songs of transport ring;
The savage mind with sweet affection warm,
And light and love the yielding bosom charm:
From sin's oblivious sleep the soul arise,
And grace and goodness shower from balmy skies.

5 Then shall mankind no more in darkness mourn
Then happy nations in a day be born;
From east to west thy glorious Name be one,
And one pure worship hail th' eternal Son:
Remotest realms one spotless faith unite,
And o'er all regions beam the gospel's light.

6 Then shall thy saints exult with joy divine;
Their virtues quicken, and their lives refine;
Their souls improve, their songs more grateful rise,
And sweeter incense cheer the morning skies:
Heaven o'er the world unfold a brighter day,
And Jesus spread his reign from sea to sea. DWIGHT.

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HYMN 186. C. M. *Bethlehem.* [*]

Zion exalted above the Hills. Isa. ii: 2—5.

1 O'ER mountain tops the mount of God,
In latter days shall rise—
Above the summit of the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

o 2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow;
"Up to the mount of God," they say,
"And to his house we'll go."

3 The beams that shine from Zion's hill,
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers,
Shall the whole world command.

e 4 Among the nations he shall judge,
His judgments truth shall guide;
e His sceptre shall protect the just,
And crush the sinner's pride.

e 5 No war shall rage, no hostile feuds
Disturb those peaceful years;
—To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

o 6 Come then, O house of Jacob, come,
And worship at his shrine;
g And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

SCOTCH PARAPHRASE

HYMN 187. L. M. *Castle Street.* [*]

Millennium. Isa. xi. 5—9. Rev. xx. 4—10.

1 LOOK up, my soul, with glad surprise,
Towards the joyful, coming day;
When Jesus shall descend the skies,
And form a bright, a glorious day.

o 2 Nations shall in a day be born,
And swift, like doves, to Jesus fly;
—The saints shall know no clouds return,
Nor sorrows mingled with their joy.

b 3 The lion and the lamb shall feed
Together, in his peaceful reign;
—And Zion, blest with heavenly bread,
Of pinching wants no more complain.

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4 The Jew, the Greek, the bond, the free,
Shall boast their several rights no more;
o But join in sweetest harmony,
Their Lord, their Sovereign to adore.
—5 Thus, till a thousand years are passed,
And Satan must be loosed again;
Short is the time his reign shall last,
a Ere he's confined in endless pain.
o 6 But the blest saints shall mount on high,
Where their delivering Prince is gone;
e Angels at God's command shall fly,
To bless them with a conqueror's crown. ANON.

HYMN 188. 8 & 7. *Sicilian.* [*]

Collection for the Spread of the Gospel.

1 WITH my substance I will honour
My Redeemer and my Lord;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to his word.
o 2 While the heralds of salvation
His abounding grace proclaim;
Let his friends of every station,
Gladly join to spread his fame.
—3 May his kingdom be promoted,
May the world the Saviour know;
Be my all to him devoted,
To my Lord my all I owe.
o 4 Praise the Saviour, all ye nations;
Praise him all ye hosts above;
e Shout with joyful acclamations,
His divine—victorious love. FRANCIS.

HYMN 189. S. M. *Newton.* [*]

Charitable Collection. 1 Chron. xxix. 14

1 THY bounties, gracious Lord,
With gratitude we own;
We praise thy providential grace,
That showers its blessings down.
o 2 With joy the people bring
Their offerings round thy throne;
With thankful souls, behold, we pay
A tribute of thine own.
e 3 Accept this humble mite,
Great sovereign Lord of all;
Nor let our numerous mingling sins
The sacred ointment spoil

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— 4 Let the Redeemer's blood
Diffuse its virtues wide:
Hallow and cleanse our every gift,
And all our follies hide.

e 5 O may this sacrifice
To thee the Lord ascend,
—An odour of a sweet perfume,
Presented by his hand.

o 6 Well pleased our God shall view
The products of his grace;
And, in a plentiful reward,
Fulfill his promises. SCOTT.

HYMN 190. C. M. *Hymn 2d.* [*]

The Good Samaritan. Luke x. 30—37.

1 FATHER of mercies, send thy grace,
All powerful from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.

b 2 O may our sympathizing breasts
That generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe.

e 3 When the most helpless sons of grief,
In low distress are laid,
p Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
o And swift our hands to aid.

—4 So Jesus looked on dying men,
When throned above the skies;
And midst the embraces of thy love,
He felt compassion rise.

o 5 On wings of love the Saviour flew,
To raise us from the ground;
e And gave the richest of his blood,
A balm for every wound. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 191. C. M. *Devizes.* [*]

Nature and Fruits of Charity.

1 O CHARITY, thou heavenly grace!
All tender, soft and kind!
A friend to all the human race,
To all that's good inclined!

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2 The man of charity extends
To all his liberal hand;
His kindred, neighbours, foes and friends
His pity may command.

e 3 He aids the poor in their distress;
He hears when they complain;
With tender heart delights to bless,
And lessen all their pain.

4 The sick, the prisoner, poor and blind,
And all the sons of grief,
In him a benefactor find—
He loves to give relief.

o 5 'Tis love that makes religion sweet;
'Tis love that makes us rise,
With willing minds and ardent feet,
To yonder happy skies.

—6 Then let us all in love abound,
And charity pursue;
o Thus shall we be with glory crowned,
e And love as angels do. PROUD

HYMN 192. C. M. *St. Ann's.* [*]

Relieving Christ in his Members. Matt. xxv. 40.

e 1 JESUS, my Lord, how rich thy grace!
Thy bounties! how complete!
How shall I count the matchless sum?
How pay the mighty debt?

g 2 High on a throne of radiant light
Dost thou exalted shine;
e What can my poverty bestow—
When all the worlds are thine?

—3 But thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of thy grace;
And wilt confess their humble names,
Before thy Father's face.

e 4 In them thou mayst be clothed and fed,
And visited and cheered,
And in their accents of distress,
My Saviour's voice is heard.

—5 Thy face with reverence and with love,
I in the poor would see;
O rather let me beg my bread,
Than hold it back from thee. DODDRIDGE

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HYMN 193. 8 & 7. [*]

A Charity Hymn.

1 LORD of life, all praise excelling,
Thou, in glory, unconfined,
Deign'st to make thy humble dwelling,
With the poor of humble mind.

2 As thy love through all creation,
Beams like thy diffusive light,
So the scorned and humble station
Shrinks before thine equal sight.

3 Thus thy care, for all providing,
Warmed thy faithful prophet's tongue;
Who, the lot of all deciding,
To thy chosen Israel sung:—

4 "When thy harvest yields thee pleasure,
"Thou the golden sheaf shalt bind,
"To the poor belongs the treasure
"Of the scattered ears behind."

CHORUS.—"These thy God ordains to bless—
"The widow and the fatherless.

5 "When thine olive plants increasing,
"Pour their plenty o'er thy plain;
"Grateful thou shalt take the blessing,
"But not search the bough again."

CHORUS.—"These," &c.

6 "When thy favoured vintage, flowing
"Gladdens thy autumnal scene;
"Own the bounteous hand bestowing,
"But thy vines the poor shall glean.

CHORUS.—"These," &c.

7 Still we read thy word declaring
Mercy, Lord, thine own decree;
Mercy, every sorrow sharing,
Warms the heart resembling thee.

8 Still the orphan and the stranger,
Still the widow owns thy care;
Screened by thee in every danger,
Heard by thee in every prayer.

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HYMN 194. L. M. *Sicilian.* [*]

Meeting of Christian Friends.

1 KINDRED in Christ, for his dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give.

o 2 To you and us by grace is given,
To know the Saviour's precious name;
And shortly we shall meet in heaven,
Our hope, our way, our end the same.

—3 May he by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above;
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

4 Forgotten be each earthly theme,
When Christians see each other thus;
e We only wish to speak of HIM,
a Who lived—and died—and reigns—for us.

e 5 We'll talk of all he did and said,
And suffered for us here below;
The path he marked for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now.

—6 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore;
o And hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet—to part no more.

NEWTON.

HYMN 195. S. M. *Bingham.* [*]

Parting of Christian Friends.

1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

e 2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

— 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
e And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

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e 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
—But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

o 5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

— 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
g And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity. FAWCETT

HYMN 196. C. M. *Hymn 2d. St. Ann's.* [*]

A Marriage Hymn.

1 SINCE Jesus freely did appear
To grace a marriage feast,
Dear Lord, we ask thy presence here,
To make a wedding guest.

e 2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands;
Their union with thy favour crown,
And bless the nuptial bands.

—3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
Of all rich dowries best;
Their substance bless, and peace bestow,
To sweeten all the rest.

e 4 In purest love their souls unite,
That they, with Christian care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking mutual share.

—5 As Isaac and Rebecca gave
A pattern chaste and kind;
So may this married couple live,
e And die in friendship joined.

6 And when that solemn hour shall come,
And life's short space be o'er;
o May they in triumph reach that home,
Where they shall part no more.

HYMN 197. 8 & 7. *Sicilian.* [*]

A Marriage Hymn.

1 (COME, thou condescending Jesus!
Thou hast blest a marriage feast·

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Come, and with thy presence bless us,
Deign to be an honoured guest.

2 Once at Cana's happy village,
Thou didst heavenly joy impart;
Though unseen, may thy blest image
Be inscribed on every heart.)

• 3 Lord, we come to ask thy blessing
On the happy pair to rest;
—May thy goodness, never ceasing,
Make them now and ever blest.

4 Thou canst change the course of nature,
Turning water into wine;
• But we ask a greater favour—
May they be forever thine.

—5 Thine by covenant and adoption,
Thine by free and sovereign grace;
May they, in each word and action,
Do thy will and speak thy praise.

6 Gracious Lord, from thy free bounty,
Fill their basket and their store;
Give them, with their health and plenty,
Hearts thy goodness to adore.

• 7 Often, from their happy dwelling,
May the voice of prayer ascend,
For thy mercies still increasing,
To their best, their kindest FRIEND.

-8 Through this life's tempestuous ocean,
Storms are thick, and dangers nigh;
O may constant pure devotion
Guide them safe to realms on high.

• 9 When by death's cold hand divided,
Which dissolves the tenderest ties;
—By thy grace again united,
May they in thine image rise.

• 10 Come, thou condescending Jesus,
Fill our hearts with songs of praise;
Come, and with thy presence bless us,
Make us subjects of thy grace. CODMAN.

HYMN 198. L. M. *Green's.* [*]

A Family Hymn.

1 FATHER of men, thy care we bless,
Which crowns our families with peace,

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From thee they sprung, and by thy hand
Their root and branches are sustained.

s 2 To God, most worthy to be praised,
Be our domestic altars raised;
Who, Lord of heaven, scorns not to dwell
With saints in their obscurest cell.

—3 To thee may each united House,
Morning and night, present its vows;
Our servants here, and rising race,
Be taught thy precepts, and thy grace.

o 4 O may each future age proclaim
The honours of thy glorious name;
g While pleased, and thankful, we remove
To join the family above. DODDRIDGE

HYMN 199. L. M. *Portugal.* [*]

A Morning Hymn.

1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun,
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

s 2 Lord, I my vows to thee renew!
Scatter my sins like morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

—3 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

o 4 Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him all creatures here below:
Praise him above, angelic host;—
g Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. KEN.

HYMN 200. 7s. *Pleyel's.* [*]

A Morning Hymn.

1 NOW the shades of night are gone;
Now the morning light is come:
Lord, may we be thine to-day;
Drive the shades of sin away.

2 Fill our souls with heavenly light,
Banish doubt, and cleanse our sight;
In thy service, Lord, to-day,
Help us labour, help us pray.

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3 Keep our haughty passions bound;
Save us from our foes around;
Going out, and coming in,
Keep us safe from every sin.

4 When our work of life is past,
O receive us then at last!
Night of sin will be no more,
When we reach the heavenly shore. HART. COL

HYMN 201. L. M. *Worship. Sicilian.* [*]

An Evening Hymn.

1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own Almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed:
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise, glorious, at the awful day.

4 O let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep my eyelids close;
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make,
To serve my God, when I awake.

5 If in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest;
No powers of darkness me molest.

6 Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. KENN

HYMN 202. 8s. *Bethany.* [*]

An Evening Hymn.

1 INSPIRER and Hearer of prayer,
Thou Feeder and Guardian of thine;
My all to thy covenant care,
I, sleeping or waking, resign.

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o 2 If thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And fast as my moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to thee.

e 3 A sovereign Protector I have,
Unseen, yet forever at hand;
Unchangeably faithful to save,
Almighty to rule and command.

—4 From evil secure, and its dread,
I rest, if my Saviour be nigh;
And songs his kind presence indeed,
Shall in the night season supply

o 5 His smiles and his comforts abound,
His grace as the dew shall descend;
o And wells of salvation surround,
The soul he delights to defend. TOPLADY.

HYMN 203. C. M. *Barby.* [*]

A Hymn for Morning or Evening.

1 ON thee, each morning, O my God,
My waking thoughts attend;
In whom are founded all my hopes,
In whom my wishes end.

e 2 My soul in pleasing wonder lost,
Thy boundless love surveys;
—And, fired with grateful zeal, prepares
The sacrifice of praise.

e 3 When evening slumbers press my eyes,
With thy protection blest;
b In peace and safety I commit
My weary limbs to rest.

o 4 My spirit in thy hands secure,
Fears no approaching ill;
For whether waking, or asleep,
Thou, Lord, art with me still.

o 5 Then will I daily to the world
Thy wondrous acts proclaim;
Whilst all with me shall praise and sing,
And bless the sacred Name.

e 6 At morn, at noon, at night I'll still
Thy growing work pursue;
s And thee alone will praise, to whom
Eternal praise is due. LIV. COL

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HYMN 204. L. P. M. *Devotion.* [*]

Daily Duties. Dependence and Enjoyment. Rom. xiv. 8.—*Morning or Evening.*

1 WHEN, streaming from the eastern skies
The morning light salutes my eyes,
O Sun of Righteousness divine,
On me with beams of mercy shine;
Chase the dark clouds of guilt away,
And turn my darkness into day.

2 When, to heaven's great and glorious King,
My morning sacrifice I bring;
And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
Ask mercy in my Saviour's name;
Then, JESUS, sprinkle with thy blood,
And be my Advocate with God.

3 As every day thy mercy spares
Will bring its trials and its cares;
O Saviour, till my life shall end,
Be thou my counsellor and friend:
Teach me thy precepts, all divine,
And be thy great example mine.

4 When pain transfixes every part,
And languor settles at the heart;
When on my bed, diseased, oppressed,
I turn, and sigh, and long for rest;
O great Physician! see my grief,
And grant thy servant sweet relief.

5 Should poverty's consuming blow
Lay all my worldly comforts low;
And neither help, nor hope appear,
My steps to guide, my heart to cheer:
Lord, pity, and supply my need,
For thou on earth wast poor indeed.

6 Should Providence profusely pour
Its various blessings in my store;
O keep me from the ills that wait
On such a seeming prosperous state;
From hurtful passions set me free,
And humbly may I walk with thee.

7 When each day's scenes and labours close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;

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And, as each morning sun shall rise,
O lead me onward to the skies.

8 And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labours done,
Jesus, thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed:
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
"To see thy face, and sing thy praise."

HYMN 205. C. M. *Barby. St. Ann's.* | b]

Religion the One Thing needful.

1 RELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below;
May I its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtue know.

2 More needful this than glittering wealth,
Or aught the world bestows;
Not reputation, food, or health,
Can give us such repose.

3 Religion should our thoughts engage,
Amidst our youthful bloom;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.

4 O may my heart by grace renewed,
Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His government to own.

5 Let deep repentance, faith and love
Be joined with godly fear;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.

6 Preserve me from the snares of sin,
Through my remaining days;
And in me let each virtue shine,
To my Redeemer's praise.

7 Let lively hope my soul inspire;
Let warm affections rise;
And may I wait with strong desire
To mount above the skies. FAWCETT

HYMN 206. C. M. *Devizes.* [*]

Spring.

1 WHEN verdure clothes the fertile vale,
And blossoms deck the spray;

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And fragrance breathes in every gale,
How sweet the vernal day!

e 2 Hark! how the feathered warblers sing!
— 'Tis nature's cheerful voice;
e Soft music hails the lovely spring,
o And woods and fields rejoice.

—3 How kind the influence of the skies!
The showers, with blessings fraught,
Bid virtue, beauty, fragrance rise,
And fix the roving thought.

e 4 Then let my wondering heart confess,
With gratitude and love,
The bounteous Hand that deigns to bless
The garden, field, and grove.

g 5 That bounteous Hand my thoughts adore,
Beyond expression kind,
Hath better, nobler gifts in store,
To bless the craving mind.

e 6 O God of nature and of grace,
Thy heavenly gifts impart;
—Then shall my meditation trace
Spring, blooming in my heart.

o 7 Inspired to praise, I then shall join
Glad nature's cheerful song;
s And love and gratitude divine
Attune my joyful tongue. STERLE.

HYMN 207. 8s. *Uxbridge.* [*]

Spring.

1 HOW sweetly, along the gay mead,
The daisies and cowslips are seen!
The flocks, as they carelessly feed,
Rejoice in the beautiful green!

2 The vines that encircle the bowers,
The herbage that springs from the sod,—
Trees, plants, cooling fruits, and sweet flowers,
All rise to the praise of my God.

e 3 Shall man, the great master of all,
The only insensible prove?
d Forbid it, fair gratitude's call—
Forbid it, devotion and love.

g 4 The Lord, who such wonders can raise,
And still can destroy with a nod,

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My lips shall incessantly praise—
My soul shall rejoice in my God.

HYMN 208. C. M. *Doxology.* [*]

Summer: a Harvest Hymn.

1 TO praise the ever-bounteous Lord,
My soul, wake all thy powers:
He calls—and at his voice come forth
The smiling harvest hours.

g 2 His covenant with the earth he keeps;
My tongue, his goodness sing;
Summer and winter know their time,
His harvest crowns the spring.

o 3 Well pleased the toiling swains behold
The waving yellow crop;
With joy they bear the sheaves away,
And sow again in hope.

e 4 Thus teach me, gracious God, to sow
The seeds of righteousness;
Smile on my soul, and with thy beams,
The ripening harvest bless.

o 5 Then in the last great harvest, I
Shall reap a glorious crop;
The harvest shall by far exceed
What I have sowed in hope. RIPPON.

HYMN 209. C. M. *Abridge.* [b]

Prayer for Rain.

1 NOW may the Lord of earth and skies
Regard us when we call;
'Tis he who bids the vapours rise,
And showers abundant fall.

2 On thee, our God, we all depend,
For life, and health, and food:
O make refreshing showers descend,
And crown the year with good.

3 The evil and the just partake
These bounties of thy hand;
Nor will a God of love forsake
This long-indulged land.

4 Let grace come down, like copious rain,
On Zion's drooping field:
So shall our souls revive again,
And fruit abundant yield

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o 5 Then smiling nature shall express
Her mighty Maker's praise;
And we, the children of thy grace,
Join her harmonious lays. BURDER'S COL.

HYMN 210. L. M. *Psalm 97th.* [* b]

Autumn.

1 SEE how brown autumn spreads the field!
Mark—how the whitening hills are turned!
Behold them to the reapers yield,—
The wheat is saved—the tares are burned.

e 2 Thus the great Judge, with glory crowned,
Descends to reap the ripened earth;
g Angelic guards attend him down,
The same who sang his humble birth.

3 In sounds of glory hear him speak,
d "Go search around the flaming world;
"Haste—call my saints to rise, and take
"The seats from which their foes were hurled.

4 "Go, burn the chaff in endless fire,
"In flames unquenched consume each tare;
"Sinners must feel my holy ire,
"And sink in guilt—to deep despair."

a 5 Thus ends the harvest of the earth:—
—Angels obey the awful voice;
d They save the wheat—they burn the chaff;—
g All heaven approves the sovereign choice.

HYMN 211. C. M. *Hymn 2d.* [b *]

Winter.

1 STERN Winter throws his icy chains,
Encircling nature round;
p How bleak, how comfortless the plains,
Late with gay verdure crowned!

e 2 The sun withdraws his vital beams,
And light and warmth depart;
And drooping, lifeless nature seems
An emblem of my heart.

3 My heart, where mental winter reigns
In night's dark mantle clad;
p Confined in cold inactive chains—
How desolate and sad!

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—4 Return, O blissful Sun, and bring
Thy soul-reviving ray;
This mental winter shall be spring,
This darkness cheerful day.

o 5 O happy state—divine abode,
Where spring eternal reigns,
And perfect day, the smile of God,
Fills all the heavenly plains.

g 6 Great Source of light, thy beams display,
My drooping joys restore;
And guide me to the seats of day,
Where winters frown no more.

HYMN 212. C. M. *Canterbury.* [b *]

Swiftness of Time. New Year.

1 REMARK, my soul, the narrow bound
Of the revolving year;
e How swift the weeks complete their round!
How short the months appear!

d 2 So fast eternity comes on—
And that important day,
When all that mortal life hath done,
God's judgment shall survey.

e 3 Yet, like an idle tale, we pass
The swift revolving year;
And study artful ways to increase
The speed of its career.

—4 Waken, O God, my careless heart,
Its great concerns to see;
That I may act the Christian part,
And give the year to thee.

o 5 So shall their course more grateful roll,
If future years arise;
Or this shall bear my waiting soul
To joy beyond the skies. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 213. L. M. *Castle Street.* [*]

Help obtained of God. New Year.

1 GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand!
The opening year thy mercy shows;
Let mercy crown it till it close

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e 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

—3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future—all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

e 5 When death shall interrupt our songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
g *Our Helper*, God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

RIPPON'S COL.

HYMN 214. 10 & 11. *Walworth.* [*]

Goodness of God. New Year.

1 HOUSE of our God, with cheerful anthems ring,
While all our lips and hearts his graces sing;
The opening year his graces shall proclaim,
And all its days be vocal with his name;
The Lord is good—his mercy never ending;
His blessings in perpetual showers descending.

2 The heaven of heavens he with his bounty fills;
Ye seraphs bright, on ever-blooming hills,
His honours sound; you to whom good alone,
Unmingled, ever-growing, has been known:
Through your immortal life, with love increasing,
Proclaim your Maker's goodness—never ceasing.

3 Thou earth, enlightened by his rays divine,
Pregnant with grass, and corn, and oil, and wine,
Crowned with his goodness, let thy nations meet,
And lay their crowns at his paternal feet;
With grateful love that liberal hand confessing,
Which through each heart diffuses every blessing.

e 4 Zion, enriched with his distinguished grace,
Blest with the rays of thine EMMANUEL'S face—
Zion, Jehovah's portion and delight,
Graven on his hands, and hourly in his sight,
o In sacred strains, exalt that grace excelling,
Which makes thy humble hill his chosen dwelling.

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—5 His mercy never ends—the dawn, the shade
Still see new beauties thro' new scenes displayed
Succeeding ages bless this sure abode,
And children lean upon their father's God.
e The deathless soul through its immense duration,
Drinks from this source immortal consolation.

s 6 Burst into praise, my soul, all nature join;
Angels and men, in harmony combine:
e While human years are measured by the sun,
And while ETERNITY its course shall run—
g His goodness, in perpetual showers descending,
Exalt in songs and raptures never ending.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 215. C. M. *Sunday.* [*]

Close of the Year.

1 AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high;
o Awake and praise that sovereign love
That shows salvation nigh.

—2 On all the wings of time it flies,
Each moment brings it near;
o Then welcome, each declining day!
Welcome, each closing year!

—3 Not many years their rounds shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our admiring eyes.

o 4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course,
e Ye mortal powers, decay;
—Fast as ye bring the night of death,
o Ye bring eternal day.

DODDRIDGE

HYMN 216. L. M. *Carthage.* [b]

Importance of Time.

e 1 O TIME, how few thy value weigh!
How few will estimate a day!
e Days, months, and years, are rolling on,
a The soul neglected—and undone.

—2 In painful cares, or empty joys,
Our life its precious hours destroys;
Whilst death stands watching at our side,
Eager to stop the living tide.

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e 3 Was it for this, ye mortal race,
Your Maker gave you here a place?
Was it for this his thoughts designed
The frame of your immortal mind?

d 4 For nobler cares, for joys sublime,
He fashioned all the sons of time;
Pilgrims on earth; but soon to be—
The heirs of immortality.

—5 This season of your being, know,
Is given to you your seeds to sow;
Wisdom's and folly's differing grain,
In future worlds, is bliss, and pain.

e 6 Then let me every day review,
Idle or busy, search it through;
—And whilst probation's minutes last,
Let every day amend the past. Scott

HYMN 217. C. P. M. *Pilgrim.* [b]

Serious Prospect of Eternity.

e 1 LO! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand-
p Yet how insensible!
—A point of time—a moment's space—
o Removes me to yon heavenly place,
e Or—shuts me up in hell!

—2 O God, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply in my thoughtless heart,
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me, ere it be too late—
o Wake me to righteousness.

—3 Before me place, in bright array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come,
To judge the nations at thy bar;—
e And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

—4 Be this my one great business here,
With holy trembling, holy fear,
To make my calling sure!
Thine utmost counsel to fulfill,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure!

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o 5 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live,
And reign with thee above;
g Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope, in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love. RIPPON'S COL.

HYMN 218. 8 & 7. *Sicilian.* [*]

Eternity joyfully anticipated.

1 IN this world of sin and sorrow,
Compassed round with many a care,
From eternity we borrow
Hope that can exclude despair.

2 Thee, triumphant God and Saviour,
In the glass of faith we see!
O assist each faint endeavour!
Raise our earth-born souls to thee

e 3 Place that awful scene before us,
Of the last tremendous day,—
—When to life thou wilt restore us:
o Lingering ages haste away.

4 When this vile and sinful nature
Incorruption shall put on:
—Life renewing, glorious Saviour,
Let thy glorious will be done. MADAN'S COL.

HYMN 219. C. M. *Plymouth.* [b]

Old Age approaching.

1 ETERNAL God, enthroned on high!
Whom angel hosts adore;
Who yet to suppliant dust art nigh,
Thy presence I implore.

2 O guide me down the steep of age,
And keep my passions cool:
Teach me to scan the sacred page,
And practise every rule.

3 My flying years time urges on,
What's human must decay;
e My friends, my young companions gone—
Can I expect to stay?

e 4 Can I exemption plead, when Death
Projects his awful dart?

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Can med'cines then prolong my breath,
Or virtue shield my heart?

—5 Ah, no!—then smooth the mortal hour;
On thee my hope depends:
Support me with almighty power,
While dust to dust descends.

o 6 Then shall my soul, O gracious God!
(While angels join the lay,)
Admitted to the blest abode,
Its endless anthems pay:—

o 7 Through heaven, howe'er remote the bound,
Thy matchless love proclaim;
g And join the choir of saints, who sound
Their great Redeemer's name. RIPPON'S COL.

HYMN 220. C. M. *Bishopsgate.* [b]

Warning to prepare for Death.

1 VAIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear—
Repent!—thy end is nigh!
Death, at the farthest, can't be far;
Oh, think before thou die!

2 Reflect—thou hast a soul to save:
Thy sins—how high they mount!
What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
How stands that dread account?

3 Death enters—and there's no defence:
His time, there's none can tell:
He'll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven—or to hell!

4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy chiefest care,
Shall crawling worms consume;
But, ah! destruction stops not there—
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

5 To-day the gospel calls;—to-day,
Sinners, it speaks to you:
Let every one forsake his way,
And mercy will ensue. HART

HYMN 221. C. M. *Windsor.* [b]

Death and Judgment appointed to All. Heb. ix. 27

1 HEAVEN has confirmed the dread decree,
That Adam's race must die:

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One general ruin sweeps them down—
And low in dust they lie.

2 Ye living men, the tomb survey,
Where you must shortly dwell;
e Hark! how the awful summons sounds,
In every funeral knell!

3 Once you must die—and once for all;
The solemn purport weigh:
For know, that heaven or hell is hung,
On that important day!

4 Those eyes so long in darkness veiled,
Must wake the Judge to see;
And every word—and every thought—
Must pass his scrutiny.

—5 O may I in the Judge behold
My Saviour and my Friend;
e And, far beyond the reach of death,
With all his saints ascend. DODDRIDGE

HYMN 222. L. M. *Islington.* [*]

Desiring to depart and be with Christ. Phil. i. 23.

1 WHILE on the verge of life I stand,
And view the scenes on either hand,
My spirit struggles with my clay;
And longs to wing its flight away.

o 2 Come, ye angelic guardians, come,
And lead the willing pilgrim home;
—Ye know the way to Jesus' throne,
Source of my joys and of your own.

e 3 The blissful interview, how sweet,
To fall transported at his feet;
o Raised in his arms to view his face,
Through the full beamings of his grace.

—4 Yet, with these prospects full in sight,
I'll wait thy signal for my flight;
For, while thy service I pursue,
I find my heaven begun below. DODDRIDGE

HYMN 223. C. M. *St. Paul's.* [b *]

Death welcomed: Heaven anticipated

1 AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint and die;
My soul shall quit the mournful vail,
And soar to worlds on high:—

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2 Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest,
(That only bliss for which it pants,)
In the Redeemer's breast.

o 3 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain.

4 I suffer on my threescore years,
Till my Deliverer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

e 5 O, what hath Jesus bought for me!
Before my ravished eyes,
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of Paradise.

o 6 I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there;
• They all are robed in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear.

—7 O what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet,
With that enraptured host t' appear,
And worship at thy feet!

8 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life and friends away;
But let me find them all again,
In that eternal day.

HYMN 224. L. M. *Carthage.* [b *]

Death of the Sinner and Saint.

1 WHAT scenes of horror and of dread—
Await the sinner's dying bed!
Death's terrors all appear in sight,
Presages of eternal night!

e 2 His sins in dreadful order rise,
And fill his soul with sad surprise;
Mount Sinai's thunders stun his ears,
And not one ray of hope appears.

3 Tormenting pangs distract his breast;
Where'er he turns he finds no rest:
o Death strikes the blow—he groans and cries—
And, in despair and horror—dies.

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—4 Not so the heir of heavenly bliss:
His soul is filled with conscious peace;
A steady faith subdues his fear;
He sees the happy Canaan near.

b 5 His mind is tranquil and serene,
No terrors in his looks are seen;
His Saviour's smile dispels the gloom,
And smooths his passage to the tomb.

—6 Lord, make my faith and love sincere,
My judgment sound, my conscience clear;
And when the toils of life are past,
May I be found in peace at last. FAWCETT.

HYMN 225. C. M. *St. Ann's.* [*]

Infants, living or dying, in the Arms of Christ.

1 THY life I read, my dearest Lord,
With transport all divine;
Thine image trace in every word,
Thy love in every line.

2 With joy I see a thousand charms,
Spread o'er thy lovely face;
While infants in thy tender arms,
Receive the smiling grace.

d 3 "I take these little lambs," said he,
"And lay them in my breast;
"Protection they shall find in me—
"In me be ever blest.

4 "Death may the bands of life unloose,
"But can't dissolve my love;
"Millions of infant souls compose
"The family above.

5 "Their feeble frames my power shall raise,
"And mould with heavenly skill:
"I'll give them tongues to sing my praise,
"And hands to do my will."

o 6 His words, ye happy parents, hear,
And shout, with joys divine,
d Dear Saviour, all we have and are,
Shall be forever thine. STENNETT.

HYMN 226. C. M. *Canterbury.* [b *]

On the Death of Children. Isa. iv. 5.

1 YE mourning saints, whose streaming tears
Flow o'er your children dead,

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Say not, in transports of despair,
That all your hopes are fled.

2 While cleaving to that darling dust,
In fond distress ye lie;
Rise, and with joy, and reverence, view
A heavenly Parent nigh.

e 3 Though, your young branches torn away,
Like withered trunks ye stand;
o With fairer verdure shall ye bloom,
Touched by th' Almighty's hand.

d 4 "I'll give the mourner," saith the Lord,
"In my own house a place;
"No name of daughters and of sons,
"Could yield so high a grace.

5 "Transient and vain is every hope
"A rising race can give;
"In endless honour and delight,
"*My children* all shall live."

—6 We welcome, Lord, those rising tears,
Through which thy face we see;
o And bless those wounds which, through our hearts,
Prepare a way to thee. DODDRIDGE

HYMN 227. C. M. *Isle of Wight.* [*]

Death of a Young Person.

1 WHEN blooming youth is snatched away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, impressed
e With awful power—I too must die—
Sink deep in every breast.

e 3 Let this vain world engage no more·
Behold the gaping tomb!
·It bids us seize the present hour!
To-morrow death may come.

4 The voice of this alarming scene
May every heart obey;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray

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o 5 O let us fly, to Jesus fly,
Whose powerful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.
—6 Great God, thy sovereign grace impart,
With cleansing, healing power;
This only can prepare the heart
For death's surprising hour. STEELE.

HYMN 228. C. M. *Zion.* [*]

Death of Pious Friends. 1 Thess. iv. 13, 14.

1 TAKE comfort, Christians, when your friends
In Jesus fall asleep;
Their better being never ends;
Then why dejected weep?
2 Why inconsolable, as those
To whom no hope is given?
Death is the messenger of peace,
And calls the soul to heaven.
3 As Jesus died, and rose again,
Victorious from the dead;
o So his disciples rise and reign,
With their triumphant Head.
e 4 The time draws nigh, when from the clouds
Christ shall with shouts descend;
g And the last trumpet's awful voice
The heavens and earth shall rend.
—5 Then they who live shall changed be,
And they who sleep shall wake;
e The graves shall yield their ancient charge;
And earth's foundation shake.
o 6 The saints of God, from death set free,
With joy shall mount on high;
—The heavenly hosts, with praises loud,
Shall meet them in the sky.
7 A few short years of evil past,
We reach the happy shore;
o Where death-divided friends, at last,
Shall meet to part no more. SCOTCH PAR.

HYMN 229. C. M. *St. Paul's.* [b *]

The Christian's Farewell.

1 YE golden lamps of heaven, farewell,
With all your feeble light;
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night.

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2 And thou, refulgent orb of day,
In brighter flames arrayed;
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thy aid.

3 Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode;
The pavement of those heavenly courts,
Where I shall see my God.

o 4 The Father of eternal light
Shall there his beams display;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix,
With that unvaried day.

5 No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into my eyes;
Nor the meridian sun decline,
Amidst those brighter skies.

g 6 There all the millions of his saints
Shall in one song unite;
And each the bliss of all shall view,
With infinite delight. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 230. 8s. *Consolation.* [*]

Death Gain to a Believer.

1 HOW blest is our friend—now bereft
Of all that could burden his mind!
How easy his soul—that has left
This wearisome body behind!
Of evil incapable thou,
Whose relics with envy I see;
No longer in misery now—
No longer a sinner like me.

2 This *earth* is affected no more
With sickness, or shaken with pain
The war with the members is o'er,
And never shall vex him again.
No anger henceforward, nor shame,
Shall redden his innocent clay;
Extinct is the animal flame,
And passion is vanished away.

3 This languishing head is at rest;
Its thinking and aching are o'er;
This quiet, immovable breast,
Is heaved by affliction no more.

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This heart is no longer the seat
Of trouble and torturing pain·
It ceases to flutter and beat—
It never shall flutter again.

4 The lids he so seldom could close,
By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
Sealed up in eternal repose,
Have strangely forgotten to weep.
The fountains can yield no supplies;
These hollows from water are free;
The tears are all wiped from these eyes,
And evil they never shall see.

5 To mourn and to suffer is mine,
While bound in a prison I breathe;
And still for deliverance pine,
And press to the issues of death.
What now with my tears I bedew,
Oh, shall I not erelong become?
My spirit created anew—
My body consigned to the tomb! WHITEFIELD.

HYMN 231. L. M. *Sicilian.* [b *]

A Funeral Hymn.

1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb,
Take this new treasure to thy trust;
And give these sacred relics room,
To seek a slumber in the dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds. No mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

e 3 So Jesus slept;—God's dying Son
Passed through the grave, and blessed the bed;
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

o 4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn;
Attend, O earth! his sovereign word;
o Restore thy trust—a glorious form—
Called to ascend and meet the Lord. WATTS.

HYMN 232. C. M. *Sunday.* [*]

The Resurrection. 1 Cor. xv. 52—58.

1 WHEN the last trumpet's awful voice
This rending earth shall shake—

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When opening graves shall yield their charge,
And dust to life awake;—

o 2 Those bodies, that corrupted fell,
Shall incorrupted rise;
And mortal forms shall spring to life,
Immortal in the skies.

—3 Behold, what heavenly prophets sung,
Is now at last fulfilled—
e That Death should yield his ancient reign,
And, vanquished, quit the field.

o 4 Let Faith exalt her joyful voice,
And thus begin to sing;
d "O Grave! where is thy triumph now?
"And where, O Death! thy sting?

5 "Thy sting was sin, and conscious guilt;
"'Twas this that armed thy dart;
"The law gave sin its strength, and force,
"To pierce the sinner's heart.

6 "But God, whose name be ever blest!
"Disarms that foe we dread;
"And makes us conquerors, when we die,
"Through Christ our living Head."

—7 (Then steadfast let us still remain,
Though dangers rise around;
And in the work prescribed by God,
Yet more and more abound:—

o 8 Assured, that though we labour now,
We labour not in vain;
But through the grace of heaven's great Lord,
The eternal crown shall gain.) SCOTCH PAR

HYMN 233. C. M. *Arundel.* [*]

The Last Tempest.

e 1 WHEN wild confusion wrecks the air,
And tempests rend the skies;
Whilst blended ruin, clouds and fire
In harsh disorder rise;—

o 2 Safe in my Saviour's love I'll stand,
And strike a tuneful song;
d My harp all trembling in my hand,
e And all inspired my tongue.

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d 3 I'll shout aloud, "Ye thunders, roll,
"And shake the sullen sky;
"Your sounding voice, from pole to pole,
"In angry murmurs try.

4 "Let the earth totter on her base,
"And clouds the heavens deform;
"Blow, all ye winds, from every place,
"And rush the final storm!"

—5 Come quickly, blessed HOPE, appear—
Bid thy swift chariot fly;
Let angels tell thy coming near,
And snatch me to the sky.

o 6 Around thy wheels, in the glad throng,
I'd bear a joyful part;
g All hallelujah on my tongue—
All rapture in my heart. BYLES.

HYMN 234. 8, 7, & 4. *Littleton.* [*]

Christ coming to Judgment.

1 LO, he comes—the King of glory!
With his chosen tribes to reign;
Countless hosts of saints and angels
Swell the mighty Conqueror's train;
Now in triumph,
Sin and death are captive led.

g 2 See the rocks and mountains rending—
All the nations filled with dread!
e Hark! the trump of God—proclaiming
Through the mansions of the dead—
d "Come to judgment—
"Stand before the Son of Man!"

—3 Now behold the dead awaking;
Great and small before him stand;
Not one soul forgot, or missing;
None his orders countermand:
a All stand waiting—
For their last decisive doom!

—4 Hear the Chief among ten thousand
Thus address his faithful few;
d "Come, ye blessed of my Father,
"Heaven is prepared for you;
"I was hungry—I was thirsty—I was naked—
"And ye ministered to me."

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e 5 But how awful is the sentence,
d "Go from me, ye cursed race—
"To that place of endless torment,
"Never more to see my face:
"I was hungry—I was thirsty—I was naked—
"Ye to me no mercy showed."

—6 Now awake, ye slumbering virgins,
Trim your lamps; the bridegroom's near;
Let your loins with truth be girded,
Signs proclaim, he'll soon appear:
Mark! the fig-tree,
Budding, shows the summer's near.

e 7 Jesus, save a trembling sinner,
Though thy wrath o'er sinners roll;
In this general wreck of nature,
Be the refuge of my soul:
d Jesus, save me! Jesus, save me! when the light-
Blaze around from pole to pole. [nings

HYMN 235. 8, 7, & 4. *Helmsley.* [b *]

The Day of Judgment.

e 1 DAY of judgment, day of wonders!
d Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round!
e How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

g 2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine!
—You who long for his appearing,
d Then shall say, "This God is mine."
e Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for thine!

o 3 At his call, the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature, shaken
By his looks, prepare to flee:
p Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

e 4 Horrors, past imagination,
Will surprise your trembling heart,
When you hear your condemnation,
d "Hence, accursed wretch, depart!

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" Thou with Satan
" And his angels, have thy part! "

—5 But to those who have confessed,
Loved and served the Lord below,
d He will say, " Come near, ye blessed,
" See the kingdom I bestow:
" You forever
" Shall my love and glory know."

—6 Under sorrows and reproaches,
May this thought our courage raise:
Swiftly God's great day approaches—
Sighs shall then be changed to praise:
e We shall triumph—
g When the world is in a blaze! NEWTON.

HYMN 236. C. M. *Mitcham.* [*]

TE DEUM. *A General Hymn of Praise.*

1 O GOD, we praise thee, and confess,
That thou the only Lord,
And everlasting Father art,
By all on earth adored.

2 To thee all angels cry aloud,
To thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim, and seraphim,
Continually do cry,—

3 " O holy, holy, holy Lord,
" Whom heavenly hosts obey;
" The world is with the glory filled
" Of thy majestic sway."

4 The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

5 The holy church, throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses thee;
That thou eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty;—

6 Thy honoured, true, and only Son,
And Holy Ghost, the spring
Of never-ceasing joy; O Christ,
Of glory thou art King. PATRICK.

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HYMN 237. C. M. *St. Ann's.* [*]

Almighty Power and Majesty of God.

u 1 THE Lord our God is clothed with might,
The winds obey his will;
He speaks and in his heavenly height,
The rolling sun stands still.

2 Rebel, ye waves—and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar!
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

3 Howl, winds of night! your force combine!
Without his high behest,
p Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4 His voice sublime is heard afar,
In distant peals it dies;
u He yokes the whirlwinds to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

5 Ye nations, bend—in reverence bend;
Ye monarchs, wait his nod,
s And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate our God. H. K. White.

HYMN 238. C. M. *Canterbury.* [b]

The Fall and its Effects.

p 1 WHEN Adam sinned, through all his race
The dire contagion spread;—
Sickness and death, and deep disgrace
Sprang from our fallen head.

2 From God and happiness we fly,
To earth and sense confined;
Lost in a maze of misery,
Yet to our misery blind.

3 Corruption flows through all our veins,
Our moral beauty's gone:
The gold is fled, the dross remains:
O sin, what hast thou done?

4 Jesus, reveal thy pardoning grace,
And draw our souls to Thee:
Thou art the only hiding-place
Where ruined souls can flee. Beddome

HYMN 239. L. M. *Ellenthorpe.* [*]

Justice glorified in the Display of Mercy.

p 1 OH love! beyond conception great,
That formed the vast stupendous plan;

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Where all divine perfections meet
To reconcile rebellious man.

g 2 There wisdom shines in fullest blaze,
And justice all her right maintains—
p Astonished angels stoop to gaze,
While mercy o'er the guilty reigns.

3 Yes, mercy reigns, and justice too,
In Christ they both harmonious meet;
He paid to justice all her due,
And now he fills the mercy-seat.

4 Such are the wonders of our God;
And such th' amazing depths of grace,
To save from wrath's vindictive rod
The chosen sons of Adam's race.

s 5 With grateful songs, then let our souls
Surround our gracious Father's throne;
And all between the distant poles
His truth and mercy ever own. TUCKER.

HYMN 240. 7s. *Evening Hymn.* [*]

p 1 WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.—
Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height,
o See that glory-beaming star!—
p Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?—
o Traveller! yes; it brings the day—
Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman! tell us of the night,
Higher yet that star ascends.—
Traveller! blessedness and light,
e Peace and truth its course portends!—
Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?—
Traveller! ages are its own,
s See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

p 3 Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.—
Traveller! darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.—
Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.—
g Traveller! lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come. BOWRING.

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HYMN 241. L. M. *Atlantic.* [*]

Star of Bethlehem.

e 1 WHEN marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky;
One star alone of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

o 2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

g 3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud,—the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd—and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.

a 4 Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
s When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

b 5 It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark foreboding cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

s 6 Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star!—the Star of Bethlehem! H. K. White

HYMN 242. 8 & 7. *Sicilian Hymn.* [*]

Song of the Angels at Bethlehem.

p 1 HARK, what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
s Lo! the angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy;
g "Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high."

e 3 "Peace on earth, good will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found.
Souls redeem'd, and sins forgiven;—
u Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 "Christ is born, the Great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing!
O receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King

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5 Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
Learn his name, and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
Glory be to God most high!" CAWOOD.

HYMN 243. C. M. *Victory.* [*]

Nativity of Christ. Luke ii, 14.

1 MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay:
Joy, love, and gratitude, combine
To hail th' auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapt'rous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And swept the sounding lyre.

3 The theme, the song, the joy was new
To each angelic tongue:
Swift through the realms of light it flew,
And loud the echo rung.

4 Down, through the portals of the sky,
The pealing anthem ran;
And angels flew, with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.

5 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And Glory leads the song:
Peace and salvation swell the note
Of all the heavenly throng.

6 With joy the chorus we repeat—
"Glory to God on high!"
Good will and peace are now complete;
Jesus is born to die. MEDLEY

HYMN 244. 8, 7, & 4. *Tamworth.* [*]

Good Tidings of great Joy to all People.

1 ANGELS! from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye, who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
Come and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2 Shepherds! in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night;
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant-light
Come, &c.

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—3 Sages! leave your contemplations;
s Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the Great Desire of nations;
Ye have seen his natal star
Come, &c.
p 4 Saints! before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear
Come, &c.
5 Sinners! wrung with true repentance,
Doom'd for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you—break your chains:
Come, &c. MONTGOMERY

HYMN 245. P. M. *Mercy.* [*]

Epiphany.

s 1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid:
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid.
p 2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,—
g Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.
b 3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?
4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would his favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
s 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid.
BISHOP HEBER

HYMN 246. L. M. *Bowen.* [*]

The Teaching of Jesus.

p 1 HOW sweetly flow'd the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace.

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When list'ning thousands gather'd round,
g And joy and rev'rence filled the place.

2 From heav'n he came—of heav'n he spoke,
To heav'n he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest!"
Yes! sacred Teacher—we will come—
Obey thee,—love thee, and be blest!

e 4 Decay, then, tenements of dust!
Pillars of earthly pride, decay!
A nobler mansion waits the just,
s And Jesus has prepar'd the way. BOWRING.

HYMN 247. L. M. *Angels' Hymn.* [*]

Transfiguration. Luke ix, 28—31.

—1 ON Tabor's top the Saviour stands,
His alter'd face resplendent shines:
And while he elevates his hands,
Lo, glory marks its gentle lines.

2 Two heavenly forms descend to wait
Upon their suffering Prince below;
But while they worship at his feet,
They talk of fast-approaching wo.

3 Amid the lustre of the scene,
To Calvary he turns his eyes.
And with submission, all serene,
He marks the future tempest rise.

o 4 Then let us climb the mount of pray'r,
Where all his beaming glories shine:
And gazing on his brightness there,
Our woes forget in joys divine.

5 Oh, that on yonder heav'nly hills,
Where now the risen Saviour stands,
e And peace, like softest dew, distils—
g I too may elevate my hands. COLLYER.

HYMN 248. S. M. *Norwalk.* [b]

He beheld the City, and wept over it. Luke xix, 41.

p 1 DID *Christ* o'er sinners weep?
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

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2 The Son of God in tears,
Angels with wonder see!
Be thou astonish'd, O my soul;
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept, that we might weep,
Each sin demands a tear;
In heav'n alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there. BEDDOME.

HYMN 249. L. M. *Windham.* [b]

Gethsemane.

p 1 'TIS midnight—and on Olive's brow,
The star is dimm'd that lately shone;
'Tis midnight—in the garden now,
The suff'ring Saviour prays alone.

2 'Tis midnight—and from all remov'd,
Immanuel wrestles lone, with fears;
E'en the disciple that he lov'd
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3 'Tis midnight—and for others' guilt
The man of sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt,
Is not forsaken by his God.

4 'Tis midnight—and from ether plains,
g Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains,
p That sweetly soothe the Saviour's wo. TAPPAN

HYMN 250. C. M. *Canterbury.* [b]

Christ's Agony in the Garden. Matt. xxvi, 38—44.

p 1 DARK was the night, and cold the ground
On which the Lord was laid:
His sweat like drops of blood ran down,
In agony he pray'd—

2 "Father! remove this bitter cup,
If such thy sacred will;
If not, content to drink it up,
Thy pleasure I fulfill!"

—3 Go to the Garden, sinner! see
Those precious drops that flow:
The heavy load he bore for thee—
For thee, he lies so low!

—4 Then learn of Him the cross to bear,
Thy Father's will obey;

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And when temptations press thee near,
Awake, to watch and pray.

HYMN 251 L. M. *Stonefield.* [* or b]

"Behold the Man!"

e 1 BEHOLD the Man! how glorious he!
Before his foes he stands unaw'd,
And, without wrong or blasphemy,
He claims equality with God.

2 Behold the Man! by all condemn'd,
Assaulted by a host of foes;
His person and his claims contemn'd,
A man of sufferings and of woes.

3 Behold the Man! He stands alone,
His foes are ready to devour;
Not one of all his friends will own
Their Master in this trying hour.

4 Behold the Man! He knew no sin,
Yet Justice smites him with her sword:
He bears the stroke that else had been
The sinner's portion from the Lord.

5 Behold the Man! though scorn'd below,
He bears the greatest name above;
The angels at his footstool bow,
And all his royal claims approve.

CHRISTIAN PSALMIST

HYMN 252. L. M. *Brentford.* [*]

Christ's Passion.

1 THE morning dawns upon the place
Where Jesus spent the night in prayer;
Through yielding glooms behold his face,
Nor form, nor comeliness is there.

2 Last eve, by those he call'd his own
Betray'd, forsaken or denied,
He met his enemies alone,
In all their malice, rage and pride.

b 3 Brought forth to judgment, now He stands
Arraign'd, condemn'd, at Pilate's bar;
Here spurn'd by fierce prætorian bands,
There mock'd by Herod's men of war.

4 He bears their buffeting and scorn,
Mock-homage of the lip, the knee,
The purple robe, the crown of thorn,
The scourge, the nail, th' accursed tree.

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5 Truly this was the Son of God!
Though in a servant's mean disguise,
And bruis'd beneath the Father's rod,
Not for Himself,—for man He dies. MONTGOMERY.

HYMN 253. 8s & 7. *Greenville.* [b

Rejoicing before the Cross.

p 1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in his gracious eye.

3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I'll bathe;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

4 May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove his wounds each day more healing,
And himself more fully know. ROBINSON.

HYMN 254. 7s. *Telemann's Chant.* [*]

The Three Mountains.

a 1 WHEN on Sinai's top I see
God descend in majesty,
To proclaim his holy law,
p All my spirit sinks with awe.

g 2 When in ecstasy sublime,
Tabor's glorious height I climb,
In the too transporting light,
p Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

—3 When on CALVARY I rest,
God in flesh made manifest,
o Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.

p 4 Here I would for ever stay,
Weep and gaze my soul away:
Thou art heav'n on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary. MONTGOMERY.

HYMN 255. C. M. *Stephens.* [b]

"*This do in Remembrance of Me.*"

p 1 IF human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;

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If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh:
2 O shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To him who died, our fears to quell,
Our more than orphan's wo!
3 While yet his anguish'd soul survey'd
Those pangs he would not flee;
What love his latest words display'd,
"Meet and remember me!"
4 Remember Thee! thy death, thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share!
O memory, leave no other name
But his recorded there. NOEL.

HYMN 256. C. M. *York. Mentz.* [b]

"This do in Remembrance of Me."

e 1 ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.
g 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.
—3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?
4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice!
I must remember Thee:—
5 Remember Thee, and all thy pains
And all thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.
6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me. MONTGOMERY

HYMN 257. 7s. *Sudbury.* [*]

Resurrection of Christ. Matt. xxviii, 6.

e 1 MORNING breaks upon the tomb,
Jesus scatters all its gloom:

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Day of triumph through the skies—
See the glorious Saviour rise.

—2 Christians! dry your flowing tears,
Chase those unbelieving fears;
Look on his deserted grave,
Doubt no more his power to save.

3 Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scatter'd shade:
Drive your anxious cares away,
See the place where Jesus lay. COLLYER.

HYMN 258. L. M. *Arnheim.* [*]

The Ascension. Acts i, 9.

s 1 THE mighty Conqu'ror leaves the dead,—
Jesus the Lord ascends on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims these mansions as his right,
Receive the King of Glory in."

g 4 "Who is the King of Glory, who?"
s "The Lord, that all our foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
Jesus is the conqueror's name."

5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way."

g 6 "Who is the King of Glory, who?"
s "The Lord, of boundless power possess'd,
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever bless'd." C. WESLEY

HYMN 259. H. M. *Haddam.* [*]

Christ the King of Glory.

s 1 GOD is gone up on high,
With a triumphant noise:
The anthems of the sky
Proclaim th' angelic joys!
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing—
Glory ascribe to Glory's King.

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2 God in the flesh below,
For us he reigns above:
Let all the nations know
The Saviour's conqu'ring love!
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing—
Glory ascribe to Glory's King.

3 All power to our great Lord
Is by the Father given:
By angel hosts ador'd
He reigns supreme in heaven.
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing,—
Glory ascribe to Glory's King.

4 Till all the earth renew'd
In righteousness divine,
With all the hosts of God
In one great chorus join,—
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing—
Glory ascribe to Glory's King.

HYMN 260. H. M. *Haddam.* [*]

s 1 COME, every pious heart
That loves the Saviour's name,
Your noblest power exert
To celebrate his fame;
Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to him you owe.

p 2 He left his starry crown,
And laid his robes aside;
On wings of love came down,
a And wept, and bled, and died:
What he endured, oh, who can tell!
To save our souls from death and hell.

s 3 From the dark grave he rose,
The mansion of the dead;
u And thence his mighty foes
In glorious triumph led;
Up through the sky the conqu'ror rode,
And reigns on high the Saviour God.

e 4 Jesus, we ne'er can pay
The debt we owe thy love;
Yet tell us how we may
Our gratitude approve:
Our hearts—our all—to thee we give:
The gift though small, do thou receive. SWEET

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HYMN 261. C. M. *Lanesboro'*. [b or *]

Fountain. Zech. xiii, 1.

e 1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

p 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved,—to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream,
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be,—till I die.

s 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save;
g When this poor, lisping, falt'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave. COWPER

HYMN 262. C. M. *Stephens.* [*]

The Atonement of Christ.

1 IN vain we seek for peace with God
By methods of our own:
Jesus, there's nothing but thy blood
Can bring us near the throne.

2 The threatenings of thy broken law
Impress our souls with dread:
If God his sword of vengeance draw,
It strikes our spirits dead.

3 But thine illustrious sacrifice,
Hath answered these demands,
And peace and pardon from the skies
Come down by Jesus' hands.

4 Here all the ancient types agree,—
The altar and the lamb;
And prophets in their visions see
Salvation through his name.

5 'Tis by thy death we live, O Lord;
'Tis on thy cross we rest;
For ever be thy love adored,
Thy name for ever blest. WATTS'S SERMONS

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HYMN 263. C. M. *St. Ann's.* [*]

Christ a Saviour.

1 THE Saviour! oh, what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
e And spreads sweet peace around.

d 2 Here pardon, life, and joys divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
And doom'd to endless wo.

3 Oh, the rich depths of love divine,
Of bliss, a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine;
I cannot wish for more.

4 On thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my all. STEELE

HYMN 264. C. M. *Peterboro'.* [*]

Christ "the Way, the Truth, and the Life." John xiv, 6

1 THOU art the WAY—to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he, who would the Father seek,—
Must seek Him, Lord, in Thee.

2 Thou art the TRUTH—thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst instruct the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the LIFE—the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conqu'ring arm;
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life—
Grant us to know that Way,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Which lead to endless day.

HYMN 265. 7s. *Hotham.* [b]

Christ, the Rock of Ages.

p 1 ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

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—2 Could my tears for ever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.
—3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee. WESLEY'S COL

HYMN 266. C. M. *Mentz.* [b]

Christ our Example.

p 1 BEHOLD where, in a mortal form,
Appears each grace divine!
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.
o 2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.
p 3 Lowly in heart, to all his friends
A friend and servant found,
He wash'd their feet, he wip'd their tears,
And heal'd each bleeding wound.
4 Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek he stood;
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life·
He labour'd for their good.
5 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resign'd, he bow'd, and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"
6 Be Christ our pattern and our guide,
His image may we bear!
Oh may we tread his holy steps,
o His joy and glory share.

HYMN 267. P. M. *Greenville.* [b]

Christ our Example in Suffering.

p 1 GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye who feel the Tempter's power·
Your Redeemer's conflict see;
Watch with him one bitter hour:

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Turn not from his griefs away;
Learn from Him to watch and pray.

2 See him at the judgment-hall,
Beaten, bound, reviled, arraigned:
See him meekly bearing all!
Love to man his soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of Christ to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain view;
There the Lord of Glory see,
Made a sacrifice for you,
Dying on th' accursed tree:
"It is finished," hear him cry;
Trust in Christ and learn to die.

4 Early to the tomb repair,
Where they laid his breathless clay;
Angels kept their vigils there:
Who hath taken him away?
"Christ is risen!" he seeks the skies;
Saviour! teach us so to rise. MONTGOMERY

HYMN 268. C. M. *Woodstock.* [b]

Christ precious. 1 Pet. ii, 7.

p 1 HOW sweet the name of JESUS sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 By him, my pray'rs acceptance gain,
Although with sin defil'd;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am own'd a child.

4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee, as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

5 Till then, I would thy love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath:
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death. NEWTON

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HYMN 269. H. M. *Haddam.* [*]

b 1 JESUS, harmonious Name!
It charms the hosts above:
They evermore proclaim
And wonder at his love;
'Tis all their happiness to gaze;
'Tis heaven to see our Jesus' face.

2 His name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free:
'Tis music in his ears,
s 'Tis life and victory:.
New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.

3 Stung by the monster sin,
p My poor expiring soul
The balmy sound drinks in,
And is at once made whole:
See there my Lord upon the tree!
I hear, I feel, he died for me

4 O unexampled love!
O all-redeeming grace!
How swiftly didst thou move
To save a fallen race!
What shall I do to make it known
What thou for all mankind hast done?

s 5 O for a trumpet-voice,
On all the world to call!
To bid their hearts rejoice
In him who died for all!
For all my Lord was crucified:
For all, for all, my Saviour died. WESLEY'S COL.

HYMN 270. C. M. *Abridge.* [*]

Chief among Ten Thousand; or the Excellencies of Christ

1 MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthron'd
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crown'd,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have:
o He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

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3 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

4 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

HYMN 271. C. M. *St. Martin's.* [*]

The Day of Pentecost.

1 LET songs of praises fill the sky!
Christ, our ascended Lord,
Sends down his Spirit from on high,
According to his word.

2 The Spirit, by his heavenly breath,
New life creates within:
He quickens sinners from the death
Of trespasses and sin.

3 The things of Christ the Spirit takes,
And shows them unto men;
The fallen soul his temple makes,
God's image stamps again.

4 Come, Holy Spirit, from above,
With thy celestial fire:
Come, and with flames of zeal and love
Our hearts and tongues inspire. COTTERILL

HYMN 272. 8 & 7. *Sicilian.* [*]

1 HOLY GHOST! dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of nature's night:
Come, thou source of joy and gladness,
Breathe thy life and spread thy light.

2 Hear, oh! hear our supplication,
Blessed Spirit! God of Peace!
Rest upon this congregation,
With th' abundance of thy grace.

3 Author of our new creation!
Bid us all thine influence prove.
Make our souls thy habitation;
Shed abroad the Saviour's love.

GEO. BURDER'S COL.

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HYMN 273. S. M. *Lisbon.* [*]

o 1 BLEST Comforter Divine!
Let rays of heavenly love
Amidst our gloom and darkness shine,
And guide our souls above.

2 Draw, with thy "still small voice,'
From every sinful way;
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay.

3 By thine inspiring breath
Make every cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear.

4 Oh fill thou every heart
With love to all our race!
Great Comforter! to us impart
These blessings of thy grace.

HYMN 274. L. M. *Alfreton.* [*]

o 1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be thou our Guardian, thou our Guide;
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may not depart.

3 Lead us to holiness,—the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his precepts stray;—

s 4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be blest;
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is. BROWNE.

HYMN 275. C. M. *Broomsgrove.* [b or *]

To the Holy Spirit.

e 1 ETERNAL Spirit! God of truth!
Our contrite hearts inspire;
Kindle the flame of heavenly love,
And feed the pure desire.

p 2 'Tis thine to soothe the sorrowing mind
With guilt and fear opprest;
'Tis thine to bid the dying live,
And give the weary rest.

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—3 Subdue the power of every sin,
Whate'er that sin may be;
That we, in singleness of heart,
May worship only Thee.
—4 Then with our spirits witness bear,
That we are sons of God;
Redeem'd from sin, and death, and hell,
Through Christ's atoning blood.

HYMN 276. C. M. *Arundel.* [*]

Value of the Scriptures.

e 1 HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
o Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.
e 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
o Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.
e 3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
— Of life, shall guide our way,
o Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day. RIPPON'S COL.

HYMN 277. C. M. *Dundee.* [b or *]

The Soul.

e 1 WHAT is the thing of greatest price,
The whole creation round?
—That, which was lost in paradise,
That, which in Christ is found.
2 The soul of man,—Jehovah's breath!
That keeps two worlds at strife;
Hell moves beneath to work its death,
Heaven stoops to give it life.
3 God to reclaim it, did not spare
His well-beloved Son;
Jesus, to save it, deign'd to bear
The sins of all in one.
4 And is this treasure borne below,
In earthly vessels frail?
Can none its utmost value know,
Till flesh and spirit fail?
5 Then let us gather round the cross,
This knowledge to obtain,
Not by the soul's eternal loss,
But everlasting gain. MONTGOMERY

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HYMN 278. L. M. *Winchelsea.* [*]

The Blessings of the New Covenant.

1 GOD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known:
Where love in all its glory shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Here, sinners, of an humble frame,
May taste his grace, and learn his name;
May read in characters of blood,
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.

3 The pris'ner here may break his chains;
The weary rest from all his pains;
The captive feel his bondage cease;
The mourner find the way of peace.

4 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies;
Here shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day.

5 O grant us grace, Almighty Lord!
To read and mark thy holy word;
Its truths with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live. DODDRIDGE

HYMN 279. L. M. *Nazareth.* [b]

Religion. Prov. iv, 7.

e 1 TEACH us, O Lord, the great concern,
To know thy will, thy name to love,
Our duty from thy word to learn,
And gain the wisdom from above.

2 Religion must be all in all,
Would we th' immortal prize obtain,
Retrieve the ruins of the fall,
And 'scape the death of endless pain.

3 Send thy good Spirit, Lord, we pray,
To sanctify and cleanse our heart;
May we repent, believe, obey,
And from thy service ne'er depart. LEE

HYMN 280. L. M. *Angels' Hymn.* [*]

Value of Religion.

1 RELIGION bids all sin depart,
And folly flies her chast'ning rod;
She makes the humble, contrite heart
A temple of the living God.

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e 2 Beyond the narrow vale of time,
Where bright celestial ages roll,
To scenes eternal, scenes sublime,
She points the way, and leads the soul.

3 At her approach, the grave appears
p The gate of paradise restor'd;
Her voice the watching cherub hears,
And drops his double flaming sword.

4 Baptiz'd with her renewing fire,
g We shall the crown of glory gain;
Rise when the hosts of heaven expire,
And reign with God, for ever reign.

MONTGOMERY ALTERED.

HYMN 281. C. M. *Bangor.* [b]

Frailty of Life.

p 1 FEW are thy days, and full of wo,
O man, of woman born!
Thy doom is written—"Dust thou art,
And shalt to dust return!"

2 Determin'd are the days that fly
Successive o'er thy head;
The number'd hour is on the wing,
Which lays thee with the dead.

3 Gay is thy morning: flatt'ring hope
Thy sprightly steps attends;
But soon the tempest howls behind,
And the dark night descends!

4 Before its splendid hour, the cloud
Comes o'er the beam of light;
A pilgrim in a weary land,
Man tarries but a night.

HYMN 282. S. M. *Olmutz.* [*]

Uncertainty of Life.

a 1 TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine!
Lodg'd in thy sov'reign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.

— 2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
Oh make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

— 3 Since on this fleeting hour
Eternity is hung,

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Awaken, by thy mighty power,
The aged and the young.

— 4 One thing demands our care—
Be that one thing pursued;
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renew'd.

b 5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beams should die
In sudden, endless night. DODDRIDGE ALTERED.

HYMN 283. L. M. *Dresden.* [b]

Vanity of the World, and Happiness of Heaven.

p 1 HOW vain is all beneath the skies!
How transient every earthly bliss!
How slender all the fondest ties,
That bind us to a world like this.

2 The ev'ning cloud, the morning dew,
The with'ring grass, the fading flower,
Of earthly hopes are emblems true—
The glory of a passing hour!

3 But, though earth's fairest blossoms die,
And all beneath the skies is vain,
There is a land whose confines lie
Beyond the reach of care and pain.

b 4 Then let the hope of joys to come
Dispel our cares, and chase our fears:
If God be ours, we're trav'ling home,
Though passing through a vale of tears.

HYMN 284. C. M. *Tolland.* [*]

Seek first the Kingdom of God.

s 1 NOW let a true ambition rise,
And ardour fire our breast,
To reign in worlds above the skies,
In heavenly glories drest.

2 Behold Jehovah's royal hand
A radiant crown display,
Whose gems with vivid lustre shine,
While stars and suns decay.

3 Away, each grov'ling, anxious care,
Beneath a Christian's aim;
We spring to seize immortal joys,
In our Redeemer's name.

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4 Ye hearts, with youthful vigour warm,
The glorious prize pursue,
Nor fear the want of earthly good,
While heaven is kept in view.

HYMN 285. S. M. *Lisbon.* [*]

The Unrighteous excluded from Heaven.

1 CAN sinners hope for heaven,
Who love this world so well;
Or dream of future happiness,
While in the road to hell?

2 Shall they hosannas sing,
With an unhallow'd tongue;
Shall palms adorn the guilty hand
Which does its neighbour wrong?

3 Can sin's deceitful way
Conduct to Zion's hill;
Or those expect with God to reign
Who disregard his will?

4 Thy grace, O God, alone
Can a good hope afford!
The pardon'd and renew'd shall see
The glory of the Lord. PRATT'S COL.

HYMN 286. L. M. *Munich.* [b]

The Value of a Moment.

1 AT every motion of our breath,
Life trembles on the brink of death,
A taper's flame that upward turns,
While downward to the dust it burns.

2 A moment usher'd us to birth,
Heirs of the commonwealth of earth;
Moment by moment, years are past,
And one ere long will be our last.

3 'Twixt that, long-fled, which gave us light,
And that which soon shall end in night,
There is a point no eye can see,
Yet on it hangs eternity.

4 This is that moment,—who shall tell
Whether it leads to heav'n or hell?
This is that moment,—as we choose,
Th' immortal soul we save or lose.

5 Time past and time to come are not,
Time present is our only lot;
O God, henceforth our hearts incline
To seek no other love than thine! MONTGOMERY.

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HYMN 287. S. M. *Canterbury.* [b]

The Issues of Life and Death.

p 1 O WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole:

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above,
Unmeasur'd by the flight of years,
And all that life is love:—

4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
Oh what eternal horrors hang
Around "the second death!"

g 5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banish'd from thy face,
And evermore undone. MONTGOMERY

HYMN 288. C. M. *Dundee.* [b]

Treasuring up Wrath.

e 1 UNGRATEFUL man! Oh whence this scorn
Of long-extended grace?
And whence this madness, that insults
Th' Almighty to his face?

2 Is all the treasur'd wrath so small,
You labour still for more;
Though not eternal rolling years
Can e'er exhaust that store?

s 3 Swift will the day of vengeance come
Which must your sentence seal;
g And righteous judgment, now unknown,
In all its wrath reveal.

p 4 Alarm'd and melted at his voice,
Your conquer'd heart shall bow;
g But, to escape the vengeance then,
Embrace the Saviour now.

HYMN 289. H. M. *Haddam.* [b or *]

e 1 WHEN frowning death appears,
And points his fatal dart,

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What dark foreboding fears
Distract the sinner's heart!
The dreadful blow | But torn away
No arm can stay, | He sinks to woe

2 Now every hope denied,
Bereft of every good,
He must the wrath abide
Of an avenging God:
No mercy there | Nor wipe the tear
Will greet his ear, | Of black despair.

3 Sinners, awake, attend,
And flee the wrath to come;
Make Christ, the Judge, your friend,
And heaven shall be your home.
His mercy nigh, | That leads from death
Now points the path, | To joys on high. LEE.

HYMN 290. S. M. *Norwalk.* [b]

Anticipation of the Judgment.

1 HOW will my heart endure
The terrors of that day;
When earth and heaven, before the Judge,
Astonish'd shrink away!

2 But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead;
Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound,
What joyful tidings spread!

3 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

4 So shall that curse remove
By which the Saviour bled;
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on our head. DODDRIDGE

HYMN 291. S. M. *Yarmouth* [b]

The Harvest past.

1 I SAW beyond the tomb,
The awful Judge appear,
Prepar'd to scan with strict account
My blessings wasted here.

2 His wrath like flaming fire,
Burn'd to the lowest hell—
And in that hopeless world of woe
He bade my spirit dwell.

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3 Ye sinners, fear the Lord,
While yet 'tis call'd to-day;
Soon will the awful voice of death,
Command your souls away.

4 Soon will the harvest close—
The summer soon be o'er—
And soon your injur'd, angry God
Will hear your prayers no more. DWIGHT

HYMN 292. L. M. *Winchelsea.* [b or *]

The Watchful Servant. Luke xii, 38, 39.

s 1 AWAKE, awake, each sluggish soul!
Awake, and view the setting sun!
See how the shades of death advance,
Ere half the task of life is done.

e 2 Death! 'tis an awful, solemn sound!
Oh may it wake the slumb'ring ear!
Apace the dreadful conqu'ror comes,
With all his pale companions near.

3 Soon will he close all drowsy eyes,
Nor shall we hear these warnings more;
Soon will the mighty Judge approach;
E'en now he stands before the door.

g 4 To-day, attend his gracious voice!
This is the summons which he sends—
"Awake! for on this passing hour,
Thy long eternity depends." HEGINBOTHAM.

HYMN 293. L. M. *Nazareth.* [* or b]

The Sinner hastened.

b 1 HASTEN, O sinner! to be wise,
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
The longer wisdom you despise,
The harder is it to be won.

2 Oh hasten, mercy to implore,
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
For fear thy season should be o'er,
Before this ev'ning stage be run.

3 Hasten, O sinner! to return,
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
For fear thy lamp should cease to burn,
Before the needful work is done.

4 Hasten, O sinner! to be blest,
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
For fear the curse should thee arrest,
Before the morrow is begun. PRATT'S COL.

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HYMN 294. H. M. *Haddam.* [b]

"*Yet there is Room.*" Luke xiv, 22.

1 YE dying sons of men,
Immerged in sin and wo,
The gospel's voice attend,
While Jesus sends to you:
Ye perishing and guilty, come;
In Jesus' arms there yet is room.

2 No longer now delay,
Nor vain excuses frame:
He bids you come to-day,
Though poor, and blind, and lame:
All things are ready, sinner, come,
For every trembling soul there's room.

3 Believe the heavenly word
His messengers proclaim;
He is a gracious Lord,
And faithful is his name:
Backsliding souls, return and come,
Cast off despair, there yet is room.

4 Compelled by bleeding love,
Ye wandering souls, draw near,
Christ calls you from above,
His charming accents hear!
Let whosoever will now come:
In mercy's breast there still is room. BODEN.

HYMN 295. C. M. *Canterbury.* [b or *]

God's Command to all Men to repent. Luke xiii, 3.

1 REPENT, the voice celestial cries,
No longer dare delay:
The wretch that scorns the mandate dies,—
And meets a fiery day.

2 Together in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess;
Accept the offered Saviour now,
Nor trifle with the grace.

3 Bow, ere the awful trumpet sound,
And call you to his bar:
For mercy knows th' appointed bound,
And turns to vengeance there.

4 Amazing love,—that yet will call,
And yet prolong our days!
Our hearts subdued by goodness fall,
And weep, and love, and praise

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HYMN 296. *Chaplin. Amsterdam.* [b]

Alarm.——7s & 6s.

o 1 STOP, poor sinner! stop and think,
Before you farther go!
Will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting wo!
Once again I charge you, stop!
For unless you warning take,
Ere you are aware, you drop
Into the burning lake!

g 2 Say, have you an arm like God,
That you his will oppose?
Fear you not that iron rod
With which he breaks his foes?
Can you stand in that dread day
When his judgment shall proclaim,
And the earth shall melt away
Like wax before the flame?

3 Though your heart be made of steel,
Your forehead lined with brass,
God at length will make you feel,
He will not let you pass.
Sinners then in vain will call,
(Though they now despise his grace,)
"Rocks and mountains on us fall,
And hide us from his face." NEWTON

HYMN 297. L. M. *Germany.* [b or *]

"Renounce thy Sins."

o 1 "RENOUNCE thy sins," the gospel cries,
And pant t'embrace a fairer prize;
A heaven of joys before thee waits,
Then take the road to Zion's gates.

p 2 "Renounce thy sins," the watchmen cry,
Believe—and you shall never die;
g Fair robes of glory wait above
For all the heirs of bleeding love.

3 "Renounce thy sins," God's children cry,
Repent—and soar to worlds on high,
Where streams of living waters roll,
And ceaseless bliss absorbs the soul.

4 "Renounce thy sins," thy reason cries,
Break from your heart these hateful ties,
Enlist a soldier of the Lamb,
And joy t' exalt the Saviour's name

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HYMN 298. L. M. *Bowen.* [b or *]

Jesus a Guest. Rev. iii, 20.

e 1 BEHOLD the Saviour at thy door,
He gently knocks, has knocked before;
Has waited long, is waiting still,
You treat no other friend so ill.

a 2 O lovely attitude!—he stands
With melting heart, and outstretched hands!
O matchless kindness! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.

b 3 Admit him;—for the human breast,
Ne'er entertained so kind a guest;
Admit him;—or the hour's at hand,
When at his door denied you'll stand.

—4 "Open my heart, Lord, enter in,
Slay every foe, and conquer sin:
I now to thee my all resign,
My body, soul, and all are thine."

HYMN 299. 7s. *Evening Hymn.* [b]

"*Why will ye die? O House of Israel!*" Ezek. xviii, 31.

e 1 SINNERS! turn—why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why:
God, who did your being give—
Made you with himself to live:
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands:
Why, O thankless creatures! why
Will ye spurn his love, and die?

o 2 Sinners! turn—why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why.
He who his own life did give,
That ye might for ever live:
Will you let him die in vain,
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, O ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

b 3 Sinners! turn—why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why:
He who all your lives hath strove—
Moved you to embrace his love—
Will ye not his love receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Why, O long-sought sinners, why
Will ye grieve your God and die?

WESLEY.

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HYMN 300. 7s. *Evening Hymn.* [b or *]

e 1 LET the beasts their breath resign,
Strangers to the life divine;
Who their God can never know,
Let their spirit downward go.
o You for higher ends were born:
You may all to God return:
Dwell with him above the sky:
Why will ye for ever die?

e 2 What could your Redeemer do,
More than he hath done for you?
To procure your peace with God,
Could he more than shed his blood?
After all his flow of love,
All his drawings from above,
Why will ye your Lord deny?
Why will ye for ever die? WESLEY'S COL.

HYMN 301. 7s. *Pilgrim.* [b or *]

s 1 SINNER! rouse thee from thy sleep,
Wake—and o'er thy folly weep;
Raise thy spirit dark and dead;
Jesus waits his light to shed.

2 Wake from sleep, arise from death,
See the bright and living path:
Watchful tread that path; be wise;—
Leave thy folly, seek the skies.

3 Leave thy folly, cease from crime,
From this hour redeem thy time;
Life secure without delay,
Evil is the mortal day.

4 Be not blind, and foolish still,
Called of Jesus, learn his will:
Jesus calls from death and night,
Jesus waits to shed his light. EPIS. COL.

HYMN 302. S. M. *St. Thomas.* [b]

The accepted Time. 2 Cor. vi, 2.

1 NOW is th' accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is th' accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day;

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To-morrow it may be too late—
Then why should you delay?

3 Now is th' accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room. DOBELL.

HYMN 303. 8, 7, & 4. *Tamworth.* [b or *]

Sinners invited to Christ. Mat. xi, 28—30.

o 1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched;
This is your accepted hour;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
e Full of pity, love, and power;
He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more!

: 2 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall!
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth,
Is to feel the need of Him;
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

e 4 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo, your Saviour prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him,
Hear him cry before he dies,
"*It is finished!*"
Sinners, will not *this* suffice?

5 Lo, th' incarnate God ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood:
Venture on Him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

s 6 Saints and angels, joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name.
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may sing the same. HART

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HYMN 304. 8, 7 & 4. *Calvary.* [*]

o 1 HEAR, O sinner! mercy hails you,
e Now with sweetest voice she calls;
Bids you haste to seek the Saviour,
Ere the hand of justice falls:
Trust in Jesus,
'Tis the voice of mercy calls.

o 2 Haste, O sinner! to the Saviour,—
Seek his mercy while you may;
Soon the day of grace is over;
Soon your life will pass away!
Haste to Jesus,
You must perish, if you stay.

HYMN 305. 12s. *New Jerusalem.* [*]

Free Grace.

o 1 THE voice of free grace cries, "Escape to the mountain:"
For Adam's lost race, Christ hath opened a fountain·
For sin and uncleanness, and every transgression,
His blood flows so freely in streams of salvation.

CHORUS.

s Hallelujah to the Lamb, who has bought us a pardon,
We'll praise him again, when we pass over Jordan.

2 Ye souls that are wounded, to the Saviour repair,
Now he calls you in mercy—and can you forbear?
Though your sins are increased as high as a mountain,
His blood can remove them—it flows from the fountain.

3 Now Jesus, our King, reigns triumphantly glorious;
O'er sin, death, and hell, he is more than victorious.
With shouting proclaim it—oh trust in his passion,—
He saves us most freely—oh precious salvation!

4 Our Jesus his name now proclaims all victorious,
He reigns over all, and his kingdom is glorious;
To Jesus we'll join with the great congregation,
And triumph, ascribing to him our salvation.

5 With joy shall we stand, when escaped to the shore;
With harps in our hands, we'll praise him the more;
We'll range the sweet plains on the bank of the river,
And sing of salvation for ever and ever.

THORNBY

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HYMN 306. 7s. *Evening Hymn.* [b or *]

Matt. xi, 28.

o 1 COME, ye weary sinners, come,
All, who feel your heavy load:
Jesus calls the wand'rers home;
Hasten to your pard'ning God:
Come, ye guilty souls oppressed,
Answer to the Saviour's call:
"Come, and I will give you rest:
Come, and I will save you all."

e 2 Jesus,—full of truth and love,
We thy kindest call obey,
Faithful let thy mercies prove,
Take our load of guilt away:
Weary of this war within,
Weary of this endless strife,
Weary of ourselves and sin,
Weary of a wretched life.

p 3 Burdened with a world of grief,
Burdened with our sinful load,
Burdened with this unbelief,
Burdened with the wrath of God,
o Lo, we come to thee for ease,
True and gracious as thou art;
Now our weary souls release,
Write forgiveness on our heart. VILLAGE HYMNS.

HYMN 307. L. M. *Park Street.* [b]

"*Return unto me.*"

o 1 RETURN, O wanderer, return!
And seek thine injured Father's face.
Those new desires which in thee burn,
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return!
e He hears thy deep repentant sigh:
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no intruding ear is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer, return!
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live:
Go to his feet; and grateful, learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

s 4 Return, O wanderer, return!
And wipe away the falling tear:
Thy Father calls—"No longer mourn!"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near. COLLYER.

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HYMN 308. C. M. *Dundee.* [b]

Mat. xi, 28.

1 ALL ye who feel distressed for sin,
And fear eternal wo,
You Christ invites to enter in—
This hour to Jesus go!

2 He by his own almighty word,
Will all your fears remove:
For every wound his precious blood
A sovereign balm shall prove.

3 His conquering grace shall set you free
From sin's oppressive chains,
From Satan's hateful tyranny,
And everlasting pains.

4 Come, then, ye heavy laden—come!
His instant help implore:
Millions have found a peaceful home—
There's room for millions more. PRATT'S COL.

HYMN 309. 8 & 7. *Sicilian Hymn.* [*]

A Fountain opened for Sin and Uncleanness.

1 COME to Calvary's holy mountain,
Sinners, ruined by the fall;
Here a pure and healing fountain
Flows to you, to me, to all.

2 Come, in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind;
Here the guilty, free remission,
Here the troubled, peace may find.

3 He that drinks shall live for ever;
'Tis a soul-renewing flood:
God is faithful;—God will never
Break his covenant in blood. MONTGOMERY.

HYMN 310. L. M. *Angels' Hymn.* [*]

"*Take not thy Holy Spirit,*" &c. Ps. li, 11.

1 STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite,
Cast not the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all, whoe'er thy grace received,
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved,

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p 3 Yet oh, the chief of sinners spare,
In honour of my great High Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear,
I shall not see thy people's rest.

—4 If yet thou canst my sins forgive,
E'en now, O Lord, relieve my woes
Into thy rest of love receive,
And bless me with the calm repose.

—5 E'en now my weary soul release,
And raise me by thy gracious hand!
Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 311. C. M. *Canterbury.* [b]

The Penitent.

p 1 PROSTRATE, O Jesus, at thy feet,
A guilty rebel lies,
And upwards to the mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.

3 But no such sacrifice I plead,
To expiate my guilt;
No tears but those which thou hast shed,
No blood but thou hast spilt.

4 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord,
And all my sins forgive;
Then Justice will approve the word
That bids the sinner live. STENNETT

HYMN 312. C. M. *Dedham.* [b or *]

"*O save me for thy Mercies' Sake.*"—Ps. vi, 4.

p 1 MERCY alone can meet my case:
For mercy, Lord, I cry:
Jesus, Redeemer, show thy face
In mercy, or I die.

2 Save me,—for none beside can save;
At thy command I tread,
With failing steps, life's stormy wave,
— The wave goes o'er my head.

3 I perish, and my doom were just;
But wilt thou leave me? No·

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I hold thee fast, my hope, my trust:
I will not let thee go.

4 Still sure to me thy promise stands,
And ever must abide:
Behold it written on thy hands,
And graven in thy side.

5 To this, this only will I cleave:
Thy word is all my plea:
That word is truth, and I believe:
— Have mercy, Lord, on me! MONTGOMERY.

HYMN 313. C. M. *Funeral Hymn.* [b]

For Pardon, Holiness, and Heaven.

1 SINNERS of Adam's fallen race,
Sinners by practice too,
In prayer, O God, we seek thy face,
In prayer for mercy sue.

2 No trembling penitent to Thee
E'er turned, and was denied:
Accept, O Lord! our only plea;
For us thy Son hath died.

3 For Him, thy gift, thy name we bless:
To us, for whom He died,
Through faith impute his righteousness,
And we are justified.

4 Nor rest we here, thou God of love!
May we, for whom He died,
Receive thy Spirit from above,
And thus be sanctified.

5 At length made holy, just, forgiven,
Through Christ who for us died,
May we, exchanging earth for heaven,
With him be glorified. ALEXANDER'S COL.

HYMN 314. 7s. *Hotham.* [*]

Choosing the Heritage of God's People.

1 PEOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found.
Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns, a fugitive unblessed;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
O receive me into rest!

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2 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave,
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave;
Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my heart no more,
Every idol I resign. MONTGOMERY

HYMN 315. C. M. *Broomsgrove.* [*]

Social Dedication to God.

s 1 BEING of beings, God of love!
To thee our hearts we raise;
Thy all-sustaining power we prove,
And gladly sing thy praise.

e 2 Thine, wholly thine, we want to be,
Our sacrifice receive;
Made, and preserved, and saved by thee,
To thee ourselves we give.

s 3 Come, Holy Ghost! the Saviour's love
Shed in our hearts abroad;
So shall we ever live and move,
And be with Christ, in God. C. WESLEY

HYMN 316. C. M. *Arundel.* [*]

"*Hinder me not.*" Gen. xxiv, 56.

b 1 IN all my Lord's appointed ways
My journey I'll pursue;
"Hinder me not," ye much-loved saints,
For I must go with you.

2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes;
"Hinder me not," shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

3 Through duty, and through trials too,
I'll go at his command:
"Hinder me not," for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

e 4 And when my Saviour calls me home,
My joyful cry shall be,
"Hinder me not;" come, welcome death;
I'll gladly go with thee. DR. RYLAND

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HYMN 317. L. M. *Blendon.* [*]

Following Jesus as the Forerunner.

o 1 JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way till him I view.

—2 The way the holy prophets went,
The way that leads from banishment;
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

—3 This is the way I long had sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief a burden long had been,
Oppressed with unbelief and sin.

—4 The more I strove against their power,
I sinned and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."

5 Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am:
Nothing but sin I thee can give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.

s 6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God." CENNICK.

HYMN 318. C. M. *Stephens.* [*]

"*Help, Lord.*"

e 1 OH help us, Lord! each hour of need
Thy heavenly succour give;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

2 Oh help us, through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe;
For still the more thy servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

3 If, strangers to thy fold, we call,
Imploring at thy feet,
The crumbs that from thy table fall,
'Tis all we dare entreat.

4 But be it, Lord of mercy, all,
So thou wilt grant but this;
The crumbs that from thy table fall,
Are light, and life, and bliss.

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5 Oh help us, Jesus! from on high;
We know no help but thee:
Oh help us so to live and die
As thine in heaven to be. MILMAN

HYMN 319. C. M. *Woodstock.* [b]

The Fulness of Redemption.

1 HOW shall my soul find rest in heaven,
Th' eternal, blest abode?
When, "without holiness, no man
Shall see the holy God."

2 Though I have nothing of my own,
To form that heavenly dress;
Jesus has wrought, and gives to me,
The robe of righteousness.

3 Hear thou, my soul, his teaching voice;
With wise endeavour, still,
Observe the guiding of his eye,
And precepts of his will.

4 Then shall the robe thy Saviour wrought,
The ransom he has given,
Be made thy title to the rest
Prepared for saints in heaven.

HYMN 320. S. M. *Watchman.* [*]

Salvation by Grace, from the first to the last.

1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound;
Harmonious to the ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise. DODDRIDGE.

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HYMN 321. P. M. *Bingham.* [b or *]

Bartimeus. Mark x, 47, 48.

p 1 "MERCY, O thou Son of David!"
Thus blind Bartimeus prayed:
Others by the word are saved,
o Now to me afford thine aid:
Many for his crying chid him,
o But he called the louder still;
e Till the gracious Saviour bid him
o "Come and ask me what you will.

e 2 Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging used to live;
But he asked, and Jesus granted,
Alms, which none but he could give:
o "Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
"Let my eyes behold the day;"
Straight he saw, and, won by kindness,
Followed Jesus in the way.

s 3 Oh! methinks I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around;
"Friend, is not my case amazing?
"What a Saviour I have found:
"Oh! that all the blind but knew him;
"And would be advised by me!
"Surely would they hasten to him,
"He would cause them all to see." NEWTON

HYMN 322. C. M. *Warwick.* [*]

"*Herein is Love.*" 1 John iv, 10.

s 1 YE saints, assist me in my song—
Let all your passions move:
To Jesus all the notes belong—
I sing redeeming love.

e 2 Around the circle of his friends,
His tender passions move:
And while he lived, his constant theme
o Was still redeeming love.

p 3 Gently he raised his sacred hands,
Before his last remove:
And the last whispers of his tongue
Sighed forth redeeming love.

4 Through life's wide waste, with weary feet,
In darkness I may rove;
But never can my heart forget
Redeeming, dying love.

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5 Oh that before his sacred throne,
I all its sweets may prove:
Still as my pleasures rise, my song
Shall be redeeming love. COLLYER.

HYMN 323. C. M. *Stamford.* [*]

Luke xv, 10.

p 1 OH, how divine, how sweet the joy,
When but one sinner turns,
And with an humble, broken heart,
His sins and errors mourns!

s 2 Pleased with the news, the saints below
In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is filled with joy.

o 3 Well pleased the Father sees and hears
The conscious sinner's moan;
Jesus receives him in his arms,
And claims him for his own.

s 4 Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire:
"The sinner lost is found," they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre. NEEDHAM.

HYMN 324. C. M. *Abridge.* [*]

s 1 O HAPPY soul that lives on high,
While men lie grov'ling here!
His hopes are fixed above the sky,
And faith forbids his fear.

2 His conscience knows no secret stings,
While grace and joy combine
To form a life whose holy springs
Are hidden and divine.

e 3 He waits in secret on his God,
His God in secret sees;

s Let earth be all in arms abroad,
He dwells in heavenly peace.

4 His pleasures rise from things unseen,
Beyond this world of time,
Where neither eyes nor ears have been,
Nor thoughts of mortals climb.

5 He wants no pomp nor royal throne,
To raise his figure here,
Content and pleased to live alone,
Till Christ his life appear WATTS

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HYMN 325. C. M. *Lanesboro'*. [*]

The Fear of God.

o 1 THRICE happy souls, who, born of heaven,
While yet they sojourn here,
e Humbly begin their days with God,
And spend them in his fear.

2 So may our eyes with holy zeal
Prevent the dawning day;
And turn the sacred pages o'er,
And praise thy name and pray.

e 3 Midst hourly cares may love present
Its incense to thy throne;
And, while the world our hands employs,
Our hearts be thine alone.

4 At night we lean our weary heads
On thy paternal breast;
And, safely folded in thine arms,
Resign our powers to rest.

o 5 In solid, pure delights, like these.
Let all my days be past;
Nor shall I then impatient wish,
Nor shall I fear the last. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 326. C. M. *Broomsgrove.* [*]

Christian Love.

p 1 HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill his word;—

—2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrows flow from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart;—

3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love.

D 4 Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow;
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glow.

5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven, who finds
His bosom glow with love. SWAIN.

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HYMN 327. S. M. *Lisbon.* [*]

Exhortation against Sectarian Spirit.

1 LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread:
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their Head.

2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.

3 Let envy and ill will
Be banished far away;
And all in Christian bonds unite,
Who the same Lord obey.

4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above;
Where no discordant sounds are heard,
But all is peace and love.

BEDDOME.

HYMN 328. C. M. *Archdale.* [*]

The Unity of the Spirit in the Bond of Peace.

1 THE earth, the ocean, and the sky,
To form one world agree;
Where all that walk, or swim, or fly,
Compose one family.

2 God in creation thus displays
His wisdom and his might,
While all his works with all his ways
Harmoniously unite.

3 In one fraternal bond of love,
One fellowship of mind,
The saints below and saints above,
Their bliss and glory find.

4 Here, in their house of pilgrimage,
Thy statutes are their song,
There, through one bright eternal age,
Thy praises they prolong.

MONTGOMERY.

HYMN 329. C. M. *Tolland.* [*]

The Church Militant learning the Church Triumphant's Song.

1 SING we the song of those who stand
Around th' eternal throne

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Of every kindred, clime, and land,
A multitude unknown.

2 Life's poor distinctions vanish here;
To-day, the young, the old,
Our Saviour and his flock appear
One Shepherd and one fold.

p 3 Toil, trial, suff'ring, still await
On earth the pilgrim's throng;
Yet learn we, in our low estate,
o The church triumphant's song.

s 4 Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,
Cry the redeemed above,
Blessing and honour to obtain,
And everlasting love.

5 Worthy the Lamb, on earth we sing,
Who died our souls to save:
Henceforth, O Death! where is thy sting?
Thy victory, O Grave?

6 Then, hallelujah! power and praise
To God in Christ be given;
May all who now this anthem raise,
Renew the strain in heaven. MONTGOMERY.

HYMN 330. S. M. *Shirland.* [*]

Vital Union to Christ in Regeneration.

e 1 DEAR Saviour, we are thine
By everlasting bonds;
Our names, our hearts, we would resign;
Our souls are in thy hands.

2 To thee we still would cleave,
With ever-growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
Oh, let them ne'er prevail.

e 3 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to thee, our Head;
Shall form us to thy image bright,
That we thy paths may tread.

4 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay;
But love shall keep us near thy side
Through all the gloomy way.

5 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt and fear?
If he in heaven hath fixed his throne,
He'll fix his members there DODDRIDGE.

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HYMN 331. L. M. *Atlantic.* [*]

Rising to God.

o 1 NOW let our souls, on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time;
Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of eternity.

2 Born by a new, celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?

3 Shall aught beguile us on the road,
When we are walking back to God?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.

s 4 Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge
That sets our longing souls at large;
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,
And gives us with our God to dwell.

5 To dwell with God, to feel his love,
Is the full heaven enjoyed above;
And the sweet expectation now
Is the young dawn of heaven below. GIBBONS

HYMN 332. 7s. *Hotham.* [b or *]

Forsaking all for Christ.

p 1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be;
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.

o 2 Soul, then know thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care,
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear;
e Think what spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee·
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

s 3 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal days before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.

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Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise. MONTGOMERY.

HYMN 333. 7s. *Pilgrim.* [b or *]

Welcoming the Cross.

c l 'TIS my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross;
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.

2 Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,
This is happiness to me.

3 Trials make the promise sweet,
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there. COWPER

HYMN 334. L. M. *Brentford.* [b]

The Influence of the World deplored

e l OH! from the world's vile slavery,
Almighty Saviour, set me free,
And as my treasure is above,
Be there my thoughts and there my love.

p 2 But oft, alas! too well I know,
My thoughts, my love, are fixed below;
In every lifeless prayer I find
The heart unmoved, the absent mind.

3 Oh! what that frozen heart can move,
Which melts not at a Saviour's love?
What can that sluggish spirit raise,
Which will not sing the Saviour's praise?

4 Lord, draw my best affections hence,
Above this world of sin and sense;
s Cause them to soar beyond the skies,
And rest not, till to thee they rise. COTTERILL.

HYMN 335. C. M. *Canterbury.* [b]

The Power of Faith.

o l FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves us from its snares;
Its aid in every duty brings,
p And softens all our cares;

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2 Extinguishes the thirst of sin,
And lights the sacred fire
Of love to God and heavenly things,
And feeds the pure desire.

3 The wounded conscience knows its power
The healing balm to give;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

s 4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign;
And bids us seek our portion there,
Nor bids us seek in vain. TURNER

HYMN 336. 7s & 6s. *Margate.* [b or *]

Looking forward.

p 1 FROM every earthly pleasure,
From every transient joy,
From every mortal treasure,
That soon will fade and die;
No longer these desiring,
Upward our wishes tend,
To nobler bliss aspiring,
And joys that never end.

2 From every piercing sorrow
That heaves our breast to-day,
—Or threatens us to-morrow,
Hope turns our eyes away:

s On wings of faith ascending,
We see the land of light,
And feel our sorrows ending
In infinite delight.

p 3 What though we are but strangers
And sojourners below;
And countless snares and dangers
Surround the path we go;
Though painful and distressing,
Yet there's a rest above;

s And onward still we're pressing,
To reach that land of love.

HYMN 337. 7s. *German Hymn.* [*]

The Pilgrim's Song.

o 1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King.
As ye journey, sweetly sing:
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,

o Glorious in his works and ways!

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o 2 Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod:
They are happy now,—and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.
u 3 Shout, ye ransomed flock, and blest!
Ye on Jesus' throne shall rest:
There your seat is now prepared;
There your kingdom and reward.
s 4 Fear not, brethren! joyful stand
On the borders of your land:
Jesus Christ, God's only Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.
p 5 Lord, submissive make us go,
o Gladly leaving all below:
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee. CENNICK.

HYMN 338. L. M. *Eaton.* [*]

Heb. xiii, 14.

e 1 "WE'VE no abiding city here"—
e This may distress the worldly mind;
o But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.
e 2 "We've no abiding city here"—
e Sad truth, were this to be our home:
o But let this thought our spirits cheer,
"We seek a city yet to come."
3 "We've no abiding city here"—
Then let us live as pilgrims do;
Let not the world our rest appear,
But let us haste from all below.
e 4 "We've no abiding city here"—
s We seek a city out of sight;
Zion its name—the Lord is there,
It shines with everlasting light. KELLY.

HYMN 339. C. M. *St. Ann's.* [*]

Sincerity and Truth.

e 1 LET those who bear the Christian name.
Their holy vows fulfill:
The saints, the followers of the Lamb,
Are men of honour still.
2 True to the solemn oaths they take,
Though to their hurt they swear,
Constant and just to all they speak,
For God and angels hear

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3 Still with their lips their hearts agree,
Nor flattering words devise;
They know the God of truth can see
Through every false disguise.

4 They hate th' appearance of a lie,
In all the shapes it wears,
Firm to their truth; and when they die,
Eternal life is theirs. WATTS.

HYMN 340. C. M. *Dedham.* [b]

Watchfulness.

1 O FOR a principle within
Of jealous, godly fear;
A sensibility to sin,
A pain to feel it near;

2 O for the first approach to feel
Of pride, or fond desire;
To catch the wandering of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.

3 From Thee that I no more may part,
No more thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
The tender conscience, give.

4 Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make!
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake. C. WESLEY

HYMN 341. 8 & 7. *Bavaria.* [*]

The watchful Servants.

e 1 EARTHLY joys no longer please us,
Here would we renounce them all,
Seek our only rest in Jesus—
Him our Lord and Master call
s Faith, our languid spirits cheering,
Points to brighter worlds above,
Bids us look for his appearing—
Bids us triumph in his love.

2 May our lights be always burning,
And our loins be girded round,
Waiting for our Lord's returning—
Longing for the welcome sound!
Thus the Christian life adorning,
Never will we be afraid;
Should he come at night or morning—
Early dawn or evening shade. CONG. MAG.

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HYMN 342. S. M. *Watchman.* [* or b]

e 1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky;

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill;
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And oh! thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely!
Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die. WESLEY.

HYMN 343. S. M. *Olmutz.* [*]

Watch and pray. Matt. xxvi, 41.

p 1 MY soul, be on thy guard,—
Ten thousand foes arise:
And hosts of sins are pressing hard,
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh! watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down:
The arduous work will not be done,
Till thou hast got thy crown. HEATH.

HYMN 344. C. M. *Windsor.* [b]

Indwelling Sin lamented.

p 1 WITH tears of anguish I lament,
Here at thy feet, my God,
My passion, pride, and discontent,
And vile ingratitude.

2 Sure there was ne'er a heart so base,
So false as mine has been,
So faithless to its promises,
So prone to every sin.

3 My reason tells me thy commands
Are holy, just, and true,

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Tells me whate'er my God demands,
Is his most righteous due.

4 Reason I hear, her counsels weigh,
And all her words approve;
But still I find it hard t' obey,
And harder yet to love.

5 How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel
These strugglings in my breast?
When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,
And give my conscience rest? STENNETT.

HYMN 345. 7s. *Calvary.* [b]

1 BY thy Spirit, Lord, reprove,
All my inmost sins reveal,
Sins against thy light and love
Let me see, and let me feel;
Sins that crucified my Lord,
Sins against thy precious blood.

p 2 Jesus, seek thy wandering sheep,
Make me restless to return;
Bid me look on thee, and weep,
Bitterly, as Peter, mourn;—
Till I say, by grace restored,
"Now, thou know'st I love thee, Lord."

3 O remember me for good,
Passing through the mortal vale;
Show me the atoning blood,
When my strength and spirit fail;
Give my fainting soul to see
Jesus crucified for me. WESLEY'S COL.

HYMN 346. L. P. M. *St. Helen's.* [b]

For Power over Sin.

1 WHEN shall I hear the inward voice,
Which only faithful souls can hear?
Pardon, and peace, and heavenly joys,
Attend the promised Comforter:
O come, and righteousness divine,
And Christ, and all with Christ, are mine!

2 O that the Comforter would come,
Nor visit as a transient guest,
But fix in me his constant home,
And keep possession of my breast:
And make my soul his loved abode,
The temple of indwelling God. C. WESLEY

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HYMN 347. C. M. *Funeral Hymn.* [b]

The Contrite Heart.

p 1 THE Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow:
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart, or no?

2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel;
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain
To find I cannot feel.

—3 I sometimes think myself inclined
To love thee, if I could;
But often feel another mind
Averse to all that's good.

—4 My best desires are faint and few;
Fain would I strive for more;
But, when I cry, "My strength renew,"
Seem weaker than before.

—5 Thy saints are comforted, I know,
And love the house of prayer;
I therefore go where others go,
But find no comfort there.

6 Oh! make this heart rejoice or ache;
Decide this doubt for me;
And if it be not broken, break,—
And heal it, if it be.

COWPER.

HYMN 348. C. M. *Poland.* [b]

For a Contrite Heart.

• 1 O FOR that tenderness of heart,
Which bows before the Lord;
Acknowledging how just thou art,
And trembling at thy word.

2 O for those humble, contrite tears,
Which from repentance flow;
That consciousness of guilt, which fears
The long-suspended blow.

3 Saviour, to me, in pity, give
The sensible distress;
The pledge thou wilt at last receive,
And bid me die in peace;—

g 4 Wilt from the dreadful day remove,
Before the evil come;
My spirit hide with saints above,
My body in the tomb.

C. WESLEY

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HYMN 349. L. M. *Dresden.* [b]

Return of Joy.

1 WHEN darkness long has veiled my mind,
And smiling day once more appears,
Then, my Redeemer, then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

2 I chide my unbelieving heart,
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbour one hard thought of thee.

3 O, let me, then, at length be taught
(What I am still so slow to learn)
That God is Love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat!
But, when my faith is sharply tried,
I find myself a learner yet,—
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

5 But, O my Lord, one look from thee
Subdues the disobedient will,
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious worm is still.

6 Thou art as ready to forgive,
As I am ready to repine;
Thou therefore all the praise receive;
Be shame and self-abhorrence mine. COWPER

HYMN 350. L. P. M. *St. Helen's.* [*]

Fervent Vows and Petitions.

1 THEE will I love, my strength and tower,
Thee will I love, my joy and crown;
Thee will I love with all my power,
In all my works, and thee alone!
Thee will I love, till that pure fire
Fill my whole soul with chaste desire.

2 In darkness willingly I strayed;
I sought thee, yet from thee I roved:
For wide my wandering thoughts were spread,
Thy creatures more than thee I loved;
And now, if more at length I see,
'Tis through thy light, and comes from thee.

3 I thank thee, uncreated sun,
That thy bright beams on me have shined;
I thank thee, who hast overthrown
My foes, and healed my wounded mind

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I thank thee, whose enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.

4 Give to my eyes refreshing tears;
Give to my heart chaste, hallowed fires;
Give to my soul, with filial fears,
The love that all heaven's host inspires;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

—5 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown!
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God!
Thee will I love, though all may frown,
And thorns and briers perplex my road;
Yea, when my flesh and heart decay,
Thee shall I love in endless day. MORAVIAN.

HYMN 351. L. M. *Nazareth.* [b or *]

A Good Conscience.

p 1 SWEET peace of conscience, heavenly guest!
Come, fix thy mansion in my breast;
Dispel my doubts, my fears control;
And heal the anguish of my soul.

o 2 Come, smiling hope, and joy sincere;
Come, make your constant dwelling here;
Still let your presence cheer my heart,
Nor sin compel you to depart.

3 Thou God of hope and peace divine,
Oh! make these sacred pleasures mine!
Forgive my sins, my fears remove,
And send the tokens of thy love.

s 4 Then should my eyes, without a tear,
See death, with all its terrors, near:
My heart should then in death rejoice,
And raptures tune my faltering voice.

g 5 Nay, should the frame of nature fall,
And flames surround this earthly ball;
Ev'n then, my soul without dismay
The mighty ruin would survey.

s 6 Yes, for beyond these lower skies
New worlds salute my longing eyes;
Blest worlds! where peace her throne maintains,
And everlasting glory reigns. HEGINBOTHAM.

HYMN 352. C. M. *Lanesboro'.* [b or *]

The Request.

1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,

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Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise :—

2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 "Let the sweet hope that I am thine,
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end." STEELE.

HYMN 353. 8 & 7. *Smyrna.* [*]

'Yea, though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I will fear no Evil." Ps. xxiii, 4.

p 1 GENTLY, Lord, O gently lead us
Through this gloomy vale of tears,
Through the changes thou'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears.
s O refresh us with thy blessing,
O refresh us with thy grace,
May thy mercies, never ceasing,
Fit us for thy dwelling-place.

p 2 When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.
s O refresh us with thy blessing, &c.

p 3 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.
s— O refresh us with thy blessing, &c.

e 4 When this mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest,
o Till by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.
s O refresh us with thy blessing, &c

s 5 Then, O crown us with thy blessing,
Through the triumphs of thy grace;
Then shall praises never ceasing
Echo through thy dwelling-place.
O refresh us with thy blessing, &c.

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HYMN 354. L. M. *Dresden.* [b]

Submission.

p 1 WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will!
Tumultuous passions, all be still!
Nor let a murmuring thought arise;
His ways are just, his counsels wise.

e 2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his work, the cause conceals;
But though his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.

3 In heaven, and earth, and air, and seas,
He executes his firm decrees;
And by his saints it stands confessed,
That what he does is ever best.

4 Wait, then, my soul, submissive wait,
Prostrate before his awful seat:
And 'midst the terrors of his rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God. BEDDOME.

HYMN 355. C. M. *Dundee.* [* or b]

Resignation.

1 MAY I remember, Lord, to thee,
Whate'er I have I owe;
And back, in gratitude, from me,
May all thy bounties flow.

2 Thy gifts are only then enjoyed,
When used as talents lent;
Those talents only well employed,
When in thy service spent.

3 And though thy wisdom takes away,
Shall I arraign thy will?
o No, let me bless thy name, and say,
"The Lord is gracious still."

4 A pilgrim through the earth I roam,
Of nothing long possessed,
And all must fail when I go home,
For this is not my rest.

5 Write but my name upon the roll
Of thy redeemed above;
Then, heart, and mind, and strength, and soul,
I'll love thee for thy love. MONTGOMERY

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HYMN 356. L. P. M. *Dresden.* [b]

'*For we have not an High Priest who cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.*" Heb. iv, 15.

e 1 WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

—2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly virtue's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,
Still he who felt temptation's power
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

—3 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend;
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me—for a little while,—
Thou, Saviour, seest the tears I shed,
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

—4 And O, when I have safely passed
Through every conflict—but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed,—for thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away. GRANT.

HYMN 357. 8, 7 & 4. *Tamworth.* [*]

Divine Faithfulness.

e 1 IN the floods of tribulation,
While the billows o'er me roll,
e Jesus whispers consolation,
o And supports my fainting soul;
s Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Praise the Lord.

e 2 In his darkest dispensations,
o Faithful doth the Lord appear,
With his richest consolations,
a To reanimate and cheer:
e Sweet affliction,
Thus to bring my Saviour near.

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3 In the sacred page recorded
Thus his word securely stands;
'Fear not, I'm in trouble near thee,
'Nought shall pluck you from my hands:'
Sweet affliction,
Every word my love demands. S. PEARCE.

HYMN 358. L. P. M. *St. Helen's.* [b]

Prayer for Divine Consolation.

p 1 FATHER of mercies, God of love,
O! hear a humble suppliant's cry;
o Bend from thy lofty seat above,
g Thy throne of glorious majesty:
O deign to listen to my voice,
And bid my drooping heart rejoice.

2 I urge no merits of my own,
No worth to claim thy gracious smile;
And when I bow before thy throne,
Dare to converse with God awhile,
Thy name, blest Jesus, is my plea,
Dearest and sweetest name to me!

p 3 Father of mercies, God of love,
Then hear thy humble suppliant's cry;
Bend from thy lofty seat above,
g Thy throne of glorious majesty:
One pardoning word can make me whole,
And soothe the anguish of my soul. RAFFLES

HYMN 359. C. M. *Funeral Hymn.* [b]

Think upon Me. Neh. v, 19.

p 1 O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to thee;
In all my trials, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me.

2 When groaning, on my burdened heart
My sins lie heavily:
My pardon speak, new peace impart,
In love, remember me.

3 If on my face, for thy dear name,
Shame and reproaches be;
o I'll hail reproach, and welcome shame
If thou remember me.

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p 4 The hour is near—consigned to death,
I own the just decree;
Saviour, with my last parting breath,
I'll cry—Remember me. HAWEIS.

HYMN 360. 8 & 7. *Smyrna.* [b]

In deep Affliction.

p 1 FULL of trembling expectation,
Feeling much, and fearing more,
Mighty God of my salvation,
I thy timely aid implore:
Suffering Son of Man, be near me,
All my sufferings to sustain,
By thy sorer griefs to cheer me,
By thy more than mortal pain.

—2 By thy most severe temptation,
In that dark, Satanic hour;
By thy last mysterious passion,
Screen me from the adverse power;
By thy fainting in the garden,
By thy bloody sweat, I pray,
Write upon my heart the pardon,
Take my sins and fears away.

3 By the travail of thy spirit,
By thine outcry on the tree,
By thine agonizing merit,
In my pangs remember me!
By thy death I thee conjure,
A weak, dying soul befriend;
Make me patient to endure;
Make me faithful to the end. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 361. C. M. *Dedham.* [b]

Hope in Trouble.

1 WHEN musing sorrow weeps the past,
And mourns the present pain,
'Tis sweet to think of peace at last,
And feel that death is gain.

2 'Tis not that murmuring thoughts arise,
And dread a Father's will,
'Tis not that meek submission flies,
And would not suffer still·

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3 It is that heaven-born faith surveys
The path that leads to light,
And longs her eagle plumes to raise,
And lose herself in sight.

—4 It is that hope with ardor glows,
To see him face to face,
Whose dying love no language knows
Sufficient art to trace.

5 It is that harassed conscience feels
The pangs of struggling sin;
And sees, though far, the hand that heals,
And ends the strife within.

s 6 O let me wing my hallowed flight
From earth-born wo and care,
And soar above these clouds of night,
My Saviour's bliss to share! NOEL

HYMN 362. C. M. *Abridge.* [*]

Gospel Comforts.

p 1 WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
And long to fly away.

e 2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above.

3 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on his covenant of grace,
For all things to depend.

4 Sweet in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.

5 If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from thee? TOPLADY.

HYMN 363. S. M. *Olmutz.* [*]

e 1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;

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u Loud to the praise of love divine,
Bid every string awake.

o 2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home,
And nearer to our house above,
We every moment come.

3 His grace will to the end,
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the love divine.

4 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on thee!
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see. TOPLADY.

HYMN 364. P. M. *Haddam.* [*]

The Cross the Way to the Crown.

s 1 LOOK up to yonder world,
See myriads round the throne!
Each bears a golden harp,
And wears a sacred crown:
s With zeal they strike | And strive to raise
The sacred lyre, | Their praises higher.

2 Believing in his Name,
They in his footsteps trod;
His righteousness their hope,
Their only plea his blood;
Lo, now they reign | Behold his face
With him above, | And sing his love.

3 And shall we not aspire,
Like them our course to run?
The crown if we would wear,
That crown must first be won:
Divinely taught, | First to believe
They shewed the way, | And then obey.

HYMN 365. L. M. *Luton.* [*]

The Redeemed round the Throne. Rev. vii, 9—17.

o 1 LO! round the throne, at God's right hand,
The saints, in countless myriads, stand;
Of every tongue, redeemed to God,
Arrayed in garments washed in blood.

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2 Through tribulation great they came;
They bore the cross, despised the shame:
From all their labors now they rest,
In God's eternal glory blest.

3 Hunger and thirst they feel no more;
Nor sin, nor pain, nor death, deplore:
The tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow yields to endless joy.

4 They see their Saviour face to face,
And sing the triumphs of his grace:
Him day and night they ceaseless praise,
o To him their loud hosannas raise.—

s 5 Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,
Through endless years to live and reign!
Thou hast redeemed us by thy blood,
And made us kings and priests to God!

HYMN 366 7s. *Evening Hymn.* [*]

The Redeemed in Heaven.

1 WHAT are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song:
"Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honour, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
New dominion, every hour."

2 These through fiery trials trod,
These from great affliction came;
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with his almighty name;
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them, the Lamb amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs,
Perfect love dispels all fears,
And for ever from their eyes,
God shall wipe away the tears. MONTGOMERY

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HYMN 367. S. M. *Lisbon.* [*]

The Ransomed of the Lord shall return, &c. Isa. xxxv, 10.

s 1 YOUR happy voices join,
And strike the heavenly song;
Ye pilgrims, in Jehovah's ways
With music pass along.

e 2 How straight the path appears!
How open and how fair!
No lurking gins t'entrap our feet—
No fierce destroyer there.

b 3 But flowers of paradise
In rich profusion spring;
The sun of glory gilds the path
And dear companions sing.

s 4 See Salem's golden spires,
In beauteous prospect rise;
And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
Far sparkle through the skies.

u 5 All honour to his name,
Who marks the shining way;
To him, who leads the pilgrims on
To realms of endless day.

DODDRIDGE ALTERED.

HYMN 368. S. M. *St. Thomas.* [*]

The Christian's Warfare.

o 1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son;

2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

u 3 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
But take to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:—

4 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

s 5 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray,
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

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6 Still let the Spirit cry
In all his soldiers, "Come,'
Till Christ the Lord descend from high,
And take the conquerors home. C. WESLEY

HYMN 369. C. P. M. *Rapture.* [*]

The beatific Vision.

1 COME on, my partners in distress,
Companions through the wilderness
Who still your bodies feel;
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill.

s 2 Beyond the bounds of time and space
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode;
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

p 3 We suffer with our Master here—
s But shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down;
To patient faith the prize is sure;
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

4 The great mysterious Deity,
We soon with open face shall see:
The beatific sight
u Shall fill heaven's sounding courts with praise,
And wide diffuse the golden blaze
Of everlasting light.

5 The Father shining on his throne,
The glorious co-eternal Son,
The Spirit, one and seven,
o Conspire our rapture to complete;
And lo! we fall before his feet,
e And silence heightens heaven.

d 6 In hope of that ecstatic pause,
Jesus, we now sustain the cross,
And at thy footstool fall;
Till thou our hidden life reveal,
Till thou our ravished spirits fill,
o And God be all in all! C. WESLEY

HYMN 370. C. M. *Bray.* [*]

The near Approach of Salvation.

s 1 SERVANTS of God, awake! arise!
And lift your voices high:

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Praise and adore that boundless love,
Which brings salvation nigh.
2 Swift on the wings of time it flies,
Each moment brings it near;
Then gladly view each closing day,
Gladly each closing year.
e 3 For few, indeed, their round shall run,
Few future mornings rise;
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our admiring eyes
s 4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course:
Ye mortal powers, decay:
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day. PRATT'S Cor.

HYMN 371. S. M. *Olmutz.* [*]

Exhortation to Praise and Thanksgiving.

u 1 STAND up and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice:
Stand up and bless the Lord your God,
With heart and soul and voice.
2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud, and magnify?
3 O for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought.
b 4 There with benign regard
Our hymns he deigns to hear;
Though unrevealed to mortal sense,
The spirit feels them near.
u 5 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.
6 Stand up and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up and bless his glorious Name,
Henceforth, for evermore. MONTGOMERY

HYMN 372. 8 & 7. *Greenville.* [*]

Come and help us.

g 1 HARK! what mean those lamentations
Rolling sadly through the sky?
'Tis the cry of heathen nations—
"Come and help us, or we die!"

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2 Hear the heathens' sad complaining,
Christians! hear their dying cry.
And, the love of Christ constraining,
Haste to help them, ere they die. CAWOOD.

HYMN 373. 8, 7 & 4. *Tamworth.* [*]

Prayer for the Heathen.

p 1 O'ER the realms of pagan darkness,
Let the eye of pity gaze;
See the kindreds of the people,
Lost in sin's bewildering maze:
Darkness brooding—
On the face of all the earth.

s 2 Light of them who sit in error!
Rise and shine, thy blessings bring;
Light, to lighten all the Gentiles!
Rise with healing in thy wing.
To thy brightness—
Let all kings and nations come.

—3 Let the heathen, now adoring
Idol-gods of wood and stone,
Come, and, worshipping before Him,
Serve the living God alone.
Let thy glory—
Fill the earth as floods the sea.

s 4 Thou! to whom all power is given,
Speak the word! at thy command,
Let the company of preachers
Spread thy name from land to land:
Lord! be with them—
Always, till time's latest end!

HYMN 374. L. M. *Angels' Hymn.* [b or *]

The Gathering of the Gentiles.

o 1 THE heathen perish: day by day,
Thousands on thousands pass away!
O Christians! to their rescue fly,
Preach Jesus to them ere they die.

—2 Wealth, labour, talents, freely give,
Yea, life itself, that they may live;
What hath your Saviour done for *you?*
And what for *him* will ye not do?

u 3 Thou Spirit of the Lord, go forth,
Call in the south, wake up the north;
Of every clime, from sun to sun,
Gather God's children into one. MONTGOMERY

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HYMN 375. 7 & 6. *Missionary Hymn.* [*]

Come over and help us.

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

p 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

—3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
s Salvation! O Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign. BISHOP HEBER.

HYMN 376. L. M. *Winchelsea.* [*]

u 1 SOVEREIGN of worlds! display thy power,
Be this thy Zion's favoured hour:
Bid the bright morning star arise,
And point the nations to the skies.

2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,
On Afric's shore, in India's plains,
On wilds and continents unknown;
And make the universe thine own.

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3 Speak! and the world shall hear thy voice,
Speak! and the desert shall rejoice:
Scatter the gloom of heathen night,
And bid all nations hail the light.

HYMN 377. P. M. *Haddam.* [*]

Increase of the Church.

g 1 RISE, gracious God! and shine
In all thy saving might:
And prosper each design,
To spread thy glorious light:
Let healing streams of mercy flow,
That all the earth thy truth may know.

u 2 Put forth thy glorious power!
The nations then will see,
And earth present her store
In converts born of thee:
God, our own God, his church will bless,
And earth shall yield her full increase.

HYMN 378. C. M. *Westmoreland.* [*]

Prayer for the Reign of Christ.

g 1 JESUS, Immortal King, arise!
Rise and assert thy sway;
Till earth, subdued, its tribute brings,
And distant lands obey.

u 2 Ride forth, victorious Conqueror, ride,
Till all thy foes submit,
And all the powers of hell resign
Their trophies at thy feet!

3 Send forth thy word, and let it fly,
This spacious earth around;
Till every soul beneath the sun
Shall hear the joyful sound!

—4 Oh may the great Redeemer's name
Through every clime be known!
And heathen gods, like Dagon, fall,
And Jesus reign alone.

s 5 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
May Jesus be adored!
And earth, with all her millions shout,
Hosannas to the Lord. PRATT'S COL

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HYMN 379. P. M. *Haddam.* [*]

Prayer for the Coming of the Kingdom of God

s 1 RISE, Sun of Glory, rise!
And chase those shades of night
Which now obscure the skies,
And hide the sacred light:
Oh chase those dismal shades away,
And bring the bright millennial day.

—2 Send now thy Spirit down
On all the nations, Lord!
With great success to crown
The preaching of thy word:
That heathen lands may own thy sway,
And cast their idol-gods away.

—3 Then shall thy kingdom come
Among our fallen race,
And the whole earth become
The temple of thy grace;
Whence pure devotion shall ascend
And songs of praise, till time shall end.

PRATT'S COL.

HYMN 380. H. M. *Darwell's.* [*]

Prayer for the Conversion of the World

g 1 SOVEREIGN of worlds above,
And Lord of all below,
Thy faithfulness and love,
Thy power and mercy show:
Fulfil thy word, | Let heathens live,
Thy Spirit give; | And praise the Lord

— 2 Few be the years that roll,
Ere all shall worship thee;
The travail of his soul
Soon let the Saviour see:
s O God of grace! | Fill earth with joy,
Thy power employ; | And heaven with praise.

HYMN 381. L. M. *Luton.* [*]

For the Influence of the Spirit on the Word.

1 O SPIRIT of the living God!
In all the fulness of thy grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race

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2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word:
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

—3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light;
Confusion, order, in thy path;
Souls without strength, inspire with might,
Bid mercy triumph over wrath!

—4 Baptize the nations! far and nigh,
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call him Lord

5 God from eternity hath willed—
"All flesh shall my salvation see:"
So be the Father's love fulfilled,
The Saviour's sufferings crowned by thee!

MONTGOMERY.

HYMN 382. C. M. *Broomsgrove.* [*]

To the Holy Spirit.

—1 SPIRIT of power and might, behold
A world by sin destroyed:
Creator Spirit, as of old,
Move on the formless void.

2 Give thou the word: that healing sound
Shall quell the deadly strife,
And earth again, like Eden crowned,
Bring forth the Tree of Life.

3 If sang the morning stars for joy,
When nature rose to view,
What strains will angel-harps employ,
When thou shalt all renew!

HYMN 383. 8, 7, & 4. *Tamworth.* [*]

1 WHO, but thou, almighty Spirit,
Can the heathen world reclaim?
Men may preach, but till thou favour,
Pagans will be still the same.
Mighty Spirit!
Witness to the Saviour's name.

2 Thou hast promised, by the prophets,
Glorious light in latter days:
Come and bless bewildered nations,
Change our prayers and tears to praise.
Promised Spirit!
Round the world diffuse thy rays.

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3 All our hopes, and prayers, and labours,
Must be vain without thine aid;
But thou wilt not disappoint us—
All is true that thou hast said:
Faithful Spirit!
O'er the world thine influence shed.

HYMN 384. C. M. *Tolland.* [*]

For Millennial Days.

s 1 SEND forth thy word, and let it fly,
Armed with thy Spirit's power;
Ten thousands shall confess its sway,
And bless the saving hour!

2 Beneath the influence of thy grace
The barren waste shall rise:
With sudden green and fruits arrayed—
A blooming paradise.

3 Peace, with her olive crown, shall stretch
Her wings from shore to shore;
The nations of the earth shall hear
The sound of war no more.

4 Lord! for those days we wait: those days
Are in thy word foretold:
Fly swifter, sun and stars, and bring
This promised age of gold.

• 5 Amen! with joy divine, let earth's
Unnumbered myriads cry!
Amen! with joy divine, let heaven's
Unnumbered choirs reply.

HYMN 385. 8, 7, & 4. *Tamworth.* [*]

Restoration and Glory of the Church.

g 1 ON the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands;
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands.
Drooping captive!—
God himself will loose thy bands.

—2 God, thy God, will now restore thee.
He himself appears thy friend:
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance—
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

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3 Enemies no more shall trouble,
All thy wrongs shall be redressed:
For thy shame thou shalt have double,"
In thy Maker's favour blessed:
All thy conflicts—
End in one eternal rest. KELLY.

HYMN 386. C. M. *Christmas.* [*]

Restoration of Israel.

* 1 DAUGHTER of Zion! from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head,
Again in thy Redeemer trust;
He calls thee from the dead.

* 2 Awake, awake, put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array:
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.

—3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth:
Say to the south, "Give up thy charge,
And keep not back, O north."

* 4 They come, they come—thine exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home. MONTGOMERY.

HYMN 387. 8, 7, & 4. *Tamworth.* [*]

Spread of the Gospel.

1 YES! we trust the day is breaking;
Joyful times are near at hand;
God—the mighty God is speaking
By his Word, in every land;
When he chooses,
Darkness flies at his command.

2 While the foe becomes more daring,
While he enters like a flood,
God, the Saviour, is preparing
Means to spread his truth abroad:
Every language
Soon shall tell the love of God.

3 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
Let thy people see thy hand·

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Let the gospel be victorious,
Through the world—in every land;
Then shall idols
Perish, Lord—at thy command. KELLY.

HYMN 388. H. M. *Darwell's.* [*]

a 1 O ZION, tune thy voice,
And raise thy hands on high;
Tell all the earth thy joys,
And boast salvation nigh.
Cheerful in God,
Arise and shine,
While rays divine
Stream all abroad.

—2 He gilds thy mourning face
With beams that cannot fade;
His all-resplendent grace
He pours around thy head.
The nations round
Thy form shall view,
With lustre new
Divinely crowned.

u 3 In honour to his name,
Reflect that sacred light;
And loud that grace proclaim,
Which makes thy darkness bright:
Pursue his praise,
Till sovereign love
In worlds above
The glory raise.

4 There on his holy hill
A brighter sun shall rise,
And with his radiance fill
Those fairer, purer skies;
While round his throne,
Ten thousand stars,
In nobler spheres,
His influence own. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 389. 7 & 6. *Romaine.* [*]

o 1 HAIL to the Lord's anointed!
Great David's greater Son;
Hail in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,

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To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes, with succour speedy
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 For him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The mountain-dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shade like Lebanon.

4 O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever;
That name to us is—Love. MONTGOMERY

HYMN 390. 7s. *Pilgrim.* [*]

Jesus shall reign.

1 HARK! the Song of Jubilee,
Loud—as mighty thunders roar:
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore—

2 Hallelujah! for the Lord,
God Omnipotent, shall reign:
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

3 Hallelujah! hark! the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes, above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies!

4 See Jehovah's banners furled,
Sheathed his sword! He speaks—'tis done,
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdom of his Son.

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5 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway:
g He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away!
—6 Then the end—beneath his rod,
Man's last enemy shall fall:
s Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is All in All. MONTGOMERY.

HYMN 391. L. M. *Park Street.* [*]

The Redeemer reigns.

s 1 SING, for the blest Redeemer reigns,
Through distant lands his triumphs spread;
And sinners, freed from endless pains,
Own him their Saviour and their Head.
—2 His sons and daughters from afar,
Daily at Zion's gates arrive;
Those who were dead in sin before,
By sovereign grace are made alive.
u 3 Oh may his conquests still increase,
And every foe his arm subdue;
While angels celebrate his praise,
And saints his glowing glories shew.
s 4 Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,
From all below and all above;
In lofty songs exalt his name,
In songs as lasting as his love.

HYMN 392. 7s. *Alcester.* [*]

Jesus reigns.

s 1 WAKE the song of jubilee,
Let it echo o'er the sea!
Now is come the promised hour;
Jesus reigns with sovereign power!
2 All ye nations, join and sing,
Christ, of lords and kings, is King;
Let it sound from shore to shore,
Jesus reigns for evermore.
3 Now the desert lands rejoice;
And the islands join their voice;
Yea, the whole creation sings,
Jesus is the King of kings.

HYMN 393. 8, 7, & 4. *Tamworth.* [*]

Encouragement to Missionaries.

1 MEN of God! go take your stations!
Darkness reigns throughout the earth,

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o Go, proclaim among the nations
Joyful news of heavenly birth:
Bear the tidings—
Of the Saviour's matchless worth!
2 When exposed to fears and dangers,
Jesus will his own defend;
Borne afar midst foes and strangers,
Jesus will appear your Friend;
And his presence—
Shall be with you to the end. KELLY.

HYMN 394. 7 & 6. *Romaine.* [*]

1 ROLL on, thou mighty ocean!
And as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
To every land below.
Arise, ye gales! and waft them
Safe to the destined shore;
That man may sit in darkness,
And death's black shade, no more.
2 O thou Eternal Ruler!
Who holdest in thine arm
The tempests of the ocean,
Protect them from all harm!
Thy presence e'er be with them,
Wherever they may be;
Though far from us who love them,
Still let them be with thee.

HYMN 395. 7s. *Pilgrim.* [*]

u 1 GO! ye messengers of God,
Like the beams of morning, fly;
Take the wonder-working rod,
Wave the Banner-Cross on high!
2 Where th' aspirant minaret
Gleams along the morning skies,
Wave it till the crescent set,
And the "Star of Jacob" rise.
—3 Go! to many a tropic isle,
In the bosom of the deep,
Where the skies for ever smile,
And th' oppressed forever weep.
—4 O'er the negro's night of care
Pour the living light of heaven;
Chase away the fiend despair,
Bid him hope to be forgiven!

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• 5 When the golden gates of day
Open on the palmy east,
Wide the bleeding cross display,
Spread the gospel's richest feast.

—6 Circumnavigate the ball,
Visit every soil and sea:
Preach the cross of Christ to all—
Jesus' love is full and free. J. MARSDEN.

HYMN 396. 8, 7, & 4. *Tamworth.* [*]

Farewell to Missionaries.

s 1 GO, ye heralds of salvation,
Go, proclaim redeeming blood;
Publish to that barb'rous nation,
Peace and pardon from our God;
Tell the heathen,
None but Christ can do them good.

—2 While the gospel trump you're sounding,
May the Spirit seal the word,
And, through sovereign grace abounding,
Heathen bow and own the Lord;
Idols leaving,
God alone shall be adored.

—3 Distant though our souls are blending,
Still our hearts are warm and true;
In our prayers to heaven ascending,
Brethren—we'll remember you;
Heaven preserve you,
Safely all your journey through.

4 When your mission here is finished,
And your work on earth is done,
May your souls, by grace replenished,
Find acceptance through the Son;
Thence admitted,
Dwell for ever near his throne.

u 5 Loud hosannas now resounding,
— Make the heavenly arches ring:
Grace to sinful men abounding,
Ransomed millions sweetly sing;
While with rapture,
All adore their heavenly King. BALDWIN

HYMN 397. 8, 7, & 4. *Smyrna.* [b]

Missionaries' Farewell.

p 1 YES, my native land, I love thee;
All thy scenes I love them well.

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Friends, connexions, happy country!
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

2 Home! thy joys are passing lovely;
Joys no stranger-heart can tell!
Happy home! 'tis sure I love thee!
Can I—can I say—Farewell?
Can I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and Sabbath-bell,
d Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure!
Can I say a last farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

s 4 Yes! I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I love so well!
Far away, ye billows, bear me;
Lovely native land, farewell!
Pleased I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

5 In the deserts let me labour,
On the mountains let me tell,
How he died—the blessed Saviour—
To redeem a world from hell!
Let me hasten,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

6 Bear me on, thou restless ocean
Let the winds my canvass swell—
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell.
o Glad I bid thee,
Native land!—Farewell—Farewell!

S. F. Smith

HYMN 398. L. M. *Winchelsea.* [*]

Glory awaiting faithful Missionaries.

g 1 ETERNAL Lord! from land to land,
Shall echo thine all-glorious name,
Till kingdoms bow at thy command,
And every lip thy praise proclaim.

2 Exalted high, on every shore,
The banner of the cross, unfurled,
Shall summon thousands to adore
The Saviour of a ransomed world.

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s 3 Thousands shall join thy pilgrim band
And, by that sacred standard led,
Press forward to Immanuel's land,
Nor fear the thorny path to tread.

4 Triumphant over every foe,
Their ransomed numbers shall move on,
To that blest world where sin and woe
Shall never mingle with their song.

HYMN 399. L. M. *Angels' Hymn.* [b or *]

For Missionary Associations.

g 1 ASSEMBLED at thy great command,
Before thy face, dread King, we stand;
The voice that marshalled every star,
Has called thy people from afar.

—2 We meet through distant lands to spread
The truth for which the martyrs bled;
Along the line—to either pole—
The thunder of thy praise to roll.

3 First bow our hearts beneath thy sway;
Then give thy growing empire way,
O'er wastes of sin—o'er fields of blood—
Till all mankind shall be subdued.

4 Our prayers assist—accept our praise—
Our hopes revive—our courage raise—
Our counsels aid—and oh! impart,
The single eye—the faithful heart. COLLYER

HYMN 400. L. M. *Duke Street.* [*]

Active Benevolence in Imitation of Christ.

o 1 WHEN from the glorious realms of day,
On wings of love, the Saviour flew,
He walked through mercy's heavenly way,
And bade the world his steps pursue.

p 2 The blind, the lame, his power confessed;
The dumb broke forth in grateful strains;
He gave the wearied spirit rest,
And loosed the prisoner from his chains.

—3 And shall not they whose lips resound
The matchless deeds the Saviour wrought,
Like him in charity abound,
And practise what his goodness taught?

—4 Ye who his grace so freely share,
Your willing aid as freely give;
Your lively faith and love declare,
And in his sacred precepts live

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u 5 Honour your Saviour, speak his praise;
By acts of love his grace proclaim;
Sweet anthems to his glory raise,
And in hosannas sound his name.

HYMN 401. L. P. M. *Palestine.* [b]

Saturday Evening.

s 1 SWEET is the last, the parting ray,
That ushers placid evening in;
When with the still, expiring day,
The Sabbath's peaceful hours begin;
How grateful to the anxious breast
The sacred hours of holy rest!

—2 Hushed is the tumult of the day,
And worldly cares and business cease;
While soft the vesper breezes play,
To hymn the glad return of peace:
Delightful season! kindly given
To turn the wandering thoughts to heaven.

—3 Oft as this peaceful hour shall come,
Lord, raise my thoughts from earthly things,
And bear them to my heavenly home,
On faith and hope's celestial wings,—
Till the last gleam of life decay,
In one eternal Sabbath-day.

HYMN 402. P. M. *Haddam.* [*]

Lord's Day.

s 1 CHILDREN of God, awake,
And hail this sacred day;
In loftiest songs of praise
Your grateful homage pay;
Come, bless the day that God hath blest,
The type of heaven's eternal rest.

2 On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose;
u He burst the bars of death,
And vanquished all our foes;
—And now he pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruit of all his love.

s 3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannas rings,
— And earth with humbler strains
s Thy praise responsive sings—
"Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign!

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HYMN 403. L. M. *Blendon.* [*]

"There remaineth a Rest to the People of God."

1 THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord! we love,
s But there's a nobler rest above;
—Oh that we might that rest attain
From sin, from sorrow, and from pain

s 2 In thy blest kingdom we shall be
From every mortal trouble free;
No sighs shall mingle with the songs
Resounding from immortal tongues.

p 3 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose,
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

s 4 Oh long-expected day, begin!
Dawn on this world of wo and sin:
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest in God. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 404. C. M. *Broomsgrove.* [*]

A Hymn for the Evening of the Lord's Day.

1 FREQUENT the day of God returns,
To shed its quickening beams;
p And yet how slow devotion burns!
How languid are its flames!

2 Accept our faint attempts to love,
Our frailties, Lord, forgive;
—We would be like thy saints above,
o And praise thee while we live.

—3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend,
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The Sabbath ne'er shall end;—

4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
With heavenly lustre shine;
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine. BROWN.

HYMN 405. 7s. *Pilgrim.* [*]

Sabbath Morning Prayer Meeting.

—1 HEAVENLY Spirit! may each heart
Through these sacred hours be thine:
May we from the world depart,
reathing after things divine

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o 2 Lead us forth with joy and peace
To thy temple, in thy ways;
e And when this sweet day shall cease,
g May its sun go down with praise!
—3 May thy ministers declare
All thy word of truth with power,
Till the sinner bend in prayer,
Conquered in that mighty hour.
4 So may we, who worship here,
Profit by thy word to-day;
And more love, and peace, and fear
Carry from thy house away.

HYMN 406. L. M. *Stonefield.* [*]

For the Blessing of Father, Son, and Spirit.

1 COMMAND thy blessing from above,
O God! on all assembled here;
Behold us with a Father's love,
While we look up with filial fear.
2 Command thy blessing, Jesus, Lord!
May we thy true disciples be:
Speak to each heart the mighty word,
Say to the weakest, "Follow me."
3 Command thy blessing in this hour,
Spirit of Truth! and fill this place
With humbling and exalting power,
With quickening and confirming grace.
4 O thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide,
One true Eternal God confest;
May nought in life or death divide
The saints in thy communion blest. MONTGOMERY.

HYMN 407. C. M. *Stephens.* [* or b]

1 WE bow before thy gracious throne,
And think ourselves sincere:
But show us, Lord, is every one
Thy real worshipper?
2 Is here a soul that knows thee not,
Nor feels his want of thee?
A stranger to the blood which bought
His pardon on the tree?
3 Speak with that voice which wakes the dead,
And bid the sleeper rise!
And bid his guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.

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e 4 Call forth the cry, "What must be done
"To save a wretch like me?
e "How shall a trembling sinner shun
"That endless misery?" WESLEY'S COL.

HYMN 408. 8, 7, & 4. *Tamworth.* [*]

After Sermon.

1 LORD! dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace:
Let us all, thy love possessing,
u Triumph in redeeming grace!
Oh refresh us—
Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound:
Let the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
May thy presence—
With us evermore be found. RIPPON.

HYMN 409. L. M. *Alfreton.* [*]

Baptism.

1 COME, Holy Ghost, descend from high;
Baptizer of our spirits, thou!
The sacramental seal apply,
And witness with the water now.

2 Pour forth thy energy divine,
And sprinkle the atoning blood:
t May Father, Son, and Spirit join,
To seal this child a child of God!

HYMN 410. C. M. *Stephens.* [*]

Baptism.

1 JESUS, we lift our souls to thee!
Thy Holy Spirit breathe;
And let this little infant be
Baptized into thy death.

2 Oh let thine unction on it rest,
Thy grace its soul renew;
And write within its tender breast
Thy name and nature too.

3 If thou shouldst quickly end its days,
Its place with thee prepare;
And if thou lengthen out its race,
Continue still thy care.

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HYMN 411. L. M. *Costellow.* [*]

The Lord's Supper.

1 HERE let us see thy face, O Lord,
And view salvation with our eyes,
And taste and feel the living Word,
The Bread descending from the skies.

2 Thou hast prepared this dying Lamb,
Hast set his blood before our face,
To teach the terrors of thy name,
And show the wonders of thy grace.

3 Jesus! our light! our morning star!
Shine thou on nations yet unknown;
The glory of thy people here,
And joy of spirits near thy throne. PRATT'S COL.

HYMN 412. 7 & 6. *Chaplin.* [b]

The Lord's Supper.

1 LAMB of God! whose bleeding love
We now recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find;
Think on us, who think on thee,
And every burdened soul release;
Oh remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

2 By thine agonizing pain,
And bloody sweat, we pray;
By thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away:
Burst our bonds, and set us free,
From all iniquity release;
Oh remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

3 Through thy blood, by faith applied,
Let sinners pardon feel:
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal;
By thy passion on the tree,
Let all our griefs and troubles cease;
Oh remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace. WESLEY'S COL.

HYMN 413. C. M. *Tolland.* [*]

The Lord's Supper.

1 LORD! at thy table we behold
The wonders of thy grace;

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But most of all admire that we
Should find a welcome place—
2 We, who were all defiled with sin,
And rebels to our God!
We, who have crucified thy Son,
And trampled on his blood!
3 What strange, surprising grace is this,
That we, so lost, have room!
Jesus our weary souls invites,
And freely bids us come.
4 Ye saints below, and hosts above!
Join all your sacred powers;
No theme is like redeeming love,
No Saviour is like ours. STENNETT.

HYMN 414. 7s. *Pilgrim.* [b]

1 BREAD of heaven! on thee we feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed:
Ever let our souls be fed
With this true and living bread!
2 Vine of heaven! thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice:
Lord! thy wounds our healing give,
To thy cross we look and live.
3 Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of him who died:
Lord of life! O let us be
Rooted, grafted, built on thee! PRATT'S COL.

HYMN 415. 9 & 8. *Bowery.* [*]

1 BREAD of the world, in mercy broken!
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed!
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead!
2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
And be thy feast to us the token,
That by thy grace our souls are fed.
BISHOP HEBER.

HYMN 416. C. M. *Archdale.* [*]

Joining in Covenant with God. Is. xliv 5.

1 COME, let us join our souls to God,
In everlasting bands;
And seize the blessings he bestows,
With eager hearts and hands.

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o 2 Come, let us to his temple haste,
And seek his favour there;
Before his footstool humbly bow,
And pour our fervent prayer.
–3 Come, let us seal, without delay,
The covenant of his grace;
Nor shall the years of distant life
Its memory efface.
4 Thus may our rising offspring haste
To seek their fathers' God;
Nor e'er forsake the happy path
Their fathers' feet have trod. PRATT'S COL.

HYMN 417. C. M. *Stephens.* [*]

Joining the Church of Christ.

g 1 WITNESS, ye men and angels, now,
Before the Lord we speak;
To him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break—
—2 That long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.
3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely,
That, with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our need supply.
4 O guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways;
And while we turn our vows to prayers,
g Turn thou our prayers to praise. BEDDOME.

HYMN 418. L. M. *Costellow.* [*]

Reception into Christian Fellowship.

1 COME in, thou blessed of the Lord,
Enter in Jesus' precious name,
We welcome thee with one accord,
And trust the Saviour does the same.
2 Those joys which earth cannot afford,
We'll seek in fellowship to prove,
Joined in one spirit to our Lord,
Together bound by mutual love.
3 And while we pass this vale of tears,
We'll make our joys and sorrows known;
We'll share each other's hopes and fears,
And count a brother's cares our own.

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4 Once more our welcome we repeat,
Receive assurance of our love :
O may we all together meet
Around the throne of God above !

HYMN 419. S. M. *Shirland.* [* or b]

Love to the Church.

o 1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode
The church our blest Redeemer saved,
With his own precious blood.

— 2 If e'er to bless thy sons,
My voice or hands deny,
These hands let useful skill forsake,
This voice in silence die.

3 If e'er my heart forget
Her welfare or her wo,
Let every joy this heart forsake,
And every grief o'erflow.

4 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end. DWIGHT

HYMN 420. L. M. *Munich.* [b]

For a Sunday School Union Anniversary Meeting

1 FROM year to year in love we meet,
From year to year in peace we part ·
u The tongues of thousands uttering sweet
The bosom-joy of every heart.

e 2 But time rolls on, and year by year,
We change, grow up, or pass away;
Not twice the same assembly here
Have hailed the children's festal day.

p 3 Death, ere another spring, shall strike
Some in our union, marked to fall;
Be young and old prepared alike,
The warning is to each, to all.

—4 Our times, our lives, are in thy hand;
On thee for all things we rely;
Assured, while in thy grace we stand,
To live is Christ, and gain to die.

5 Meanwhile our falling ranks renew;
Send children, teachers, in our place,
More humble, docile, faithful, true,
More like thy Son, from race to race. MONTGOMERY.

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HYMN 421. S. M. *Olmutz.* [*]

For Sunday Schools.

1 WITHIN these walls be peace,
Love through our borders found;
In all our little palaces
Prosperity abound.

p 2 God scorns not humble things;
Here, though the proud despise,
g The children of the King of kings
Are training for the skies.

— 3 May none who thus are taught,
From glory be cast down,
But all through faith and patience brought
u To an immortal crown. MONTGOMERY

HYMN 422. C. M. *Lanesboro'.* [*]

For Sunday Schools.

g 1 THERE is a glorious world of light,
Above the starry sky;
Where saints departed, clothed in white,
Adore the Lord most high.

2 And hark! amid the sacred songs
Those heavenly voices raise,
Ten thousand, thousand infant tongues
Unite and perfect praise.

—3 Those are the hymns that we shall know,
If Jesus we obey:
That is the place where we shall go,
If found in wisdom's way.

4 This is the joy we ought to seek,
And make our chief concern;
For this we come, from week to week,
To read, and hear, and learn.

p 5 Soon will our earthly race be run,
Our mortal frame decay;
Children and teachers, one by one,
Must droop, and pass away.

e 6 Great God! impress the serious thought,
This day, on every breast;
That both the teachers and the taught
May enter to thy rest. JANE TAYLOR

HYMN 423. S. M. *Shirland.* [*]

For Sunday Schools.

o 1 COME, let our songs resound
Within these peaceful walls·

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—The light of knowledge shines around,
And e'en on us it falls.

2 Through God our Father's care,
Though we deserved it not,
Our lives in pleasant places are,
And goodly is our lot.

s 3 This cheerful morning sun,
That lights our happy plains,
Shines, ere its daily course is run,
Where heathen darkness reigns.

—4 He sees the savage wild
Some idol's help implore;
He sees the untaught Indian child
His painted gods adore.

5 Lord, let thy light, we pray,
On them—on us arise:
For we are foolish, blind as they,
Till Jesus make us wise.

6 We learn thy blessed will,
We read thy holy word,
Then may we thy commands fulfill,
Which others never heard. JANE TAYLOR

HYMN 424. C. M. *Dundee.* [*]

What is Prayer?

1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire
Uttered, or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast,

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
u While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays!" MONTGOMERY

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HYMN 425. C. M. *Dedham.* [b or *]

Retirement and Meditation.

p 1 FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.

3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!

—4 Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine,
And (all harmonious names in one)
My Saviour, thou art mine.

s 5 What thanks I owe thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above
When time shall be no more. COWPER.

HYMN 426. L. M. *Nazareth.* [* or b]

"*Where two or three are met in my name, there am I.*"
Matt. xviii, 20.

—1 HOW sweet to leave the world awhile,
And seek the presence of our Lord!
Dear Saviour, on thy people smile,
And come according to thy word.

2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with thee:
Ah, Lord, behold us at thy feet!
Let this the "gate of heaven" be.

3 "Chief of ten thousand," now appear,
That we by faith may see thy face!
Oh speak, that we thy voice may hear,
And let thy presence fill this place. KELLY.

HYMN 427. 7s. *Mt. Calvary.* [*]

The Close of a Meeting for Prayer.

1 IF 'tis sweet to mingle where
Christians meet for social prayer,
If 'tis sweet with them to raise
g Songs of holy joy and praise.—

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—O how sweet that state must be
Where they meet eternally!
2 Saviour, may these meetings prove
Preparations for above;
While we worship in this place,
May we go from grace to grace;
Till we each, in his degree,
Fit for endless glory be.

HYMN 428. L. M. *Wells.* [*]

On the Appointment of a Minister.

1 WE bid thee welcome in the name
Of Jesus, our Exalted Head;
Come as a servant; so he came;
And we receive thee in his stead.
2 Come as a shepherd: guard and keep
This fold from hell, and earth, and sin;
Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep,
The wounded heal, the lost bring in.
3 Come as an angel, hence to guide
A band of pilgrims on their way;
That, safely walking at thy side,
We fail not, faint not, turn nor stray.
4 Come as a teacher sent from God,
Charged his whole counsel to declare:
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,
While we uphold thy hands with prayer.
s 5 Come as a messenger of peace,
Filled with the Spirit, fired with love:
Live to behold our large increase,
And die to meet us all above.

HYMN 429. C. M. *St. Ann's.* [*]

Ministers watching for Souls.

o 1 LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give:
g Now let them from the mouth of God
Their awful charge receive.
—2 'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.
3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego;
For souls, which must forever live
In happiness or wo.

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4 May they that Jesus whom they preach
Their own Redeemer see!
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 430. 8 & 7. *Sicilian Hymn.* [b]

For a Revival.

1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation;
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain!
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.

s 2 Keep no longer at a distance;
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
p Every plant should droop and die.

—3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one esteemed thy servant
Shun the world's bewitching snares.

4 Break the tempter's fatal power;
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin from this good hour
To revive thy work afresh. NEWTON

HYMN 431. 7s. *Hotham.* [*]

s 1 LIGHT of life, seraphic fire,
Love divine, thyself impart;
Every fainting soul inspire:
Shine in every drooping heart:
Every mournful sinner cheer,
Scatter all our guilty gloom:
Son of God, appear! appear!
To thy human temples come.

2 Come in this accepted hour;
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in:
Fill us with thy glorious power,
Take away the love of sin:
Nothing more can we require,
We will covet nothing less;
Be thou all our hearts desire,
All our joy, and all our peace. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 432. 7s. *Evening Hymn.* [b]

Evening Hymn.

1 SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing
Ere repose our spirits seal:

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Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save and thou canst heal.
Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow near us fly,
Angel-guards from thee surround us,
We are safe, if thou art nigh.

e 2 Though the night be dark and dreary,
—Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be;
Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn, in heaven awake us,
s Clad in light and deathless bloom.

HYMN 433. L. P. M. *St. Helen's.* [*]

Thanksgiving for National Prosperity.

1 HOW rich thy gifts, Almighty King!
From thee our public blessings spring;
The extended trade, the fruitful skies,
The treasures liberty bestows,
s The eternal joys the gospel shows,—
All from thy boundless goodness rise.

—2 Here commerce spreads the wealthy store,
Which pours from every foreign shore;
Science and art their charms display;
Religion teaches us to raise
s Our voices to our Maker's praise,
As truth and conscience point the way.

u 3 With grateful hearts, with joyful tongues,
To God we raise united songs;
Here still may God in mercy reign;
Crown our just counsels with success,
With peace and joy our borders bless,
And all our sacred rights maintain. KIPPIS.

HYMN 434.. 7s. *Benevento.* [b or *]

New-year's Day.

p 1 WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here:
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait—
But how little, none can know.

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o 2 As the winged arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts and leaves no trace behind,—
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Lord, our expectations raise—
All below is but a dream.

g 3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Former kindnesses renew:
From this moment may we live
With eternity in view:
Bless the word to young and old:
Shed abroad a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above. NEWTON

HYMN 435. P. M. *Amesbury.* [* or b]

o 1 COME, let us anew our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still, till the Master appear.

2 His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.

—3 Our life is a dream; our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away;
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.

4 The arrow is flown; the moment is gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

5 O that each in the day of his coming may say,
"I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do.'

6 O that each, from his Lord, may receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done;
"Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

HYMN 436. S. M. *Norwalk.* [b]

Reflections on the State of our Fathers.

e 1 HOW swift the torrent rolls,
Which bears us to the sea!
The tide which hurries thoughtless souls
To vast eternity!

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2 Our fathers, where are they,
With all they called their own?
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,
And wealth and honour gone.

3 But joy or grief succeeds
Beyond our mortal thought,
While the poor remnant of their dust
Lies in the grave forgot.

e 4 There, where the fathers lie
Must all the children dwell;
No other heritage possess,
But such a gloomy cell.

—5 God of our fathers, hear,
Thou everlasting Friend!
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to thee commend.

6 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
s Till with them, in the land of light,
We dwell before thy face. ALEXANDER'S COL.

HYMN 437. L. M. *Dresden.* [b or *

The Knell.

p 1 OFT as the bell, with solemn toll,
Speaks the departure of a soul,
Let each from every trifle fly,
And ask, "Am I prepared to die?"

e 2 Soon, leaving all I love below,
To God's tribunal I must go;
Must hear the Judge pronounce my fate,
And fix my everlasting state.

3 O could I bear to hear him say,
"Depart, accursed, far away;
"With Satan, midst the flames of hell,
"Thou art forever doomed to dwell!"

4 Saviour! O help me now to see
And place my hope alone in thee;
Thy cleansing blood, thy spirit give,
Subdue my sins, and bid me live!

5 Then when the solemn bell I hear,
If saved from guilt, I need not fear;
Nor would the thought alarming be,
"Perhaps it next may toll for me."

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s 6 Rather my spirit would rejoice,
And wish and long to hear thy voice;
Glad, when it bids me earth resign,
Secure of heaven, if thou art mine! NEWTON.

HYMN 438. C. M. *Funeral Hymn.* [b]

A Thought of Eternity.

p 1 WHEN, rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
O, how shall I appear?

—2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought;

g 3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O, how shall I appear? ADDISON.

HYMN 439. S. M. *Olmutz.* [*]

o 1 WAKED by the trumpet's sound,
I from my grave shall rise,
And see the Judge with glory crowned,
And see the flaming skies.

p 2 Who can resolve the doubt,
That tears my anxious breast?
Shall I be with the lost cast out,
Or numbered with the blest?

— 3 O thou that wouldst not have
One wretched sinner die;
Who diedst thyself, my soul to save
From endless misery;—

4 Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe!
That when thou comest on thy throne,
I may with joy appear. WESLEY'S COL.

HYMN 440. C. M. *Dundee.* [*]

Heaven.

g 1 FAR from these narrow scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

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—2 Fair distant land! could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!

3 No cloud those blissful regions know,
Realms ever bright and fair!
For sin, the source of mortal wo,
Can never enter there.

s 4 Oh may the heavenly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and strong desire
Bear every thought above.

5 Prepare us, Lord! by grace divine,
For thy bright courts on high;
Then bid our spirits rise and join
The chorus of the sky. STEELE

HYMN 441. *Lanesboro'*. [b or *]

The Heavenly Rest.

p 1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distrest,
A balm for every wounded breast,
'Tis found above—in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

s 3 There, faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
p And all serene in heaven.

s 4 There, fragrant flowers, immortal, bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There, rays divine disperse the gloom:—
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven. UNION COL

HYMN 442. C. M. *Tolland.* [*]

The Heavenly Jerusalem. Rev. xxi, 22

1 JERUSALEM, my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy, and peace in thee?

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2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

5 Why should I shrink at pain and wo?
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there,
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below,
Will join the glorious band.

7 Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see. C. Wesley.

HYMN 443. 8s. *Goshen.* [*]

Earnest Desire of Heaven.

u 1 I LONG to behold him arrayed
With glory and light from above,—
The King in his beauty displayed,
His beauty of holiest love:
p I languish and sigh to be there,
Where Jesus has fixed his abode:
O when shall we meet in the air
s And fly to the mountain of God.

—2 With him I on Zion shall stand,
(For Jesus hath spoken the word,)
The breadth of Immanuel's land
Survey by the light of my Lord;
But when on thy bosom reclined,
Thy face I am strengthened to see,
My fulness of rapture I find,
My heaven of heavens, in thee.

3 How happy the people that dwell
Secure in the city above!

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No pain the inhabitants feel,
No sickness or sorrow shall prove.
Physician of souls, unto me
Forgiveness and holiness give;
And then from the body set free,
And then to the city receive. WESLEY'S COL.

HYMN 444. C. M. *Dundee.* [*]

e 1 WHEN bending o'er the brink of life
My trembling soul shall stand,
Waiting to pass death's awful flood,
Great God, at thy command;

p 2 When every long-loved scene of life
Stands ready to depart;
When the last sigh that shakes the frame
Shall rend this bursting heart;

3 O thou great source of joy supreme,
Whose arm alone can save,
Dispel the darkness that surrounds
The entrance to the grave!

4 Lay thy supporting, gentle hand
Beneath my sinking head;
s And with a ray of love divine,
Illume my dying bed!

p 5 Leaning on thy dear faithful breast,
May I resign my breath!
And in thy fond embraces lose
"The bitterness of death." COLLYER.

HYMN 445. 7s & 4. *Greenville.* [b or *]

p 1 WHEN the vale of death appears,
(Faint and cold this mortal clay,)
Kind forerunner, soothe my fears,
Light me through the darksome way.
Break the shadows,
g Usher in eternal day.

s 2 Starting from this dying state,
Upward bid my soul aspire;
Open thou the crystal gate,
To thy praise attune my lyre:
Dwell for ever,
Dwell on each immortal wire.

3 From the sparkling turrets there,
Oft I'll trace my pilgrim way,

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Often bless thy guardian care,
Fire by night and cloud by day,
While my triumphs
At my Leader's feet I lay.

4 And when mighty trumpets blown,
Shall the judgment dawn proclaim,
From the central burning throne,
'Mid creation's final flame,
With the ransomed,
Judge and Saviour, own my name!

MRS. GILBERT.

HYMN 446. L. M. *Dresden.* [b]

The Living and the Dead.

e 1 WHERE are the dead? In heaven or hell
Their disembodied spirits dwell;
Their buried forms in bonds of clay,
Reserved until the judgment-day.

—2 Who were the dead? The sons of time,
In every age, and state, and clime;
Renowned, dishonoured, or forgot,
The place that knew them knows them not.

3 Where are the living? On the ground,
Where prayer is heard, and mercy found;
Where in the period of a span,
The mortal makes th' immortal man.

4 Who are the living? They whose breath
Draws every moment nigh to death;
Of bliss or wo the eternal heirs;
O what an awful choice is theirs!

5 Then, timely warned, may we begin,
To follow Christ, and flee from sin,
Daily grow up in him our Head,
Lord of the living and the dead. MONTGOMERY

HYMN 447. C. M. *Lanesboro'.* [b or *]

The Dead who die in the Lord.

p 1 IN vain our fancy strives to paint
The moment after death,
The glories that surround the saint,
When he resigns his breath.

2 One gentle sigh his fetters breaks;
We scarce can say, "He's gone,"
Before the willing spirit takes
Her mansion near the throne.

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—3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail,
To trace her heavenward flight;
No eye can pierce within the veil,
Which hides that world of light.

4 Thus much (and this is all) we know,
They are supremely blest;
Have done with sin, and care, and wo,
And with their Saviour rest.

s 5 On harps of gold his name they praise,
His presence always view;—
And if we here their footsteps trace,
There we shall praise him too. NEWTON

HYMN 448. 7s. *Sabbath.* [b or *]

The dying Christian to his Soul.

a 1 VITAL spark of heavenly flame!
p Quit, O quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying;
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature! cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!

e 2 Hark, they whisper—angels say,
o "Sister spirit, come away!"
p What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul—can this be death?

a 3 The world recedes!—it disappears!
o Heaven opens on my eyes!—my ears
u With sounds seraphic ring!
s Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting? POPE.

HYMN 449. 8 & 7. *Greenville.* [*]

The departing Saint.

1 HAPPY soul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below;
Go, by angel-guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus go!

2 Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo! the Saviour stands above,
Shows the glory of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love

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3 Struggle through thy latest passion,
To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
To his uttermost salvation,
To his everlasting rest.

4 For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain;
Die, to live the life of glory—
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign. C. WESLEY

HYMN 450. L. M. *Munich.* [b]

The Death of the Righteous.

p 1 HOW blest the righteous when they die,
When holy souls retire to rest!
How mildly beams the closing eye!
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away:
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er:
So gently shuts the eye of day:
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell!
s How bright th' unchanging morn appears!
p Farewell, inconstant world, farewell! BARBAULD.

HYMN 451. C. M. *Lanesboro'.* [b]

Happy Death of a Christian.

p 1 DEAR as thou wert, and justly dear,
We would not weep for thee;
One thought shall check the starting tear,—
It is—that thou art free.

2 And thus shall faith's consoling power
The tears of love restrain;
Oh! who that saw thy parting hour
Could wish thee here again!

3 Gently the passing spirit fled,
Sustained by grace divine:
Oh may such grace on us be shed,
And make our end like thine. DALE.

HYMN 452. 8 & 7. *Greenville.* [b or *]

Happiness of departed Saints the Consolation of Survivors.

1 THINK, O ye who fondly languish
O'er the grave of those you love:
While your bosoms swell with anguish
They are warbling hymns above

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p 2 While our silent steps are straying,
Lonely through night's deepening shade,
u Glory's brightest beams are playing
Round the happy Christian's head.
s 3 Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high,
In his glorious presence living,
They shall never—never die!
4 Endless pleasure, pain excluding,
Sickness, there, no more can come;
There, no fear of wo, intruding,
Sheds o'er heaven a moment's gloom.

COLLYER ALTERED.

HYMN 453. 7s. *Hotham.* [*]

1 LO! the prisoner is released,
Lightened of his fleshly load;
Where the weary are at rest,
He is gathered unto God!
Lo! the pain of life is past,
All his warfare now is o'er;
Death and hell behind are cast,
Grief and suffering are no more.
g 2 Yes, the Christian's course is run,
Ended is the glorious strife;
u Fought the fight, the work is done,
Death is swallowed up of life!
s Borne by angels on their wings,
Far from earth the spirit flies,
Finds his God, and sits and sings,
Triumphing in Paradise.
—3 Let the world bewail their dead,
Fondly of their loss complain;
Brother, friend, by Jesus freed,
Death to thee, to us, is gain:
s Thou art entered into joy:
Let the unbelievers mourn;
We in songs our lives employ,
Till we all to God return.

WESLEY'S COL.

HYMN 454. 8s. *Goshen.* [b or *]

Death of a Sister.

u 1 THIS finished! the conflict is past,
The heaven-born spirit is fled;
Her wish is accomplished at last,
And now she's entombed with the dead

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The months of affliction are o'er,
The days and the nights of distress;
We see her in anguish no more—
She has found a happy release.

—2 No sickness, or sorrow, or pain,
Shall ever disquiet her now;
For death to her spirit was gain,
Since Christ was her life when below.
s Her soul has now taken its flight
To mansions of glory above,
To mingle with angels of light,
And dwell in the kingdom of love

3 The victory now is obtained;
She's gone her Redeemer to see;
Her wishes she fully has gained—
She's now where she panted to be.
Then let us forbear to complain
That she has now gone from our sight;
We soon shall behold her again,
With new and redoubled delight.

ALEXANDER'S COL.

HYMN 455. L. M. *Federal St.* [b or *]

Sleeping in Jesus.

1 ASLEEP in Jesus blessed sleep!
From which none ever wakes to weep!
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes!

p 2 Asleep in Jesus! oh! how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet:
g With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its venomed sting!

p 3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest,
No fear—no wo, shall dim that hour,
That manifests the Saviour's power.

— 4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be:
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
Debars this precious "hiding place:"
On Indian plains, or Lapland snows,
Believers find the same repose

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6 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But there is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

HYMN 456. S. M. *Olmutz.* [*]

On the Death of an aged Minister.

p 1 SERVANT of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ;
s The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

2 The voice at midnight came,
He started up to hear;
A mortal arrow pierced his frame,
He fell,—but felt no fear.

p 3 The pains of death are past,
Labour and sorrow cease;
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

s 4 Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ,
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy. MONTGOMERY

HYMN 457. C. M. *Funeral Hymn.* [b]

Funeral.

p 1 BENEATH our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given:
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven!

2 Their names are graven on the stone,
Their bones are in the clay:
And ere another day is gone,
Ourselves may be as they.

3 Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower:
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour!

4 Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.

5 Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly to the tomb;

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And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come?

6 Turn, mortal, turn! thy danger know:
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead!

—7 Turn, Christian, turn! thy soul apply
To truths divinely given:
The forms which underneath thee lie,
Shall live, for hell or heaven! PRATT'S COL.

HYMN 458. L. M. *Monmouth.* [b or *]

The Day of Judgment.

g 1 THE day of wrath! that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away!
—What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day—

2 When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
And, louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead?

a 3 Oh! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ! the sinner's stay,
p Though heaven and earth shall pass away. SCOTT.

HYMN 459. S. M. *Olmutz.* [*]

Christ's Second Coming.

o 1 HE comes! the Conqueror comes!
Death falls beneath his sword;
The joyful prisoners burst the tombs,
And rise to meet their Lord.

o 2 The trumpet sounds, "Awake!
"Ye dead, to judgment come!"
The pillars of creation shake,
While man receives his doom.

3 Thrice happy morn for those
Who love the ways of peace:
No night of sorrow e'er shall close,
Or shade their perfect bliss.

HYMN 460. S. M. *Watchman.* [b or *]

• 1 THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,

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With holy joy, or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear;

2 Our cautioned souls prepare
For that tremendous day;
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray.

3 O may we all be found
Obedient to thy word;
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord!

4 O may we all ensure
A lot among the blest;
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest. WESLEY'S COL.

HYMN 461. 8s. *Goshen.* [*]

g 1 HE comes! he comes! the Judge severe!
The seventh trumpet speaks him near:
His lightnings flash; his thunders roll;
How welcome to the faithful soul!

u 2 From heaven angelic voices sound;
See the Almighty Jesus crowned!
Girt with omnipotence and grace;
And glory decks the Saviour's face.

3 Descending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own:
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord.

s 4 Shout, all the people of the sky!
And all the saints of the Most High:
Our Lord, who now his right obtains,
Forever and forever reigns. WESLEY'S COL.

HYMN 462. 8, 7, & 4. *Tamworth.* [*]

g 1 LO! he comes! with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain;
Thousand, thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!—
Jesus comes,—he comes to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold him,

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Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing—
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day;
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! come away!

4 Yea, Amen! let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne!
Saviour! take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdom for thine own!
Oh come quickly—
Hallelujah! Come, Lord, come! OLIVER.

HYMN 463. C. M. *Lanesboro'*. [b]

Prospect of the Resurrection unto Life.

THROUGH sorrow's night, and danger's path,
Amid the deepening gloom,
We, soldiers of an injured King,
Are marching to the tomb.

2 There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains in solitude
Shall sleep the years away.

3 Our labours done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded, o'er our silent dust,
The storms of life shall beat.

4 Yet not thus lifeless, thus inane,
The vital spark shall lie;
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise
To seek its kindred sky.

5 These ashes too, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the last angel rise and break
The long and dreary sleep.

6 Then love's soft dew o'er every eye
Shall shed its mildest rays,
And the long silent dust shall burst
With shouts of endless praise. H. K. WHITE

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HYMN 464. C. M. *Archdale.* [*]

The Resurrection of the Christian.

s 1 MY faith shall triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs:
My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,
My God, my Saviour comes;
Ere long I know he shall appear,
In power and glory great;
And death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquished at his feet.

e 2 Then though the worms my flesh devour,
And make my form their prey,
I know I shall arise with power,
On the last judgment day:
When God shall stand upon the earth,
Him there mine eyes shall see;
My flesh shall feel a second birth,
And ever with him be.

p 3 Then his own hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
Shall cease eternally.
e How long, dear Saviour! O, how long
Shall this bright hour delay!
s O, hasten thy appearance, Lord,
And bring the welcome day. WATTS.

HYMN 465. C. M. *St. Ann's.* [* or b]

e 1 JESUS, to thy dear wounds we flee,
We seek thy bleeding side;
—Assured that all who trust in thee
Shall evermore abide.

u 2 Then let the thundering trumpet sound,
The latest lightning glare;
e The mountains melt; the solid ground
e Dissolve as liquid air;

o 3 The huge celestial bodies roll,
Amidst that general fire,
And shrivel as a parchment scroll,
And all in smoke expire!

—4 Yet still the Lord, the Saviour reigns,
When nature is destroyed,
And no created thing remains
Throughout the flaming void

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g 5 Sublime upon his azure throne,
He speaks,—th' Almighty Word:
His fiat is obeyed! 'tis done;
And paradise restored.

6 So be it! let this system end,
This ruined earth and skies;
s The New Jerusalem descend,
The New Creation rise.

7 Thy power omnipotent assume;
Thy brightest majesty!
And when thou dost in glory come,
My Lord, remember me. WESLEY'S COL.

HYMN 466. 7 & 6. *Amsterdam.* [*]

g 1 STAND th' omnipotent decree;
Jehovah's will be done!
Nature's end we wait to see,
And hear her final groan:
Let this earth dissolve, and blend
In death the wicked and the just:
Let these ponderous orbs descend,
And grind us into dust.

—2 Rests secure the righteous man,
At his Redeemer's beck,
Sure to emerge, and rise again,
s And mount above the wreck:
Lo! the heavenly spirit towers,
Like flames o'er nature's funeral pyre;
Triumphs in immortal powers,
And claps his wings of fire!

o 3 Nothing hath the just to lose,
By worlds on worlds destroyed;
Far beneath his feet he views,
With smiles, the flaming void;
Sees this universe renewed;
The grand millennial reign begun,
Shouts with all the sons of God,
Around th' eternal throne!

4 Resting in this glorious hope,
To be at last restored,
Yield we now our bodies up,
To earthquake, plague, or sword;
Listening for the call divine,
The last trumpet of the seven:
Soon our souls and dust shall join,
And both fly up to heaven. C. WESLEY.

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HYMN 467. P. M. *Luther's Hymn.* [*]

GREAT God! what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated!
Beneath his cross I view the day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet him. LUTHER.

HYMN 468. 7s. *Lincoln.* [*]

1 HARK! that shout of rapturous joy,
Bursting forth from yonder cloud!
Jesus comes!—and through the sky,
Angels tell their joy aloud.

2 Hark! the trumpet's awful voice
Sounds abroad, through sea and land:
Let his people now rejoice!
Their redemption is at hand.

3 See! the Lord appears in view:
Heaven and earth before him fly!
Rise, ye saints, he comes for you—
Rise to meet him in the sky.

4 Go, and dwell with him above,
Where no foe can e'er molest:
Happy in the Saviour's love!
Ever blessing, ever blest. KELLY.

HYMN 469. C. M. *Marlow.* [*]

Praise to God.

1 LIFT up to God the voice of praise,
Whose breath our souls inspired:
Loud and more loud the anthems raise,
With grateful ardor fired!

2 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose goodness, passing thought,
Loads every moment, as it flies,
With benefits unsought!

3 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
From whom salvation flows,
Who sent his Son our souls to save
From everlasting woes.

4 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
For hope's transporting ray,
Which lights through darkest shades of death,
To realms of endless day. REED'S COL.

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HYMN 470. 7s. *Sudbury.* [*]

Glory to God in the Highest.

1 SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious morning come?
No! the church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice,
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ. PRATT'S COL.

HYMN 471. 8s. *Drummond.* [*]

Our God for ever and ever.

1 THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable FRIEND;
Whose love is as large as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end.

2 'Tis Jesus, the FIRST and the LAST,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

HYMN 472. C. M. *Amherst.* [*]

1 O FOR a thousand seraph tongues
To bless th' incarnate Word!
O for a thousand thankful songs
In honour of my Lord!

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2 Come, tune afresh your golden lyres,
Ye angels round the throne;
Ye saints, in all your sacred choirs,
Adore the eternal Son.

HYMN 473. C. M. *St. Ann's.* [*]

1 YES—I will bless thee, O my God!
Through all my mortal days,
And to eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.

2 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honours of my God!
My life, with all its active powers,
Shall spread thy praise abroad.

3 Not death itself shall stop my song,
Though death will close my eyes:
My thoughts shall then to nobler heights
And sweeter raptures rise.

4 There shall my lips in endless praise
Their grateful tribute pay:
The theme demands an angel's tongue,
And an eternal day. HEGINBOTHAM

HYMN 474. 7s & 6s. *Amsterdam.* [*]

Universal Praise.

1 PRAISE the Lord, who reigns above,
And keeps his courts below:
Praise him for his boundless love,
And all his greatness show.

2 Praise him for his noble deeds,
Praise him for his matchless power:
Him, from whom all good proceeds,
Let earth and heaven adore.

3 Publish, spread to all around
The great Immanuel's name;
Let the gospel-trumpet sound,
Him, Prince of Peace proclaim.

4 Praise him, every tuneful string:
All the reach of heavenly art,
All the power of music bring,
The music of the heart.

5 Him, in whom they move and live
Let every creature sing;
Glory to our Saviour give,
And homage to our king.

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6 Hallowed be his name beneath,
As in heaven on earth adored;
Praise the Lord in every breath,
Let all things praise the Lord. PRATT'S COL.

OCCASIONAL PIECES.

I.

1 ON Judah's plain, the minstrel lyre
Is hushed, for mirth has winged her flight;
In Zion's courts the holy fire
Is quenched, and sorrow veils the night;—
No lamp illumes yon vaulted way,
Save one pale orb that burns alone.

2 'Tis Bethlehem's star; the holy gem
That hailed the Godhead from the skies;
'Tis Bethlehem's star! the diadem
That tells the conqueror shall rise:
He rises—and the golden choir
Of angel minstrels wakes the song.
GOULD'S CHURCH HARMONY.

II.

Select Hymn, p. 657

HARK! what mean those holy voices, &c.
ANCIENT LYRE.

III.

WITH darkness whelmed, in error lost,
On sin's tempestuous ocean tossed,
While hope withdrew her cheering ray,
Despairing nature sunk away:—
When lo! to raise a drooping earth,
Behold, behold, a wondrous birth:
To calm the mind and dry your tears
The holy babe of life appears.
The voice of joy let nature raise,
And pour the grateful song of praise,—
Hail with a loud acclaim the morn,
The Saviour of the earth is born.
GOULD'S CH. HARM

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IV.

SHOUT the glad tidings, exultingly sing,
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is king.
Zion, the marvellous story be telling,
The Son of the Highest how lowly his birth;
The brightest archangel in glory excelling,
He stoops to redeem thee, he reigns upon earth.

ANCIENT LYRE.

V.

1 DAUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy sadness!
Awake! for thy foes shall oppress thee no more;
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness,
Arise! for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

2 Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued them,
And scattered their legions, was mightier far;
They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued them,
Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

3 Daughter of Zion, the power that hath saved thee,
Extolled with the harp and the timbrel should be:
Shout! for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee;
The oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free.

HANDEL AND HAYDN AND ANC. LYRE.

VI.

Select Hymn, p. 729.

HARK, the song of jubilee, &c. ANC. LYRE.

VII.

O THOU, whose power o'er moving worlds presides,
Whose voice created, and whose wisdom guides;
On darkling man in full effulgence shine,
And cheer his clouded mind with light divine.
'Tis thine alone to calm the pious breast,
With silent confidence and holy rest:
From thee, Great God, we spring, to thee we bend;
Path, Motive, Guide, Original, and End.

GOULD'S CH. HARM.

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VIII.

HAIL, hail, sweet cherub, charity,
Hail, hail, sweet cherub, charity,
  Thou first of virtues, hail:
'Tis thou canst blend in misery's cup,
The soft, the balmy cordial, hope,
  When other comforts fail.
Great God of love and light and day,
We humbly here our offerings lay,
  Before the footstool of thy throne:
All that we have, O Lord, is thine,
And should we all to thee resign,
  We only render back thine own.
To soothe and mitigate distress,
  O make us ever free;
And may our hearts in lowliness,
  The glory give to thee. IBID

IX.

1 TIME is winging us away
  To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
  A journey to the tomb.

2 Youth and vigour soon will flee,
  Blooming beauty lose its charms;
All that's mortal soon shall be
  Enclosed in death's cold arms.

3 But the Christian shall enjoy
  Health and beauty soon, above,
Far beyond the world's alloy,
  Secure in Jesus' love.

ANC. LYRE.

X.

1 THE hill of Zion yields
  A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
  Or walk the golden streets.

2 Then let our songs abound,
  And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Emmanuel's ground,
  To fairer worlds on high. ANC. LYRE.

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XI.

THE Lord is in his holy temple; let the earth keep silence before him.

HANDEL AND HAYDN COL.

XII.

SALVATION belongeth unto the Lord, and thy blessing is among thy people. IBID.

XIII.

I WAS glad when they said unto me, We will go into the house of the Lord. Peace be within thy walls, and plenteousness within thy palaces. Amen. IBID.

XIV.

PRAISE ye the Lord, glorify him for ever. Sons of Zion, come before him; bring the cymbal, bring the harp. High in glory, lo! he's seated; see the King, he sits in state. Sons of Zion, come before him; sound the lute and strike the harp. IBID.

XV.

HOLY, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth; heaven and earth are full of the majesty of thy glory. Glory be to thee, O Lord Most High. IBID.

XVI.

ONE thing have I desired of the Lord, which I will require; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the fair beauty of the Lord, and to visit his temple. IBID.

XVII.

O SING unto the Lord a new song; let the congregation of the saints praise him. IBID.

XVIII.

O GIVE thanks unto the Lord, for his mercy endureth for ever. IBID

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XIX.

LORD of all power and might, thou art the giver of all good things. Graft in our hearts the love of thy name. Increase in us true religion. Lord of all power and might, nourish us in all goodness, and of thy great mercy keep us in the same, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen. IBID.

XX.

GREAT is the Lord, and greatly to be praised, in the city of our God, in the mountain of his holiness. IBID.

XXI.

O GIVE thanks unto the Lord, call upon his name, make known his deeds among the people—Glory ye in his holy name. O give thanks unto the Lord, for his mercy endureth. CH. HAR.

XXII.

OUR help is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth. Blessed be the name of the Lord from this time forth, for evermore; and let all the people say, Amen. IBID.

XXIII.

BEHOLD, God is my salvation; I will trust in him: for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song; he also is my salvation. Praise the Lord and call upon his name: for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song; he also is my salvation. Praise the Lord, and call upon his name; sing unto the Lord; for he hath done excellent things: this is known in all the earth. Cry out and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion; for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee. Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust in him: for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and song; he also is my salvation. IBID.

XXIV.

THE Lord is King, and hath put on glorious apparel. The Lord hath put on glorious apparel, and girded himself with strength. He hath made the round

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world so sure that it cannot be moved. Thy testimonies, O Lord, are sure, very sure; holiness becometh thine house for ever and ever. Amen. IBID.

XXV.

WITH angels and archangels, and with all the company of heaven, we laud and magnify thy glorious name, evermore praising thee, and saying, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts; heaven and earth are full of thy glory. Glory be to thee, O Lord, Most High. Amen. IBID.

XXVI.

WE praise thee, O God, we acknowledge thee to be the Lord. All the earth doth worship thee, the Father everlasting. To thee all angels cry aloud, the heavens and all the powers therein. To thee cherubim and seraphim continually do cry, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth; heaven and earth are full of thy great glory. HANDEL AND HAYDN COL.

XXVII.

THE Lord will comfort Zion; he will comfort her waste places, and make her like Eden, the garden of the Lord. Joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of melody. IBID.

XXVIII.

HOW beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth! Thy watchmen shall lift up the voice; with the voice together shall they sing; for they shall see eye to eye, when the Lord shall bring again Zion. Break forth into joy, sing together, ye waste places of Jerusalem: for the Lord hath comforted his people, he hath redeemed Jerusalem. The Lord hath made bare his holy arm, in the eyes of all nations. And all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our Lord. CHOIR.

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XXIX.

I HEARD a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.

CH. HARM.

XXX.

THE grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all for evermore. HANDEL AND HAYDN COL.

ASCRIPTIONS.

7s.

GLORY to the Father's name;
Jesus' excellence proclaim;
Sing the blessed Spirit's praise;
Angels, swell the notes we raise!

7s.

SING we to our God above,
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise him all ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

7s.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done:
Praise by all to thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven.

8, 7, & 4.

GLORY be to God the Father,
Glory to th' eternal Son;
Sound aloud the Spirit's praises;
Join the elders round the throne;
Hallelujah,
Hail the glorious Three in One

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C. P. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be praise amid the heavenly host,
And in the church below;
From whom all creatures draw their breath,
By whom redemption blessed the earth,
From whom all comforts flow.

8 & 7.

GLORY, honour, praise and power
To the Lamb be ever paid:
Let new blessings every hour
Rest on his adored head.

5 & 6.

BY angels in heaven
Of every degree,
And saints upon earth,
All praise be addressed
To God in Three Persons,
One God ever blessed:
As it has been, now is,
And always shall be.

L. M.

PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

8 & 7.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above!
Thus may we abide in union
With each other in the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

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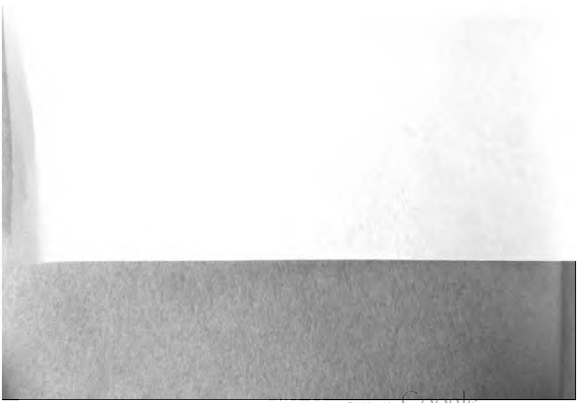
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